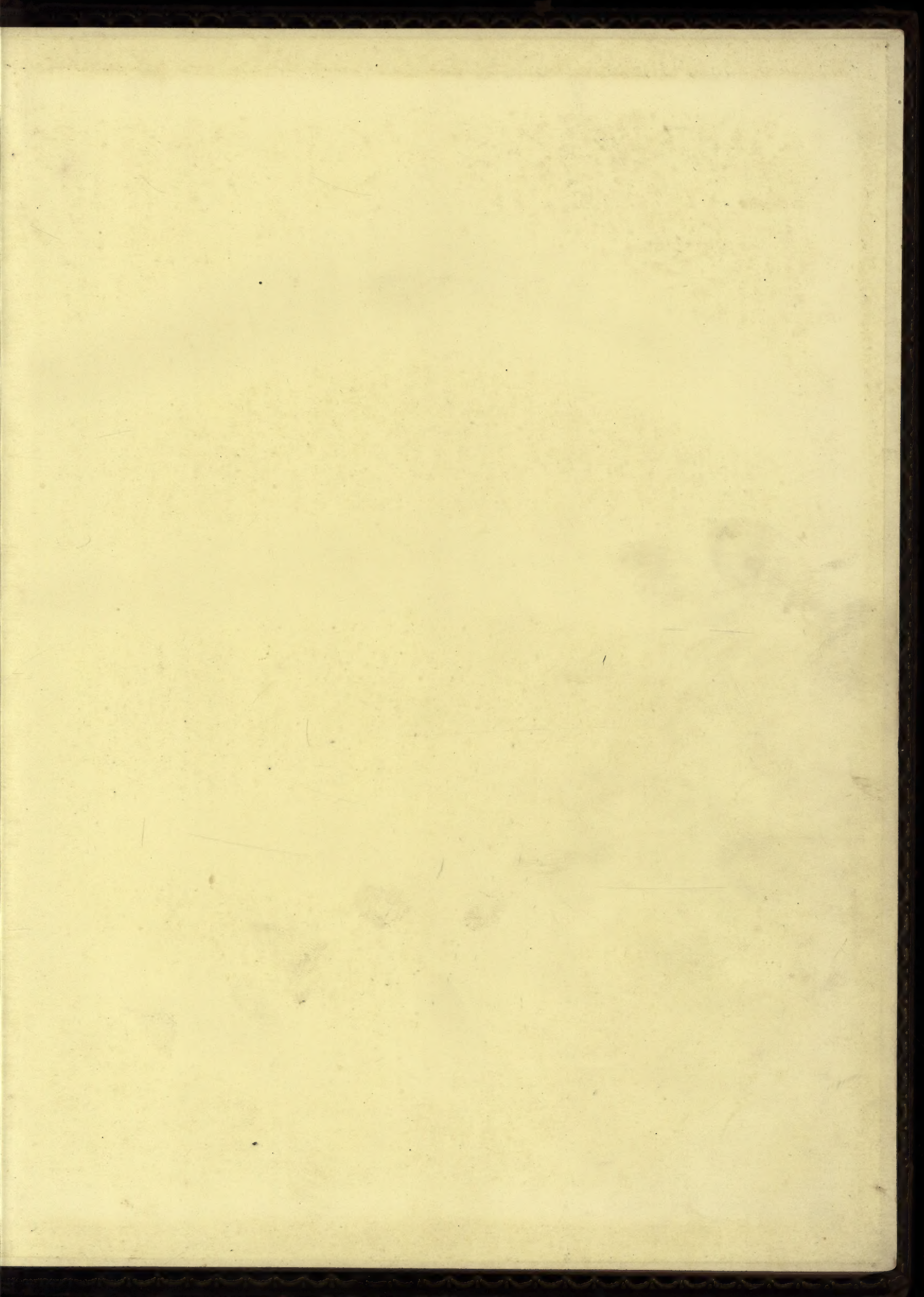


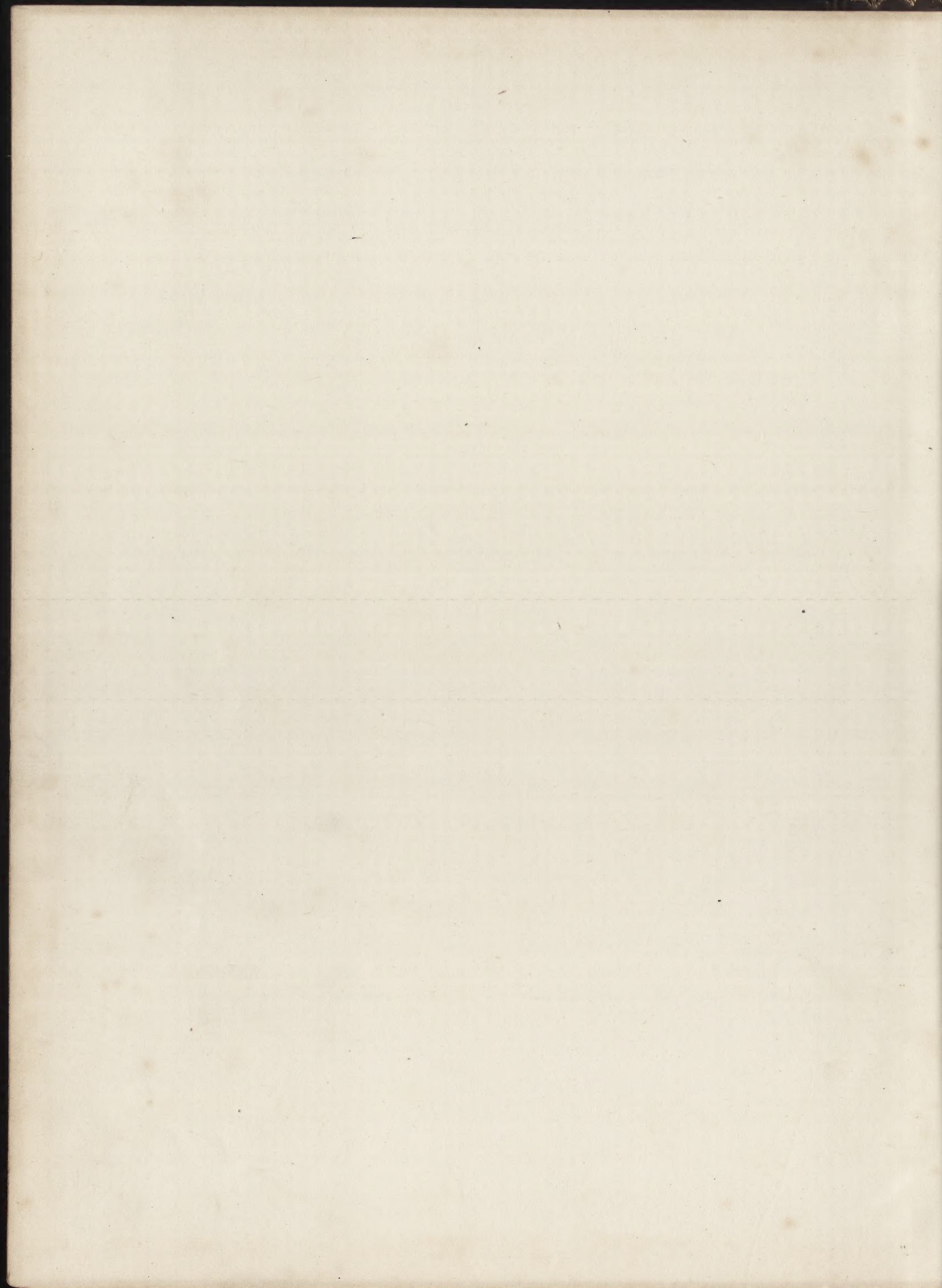


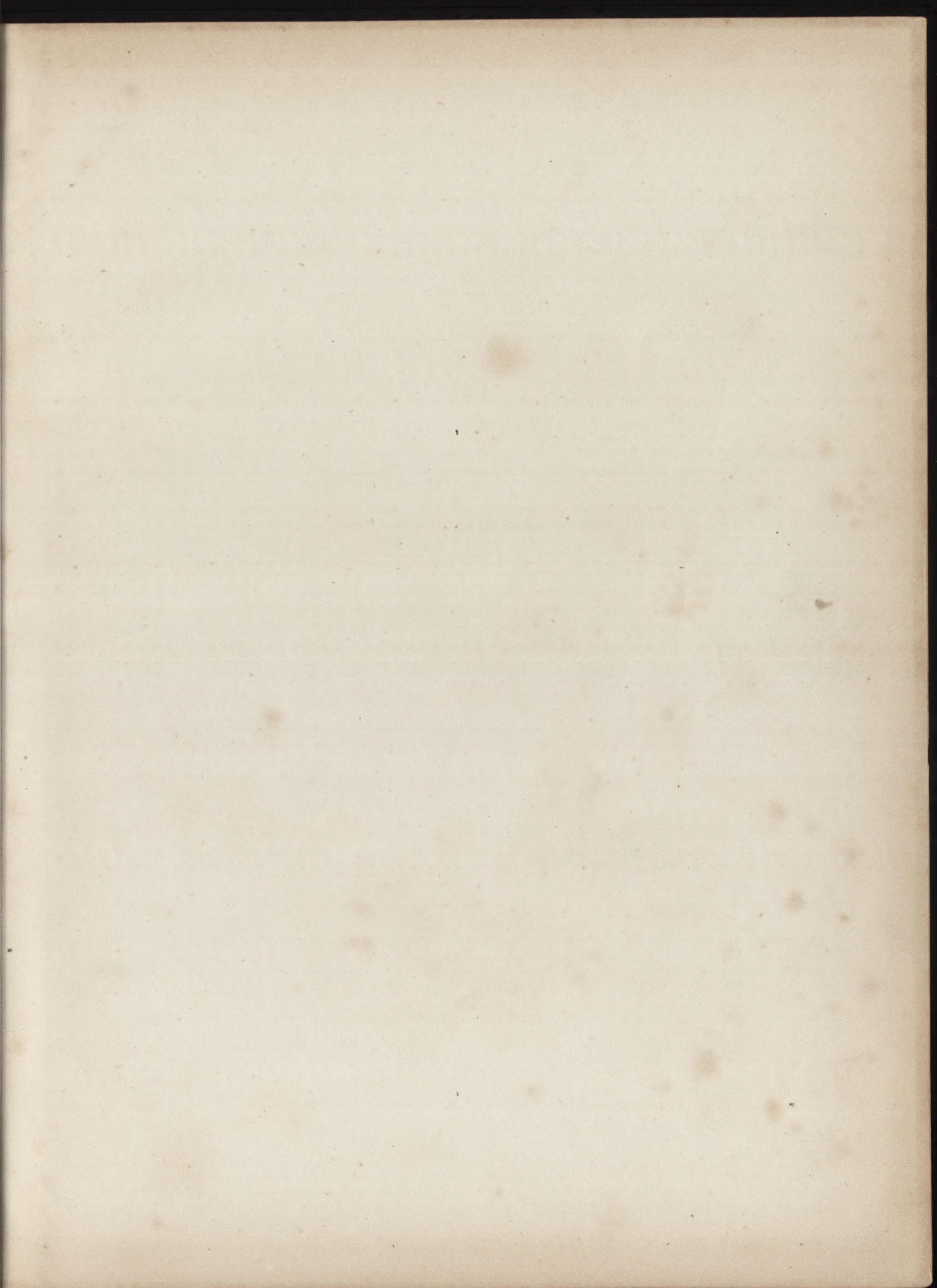
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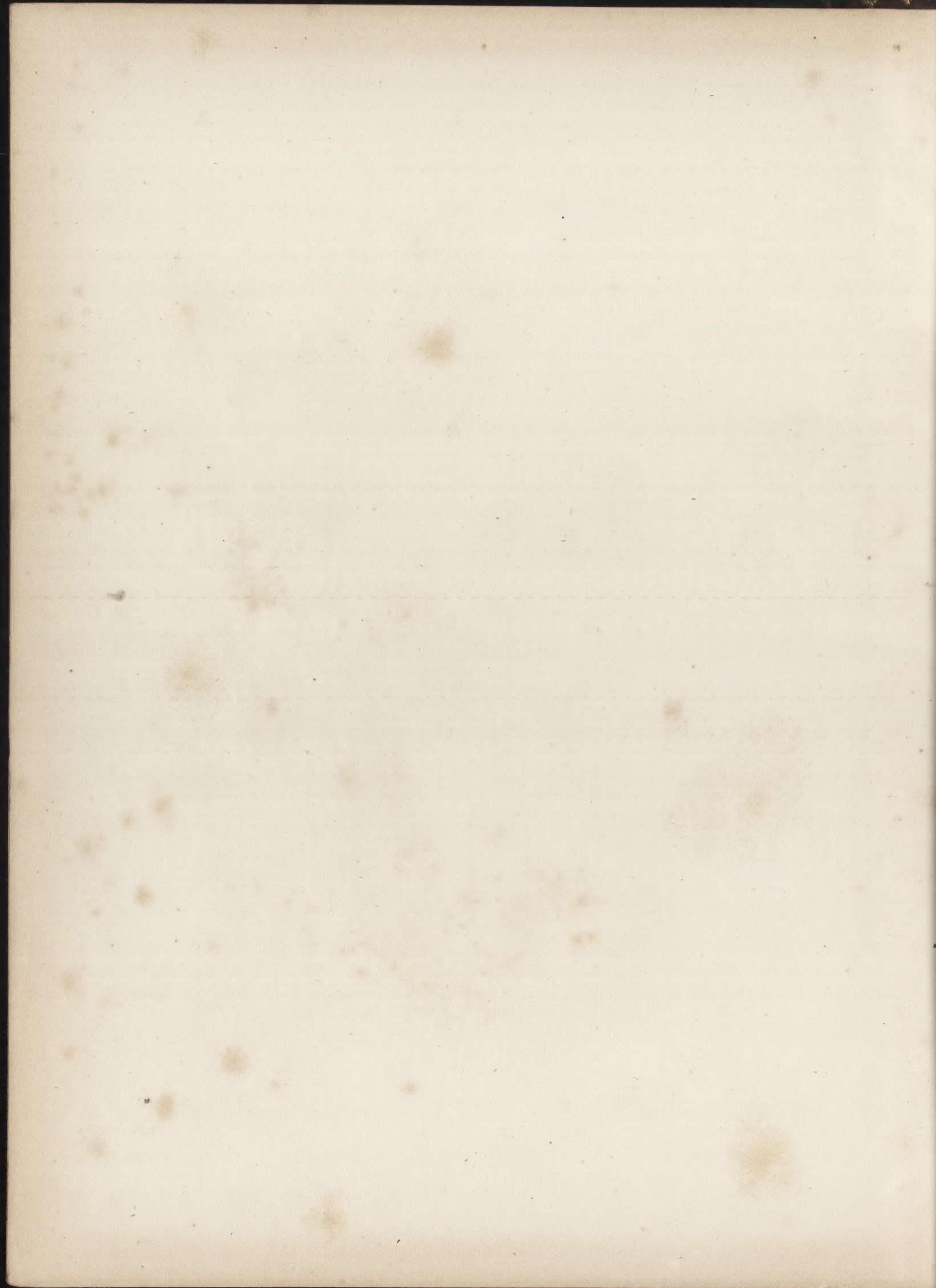
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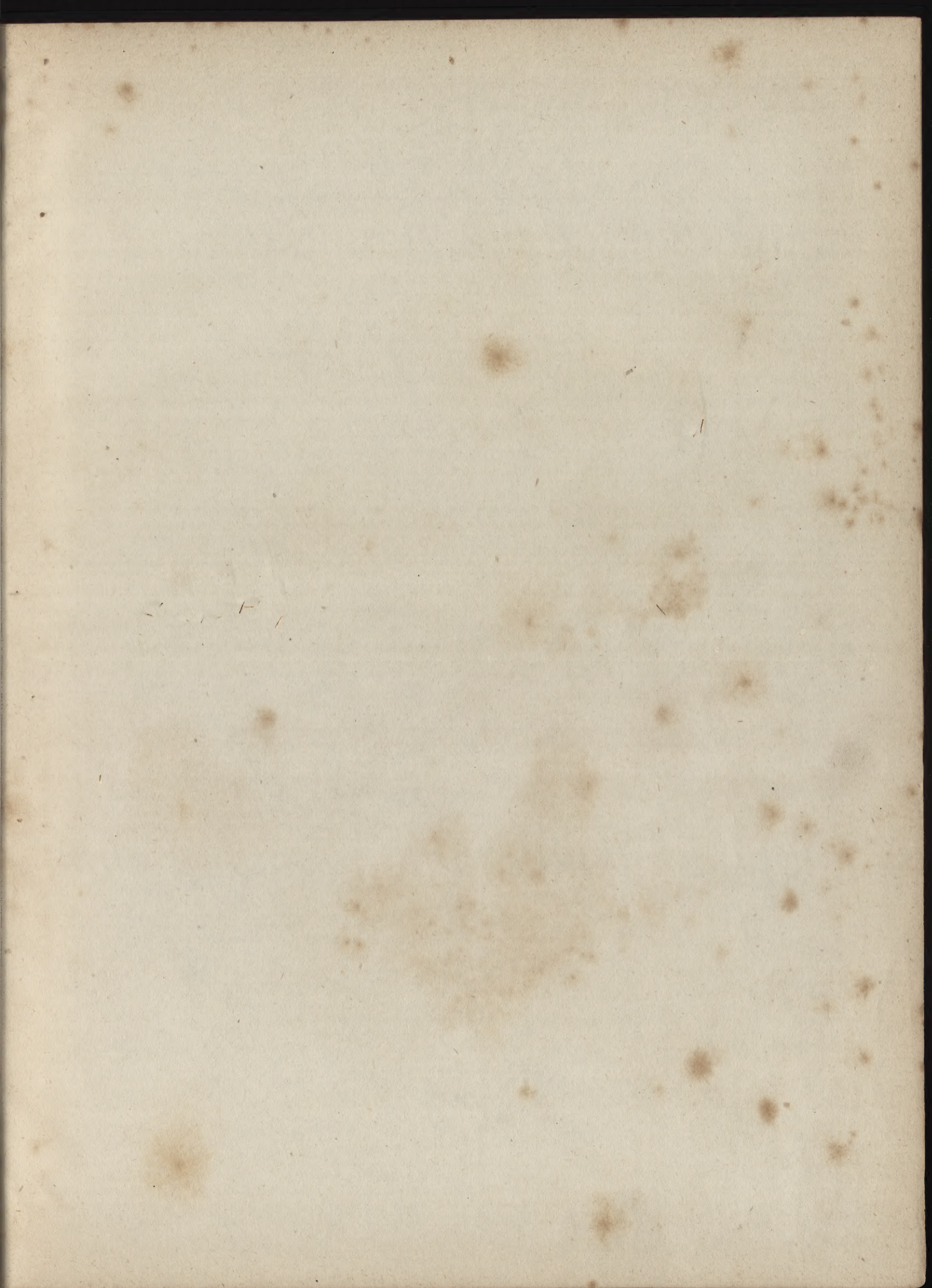
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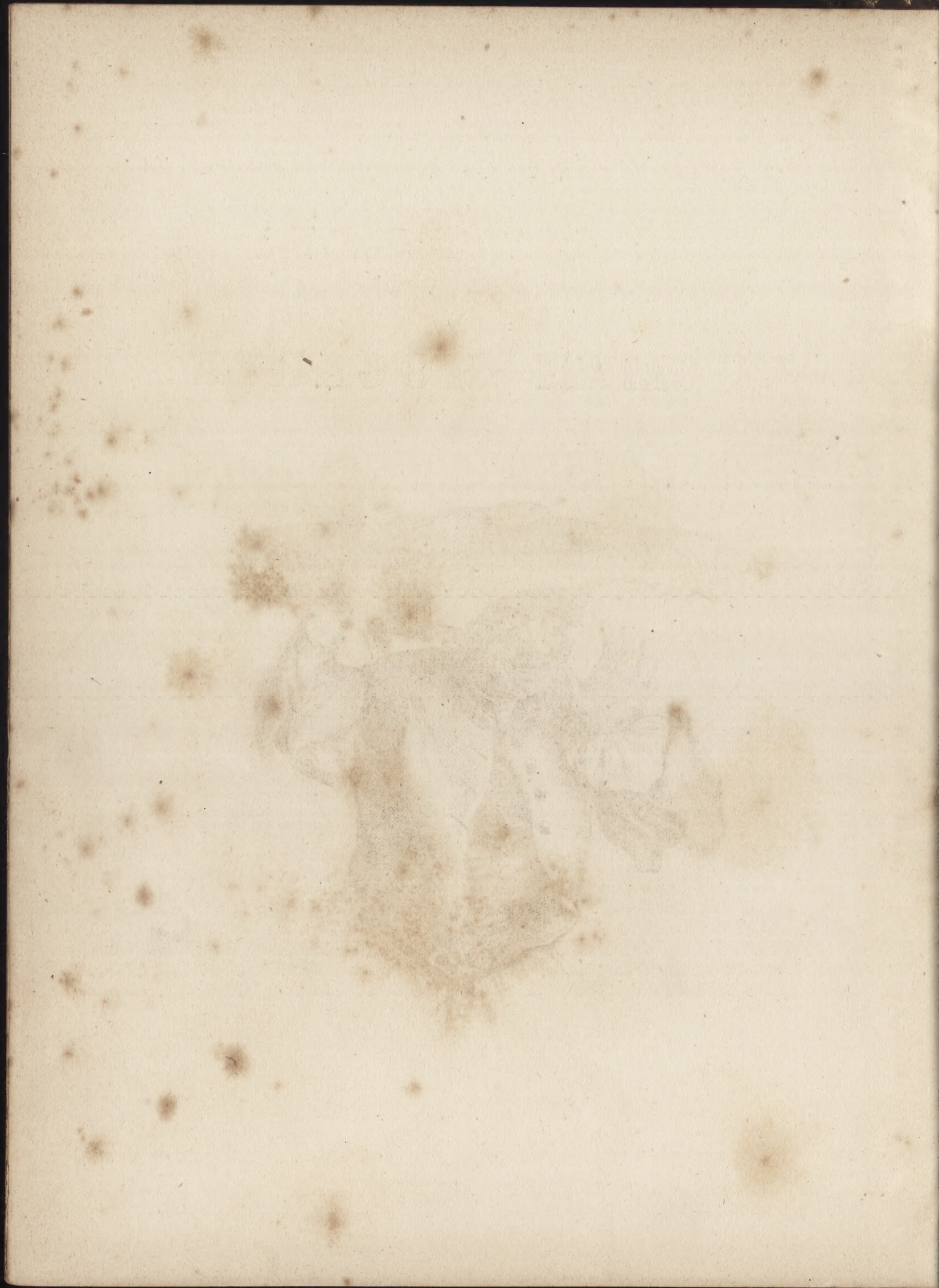












THE WORKS
OF
WILLIAM HOGARTH.





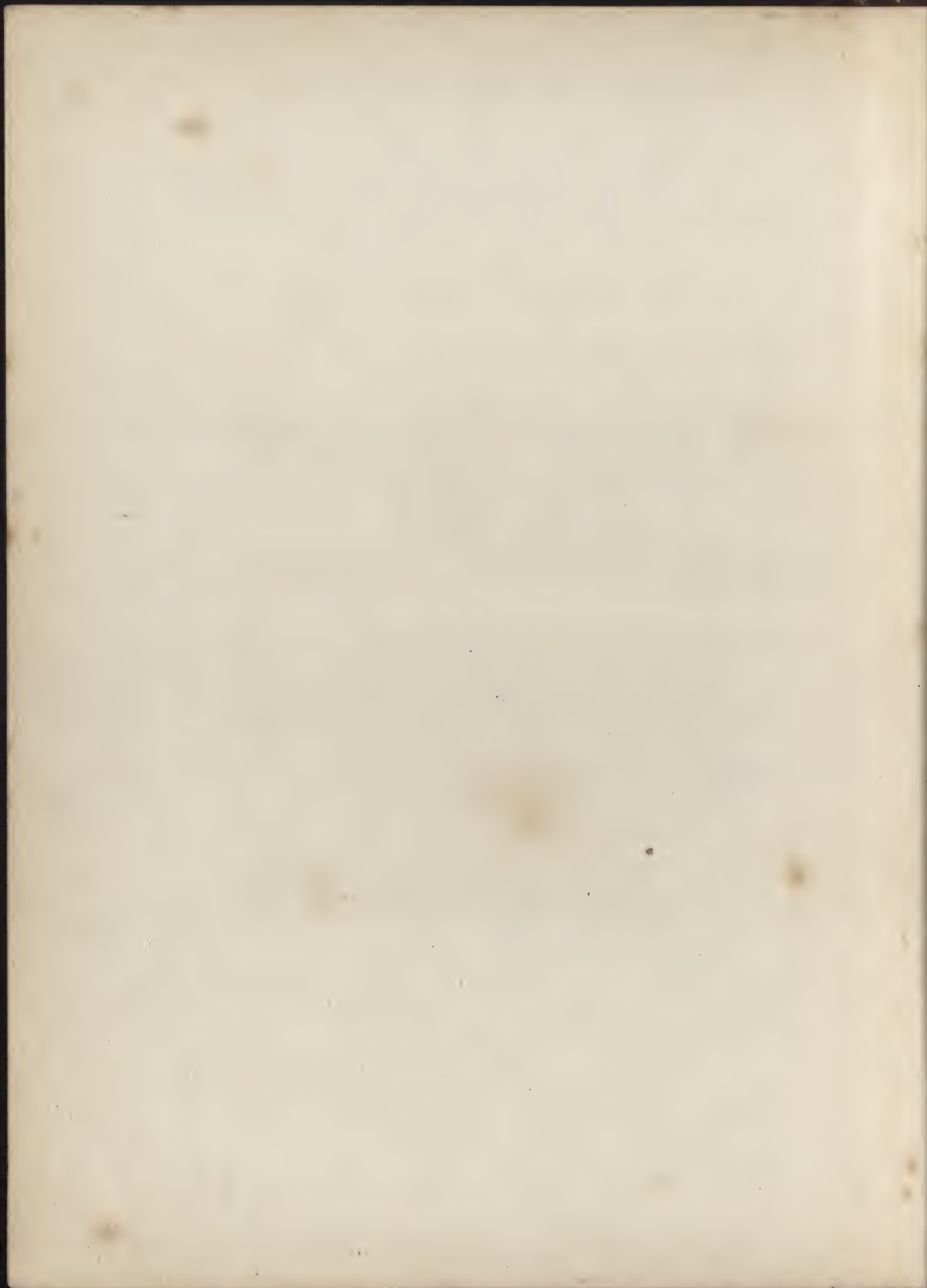


THE FOUR STAGES OF CRUELTY.

FIRST STAGE OF CRUELTY.

Engraved by J. C. Smith, from a drawing by W. H. Smith.





THE FOUR STAGES OF CRUELTY.

I APPROACH these pictures (if they really come within the true category which the term "picture" implies)—I approach them with a mingled terror and loathing—a feeling of shuddering dread, and of positive heart-sickness. I suppose I have, constitutionally, a morbid fear of pain; and, on endeavouring to analyse the feeling, I believe I can less endure to observe the working of pain in others (all animals included) than I can endure it myself. Without hyperbole or figure of speech, most nervously constituted men can bear, with much fortitude, that which will make the more robust man howl and roar. At the same time, beholding others suffer from pain is unendurable. To whom did Hogarth appeal in this tremendous illustration of some Whitechapel "Agonistes?" What blunted sensibility required so hideous an appeal? What cuticle was so thick that the arcana of torture must be had recourse to, in order to furnish illustrations? Possessing so much geniality as he does—having so much of the warm, kindly blood of human nature flowing in his veins, what pestilent mood must he have laboured under, to produce these unworthy things—unworthy, when Hogarth, in his true greatness and proportion, has just been passing so augustly before us? I confess to being afraid to turn over them. They haunt me—they actually frighten me. Did you ever see such a throat cut? Ugh! Did you ever see such a dissecting-room?

Oh me! My friend, Billy Hogarth, what could you have been thinking of, when you bent your splendid brain and facile hand to the execution ("execution" is a good word) of this terrific series?

FIRST STAGE OF CRUELTY.

'The poorest beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance, feels a pang as great
As when a giant dies.'

THIS pathetic lesson of humanity is given by the poet of nature. Aiming at the same end by different means, our benevolent artist here steps forth as the instructor of youth, the friend to mercy, and advocate of the brute creation.

In the prints before us, an obdurate boy begins his career of cruelty by tormenting animals; repeated acts of barbarity sear his heart; he commits a deliberate murder; and concludes in an ignominious death. These gradations are natural, I had almost said inevitable; and that parent who discovers the germ of barbarity in the mind of a child, and does not use every effort to exterminate the noxious weed, is an accessory to the evils which spring from its baneful growth. To check these malign propensities, becomes more necessary from the general tendency of our amusements. Most of our rural and even infantine sports are savage and ferocious. They arise from the terror, misery, or death of helpless animals. A child in the nursery is taught to impale butterflies and cockchafers. The schoolboy's proud delight is clambering a tree—

"To rob the poor bird of its young."

Grown a gentle angler, he snares a scaly fry, and scatters leaden death among the feathered tenants of the air: ripened to manhood, he becomes a mighty hunter, is enamoured of the chase, and crimson his spurs in the sides of a generous courser, whose wind he breaks in the pursuit of an inoffensive deer, or timid hare.

Let us suppose a disciple of Pythagoras to contemplate this print, how would it affect him? He would imagine it to represent a group of young barbarians, qualifying themselves for executioners; would raise his voice to heaven, and thank the God of mercy that he is not an inhabitant of such a country. The delineation of such scenes must shock every feeling heart, and their enumeration disgust every humane mind. Let us hope, for the honour of our nature and our nation, that they are not so frequently practised as when these prints were published.

The hero of this tragic tale is Tom Nero: by a badge upon his arm we know him to be one of the boys of St. Giles's charity-school. The horrible business in which he is engaged, let us hope, was never realised in this or any other country. The thought is taken from Callot's "Temptation of St. Anthony." A youth of superior rank, shocked at such cruelty, offers his tart to redeem the dog from torture. 'This Hogarth intended for the portrait of an illustrious personage, then about thirteen years of age; the compliment was rather coarse, but well intended. A lad chalking on a wall, the suspended figure inscribed "Tom Nero," prepares us for the future fate of this young tyrant, and shows by anticipation the reward of cruelty.

Throwing at cocks might possibly have its origin in what some of our sagacious politicians call a natural enmity to France; which is thus humanely exercised against the allegorical symbol of that nation. A boy tying a bone to the tail of his dog, while the kind-hearted animal licks his hand, must have a most diabolical disposition. Two little imps are burning out the eyes of a bird with a knitting-needle. A group of embryotic Domitians who have tied two cats to the extremities of a rope, and hung it over a lamp-iron, to see how delightfully they will tear each other, are marked with grim delight. The link-boy is absolutely a Lilliputian fiend. The fellow encouraging a dog to worry a cat, and two animals of the same species thrown out of a garret window with bladders fastened to them, complete this mortifying prospect of youthful depravity.

SECOND STAGE OF CRUELTY.

TOM NERO is now a hackney coachman, and displaying his disposition in his conduct to a horse. Worn out by ill usage, and exhausted by fatigue, the poor animal has fallen down, overset the carriage, and broken his leg. The scene is laid at Thavies-Inn Gate: four brethren of the brawling bar, who have joined to pay three-pence each for a ride to Westminster Hall, are, in consequence of the accident, overturned, and exhibited at the moment of creeping out of the carriage. These illustrious periwig-pated personages were probably intended as portraits of advocates eminent in their day: their names we are not able to record.

A man taking the number of the coach is marked with traits of benevolence, which separate him from the savage ferocity of Nero, or the terror of these affrighted lawyers.

As a further exemplification of extreme barbarity, a drover is beating an expiring lamb with a large club. The wheels of a dray pass over an unfortunate boy, while the drayman, regardless of consequences, sleeps on the shafts.

In the background is a poor overladen ass: the master, presuming on the strength of this patient and ill-treated animal, has mounted upon his back and taken a loaded porter behind him. An over-driven bull, followed by a crowd of heroic spirits, has tossed a boy. Two bills pasted on the wall advertise cock-fighting and Broughton's amphitheatre for boxing, as further specimens of national civilisation.

Parts of this print, says Mr. Ireland, may at first sight appear rather overcharged, but some recent examples convince us that they are not so. In the year 1790, a fellow was convicted of lacerating and tearing out the tongue of a horse; but there being no evidence of his bearing any malice towards the proprietor, or doing it with a view of injuring him, this diabolical wretch, not having violated any then existing statute, was discharged without punishment.

CRUELTY IN PERFECTION.

AN early indulged habit of wanton cruelty strengthens by time, chokes every good disposition, corrupts the mind, and sears the heart. We cannot say to the malevolent passions—

"Thus far shall ye go, and no further."

The hero of this print began by torturing a helpless dog; he then beat out the eye of an unoffending horse;





SECOND STAGE OF CRUELTY

From the original in the possession of the Hon. the Secretary of State for the Home Department.



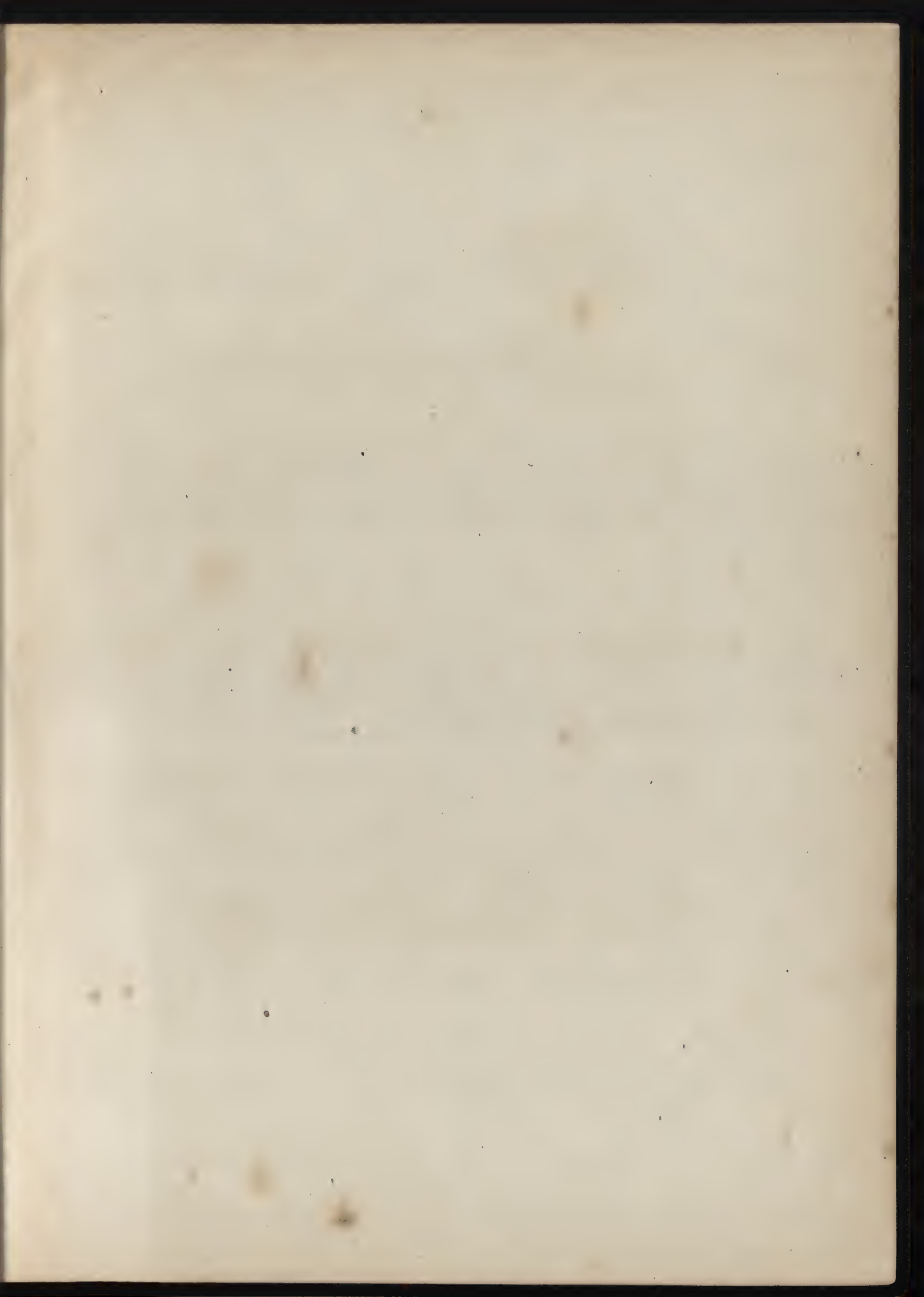




THE FOUR STAGES OF DEATH.

CRUELTY IN PERFECTION.

Designed by George Cruikshank. Engraved by J. H. Stanger.



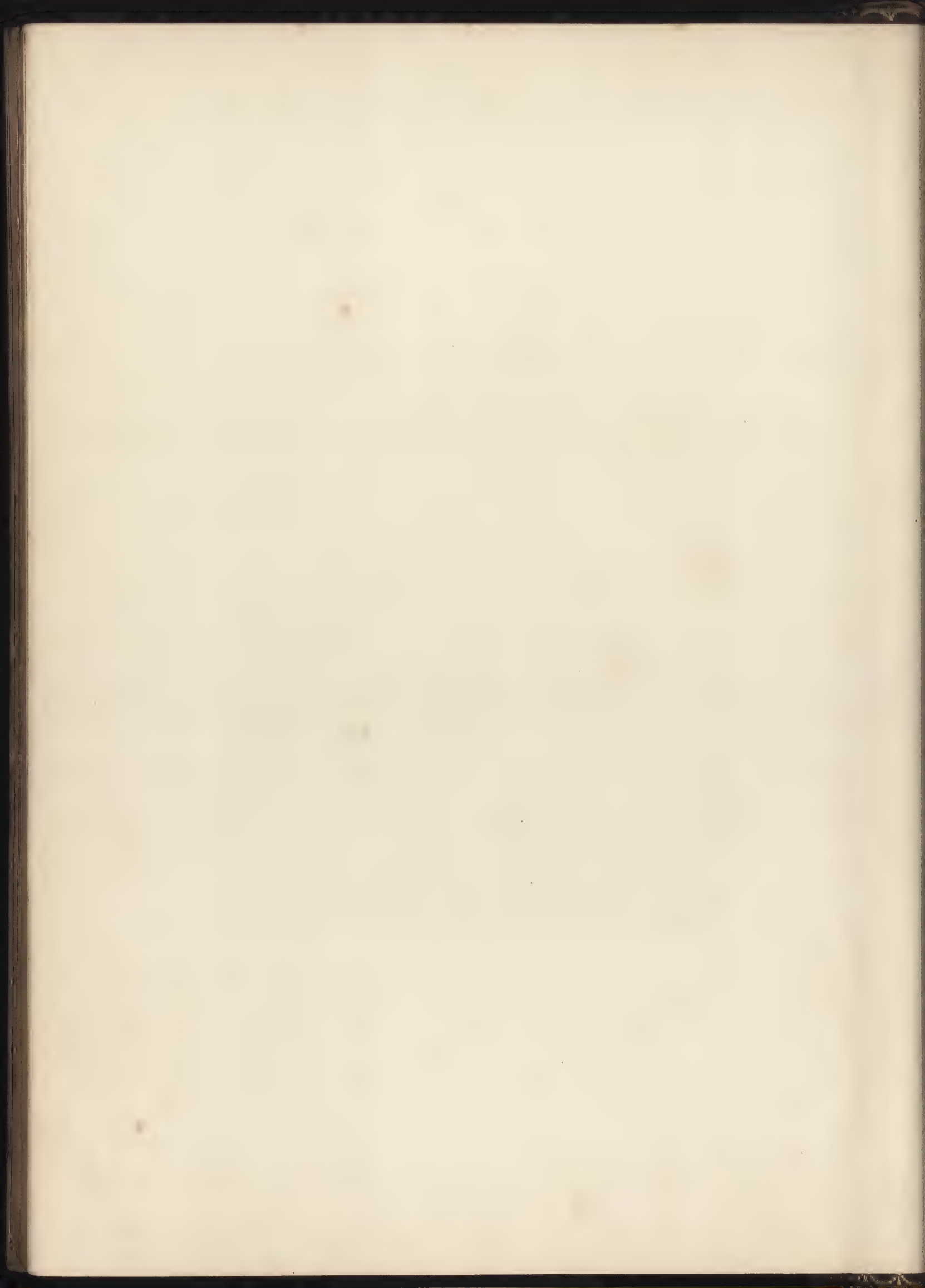




THE FOUR STAGES OF CRUELTY.

THE REWARD OF CRUELTY.

Imprinted by C. Smith, from the Original by Wm. Verelst.



and now, under the influence of that malignant, rancorous spirit, which by indulgence is become natural, he commits murder—most foul and aggravated murder!—for this poor deluded girl is pregnant by the wretch who deprives her of life. He tempts her to quit a happy situation, to plunder an indulgent mistress, and meet him with the produce of her robbery. Blinded by affection, she keeps the fatal appointment, and comes loaded with plate. This remorseless villain, having previously determined to destroy her, and by that means cancel his promise of marriage, free himself from an expected incumbrance, and silence one whom compunction might at a future day induce to confess the crime, and lead to his detection, puts her to death!

This atrocious act must have been perpetrated with most savage barbarity, for the head is nearly severed, and the wrist cut almost through. Her cries are heard by the servants of a neighbouring house, who run to her assistance. 'Tis too late—the horrid deed is done! the ethereal spirit is forced from its earthly mansion—

“Unhousell'd, unappointed, unanel'd!”

But the murderer, appalled by conscious guilt, and rendered motionless by terror, cannot fly. He is seized without resistance, and consigned to that punishment which so aggravated a violation of the laws of nature and his country demand.

The glimpses of the moon, the screech-owl and bat hovering in the air, the mangled corse, and, above all, the murderer's ghastly and guilty countenance, give terrific horror to this awful scene.

By the pistol in his pocket, and watches on the ground, we have reason to infer that this callous wretch has been committing other depredations in the earlier part of the evening. The time is what has been emphatically called the witching hour!—the iron tongue of midnight has told ONE!

The letter found in his pocket gives a history of the transaction; it appears to be dictated by the warmest affection, and written by the woman he has just murdered, previous to her elopement.

“DEAR TOMMY,

“My mistress has been the best of women to me, and my conscience flies in my face as often as I think of wronging her; yet I am resolved to venture body and soul to do as you would have me, so do not fail to meet me as you said you would, for I shall bring along with me all the things I can lay my hands on. So no more at present; but I remain yours till death.

ANN GILL.”

THE REWARD OF CRUELTY.

THE savage and diabolical progress of cruelty is now ended, and the thread of life severed by the sword of justice. From the place of execution the murderer is brought to Surgeons'-hall, and now represented under the knife of a dissector. This venerable person, as well as his coadjutor who scoops out the criminal's eye, and a young student scarifying the leg, seem to have just as much feeling as the subject now under their inspection. A frequent contemplation of sanguinary scenes hardens the heart, deadens sensibility, and destroys every tender sensation.

Hogarth was most peculiarly accurate in those little markings which identify. The gunpowder initials “T. N.” on the arm, denote this to be the body of Thomas Nero. The face being impressed with horror has been objected to. It must be acknowledged that this is rather o'erstepping the modesty of nature; but he so rarely deviates from her laws, that a little poetical licence may be forgiven, where it produces humour or heightens character.

The skeletons on each side of the print, are inscribed “James Field” (an eminent pugilist), and “Maclean” (a notorious robber). Both of these worthies died by the rope. They are pointing to the physician's crest, which is carved on the upper part of the president's chair—viz., a hand feeling a pulse; taking a guinea would have been more appropriate to the practice. The heads of these two heroes of the halter are turned so as to seem ridiculing the president, “scoffing his state, and grinning at his pōmp.” Every countenance in this grisly band is marked with that medical importance which dignifies the professors. Some of them we discover to be “from Caledonia's bleak and barren clime.”

A fellow depositing the intestines in a pail, and a dog licking the murderer's heart, are disgusting and nauseous objects. The vessel where the skulls and bones bubble-bubble, gives some idea of the infernal cauldron of Hecate.

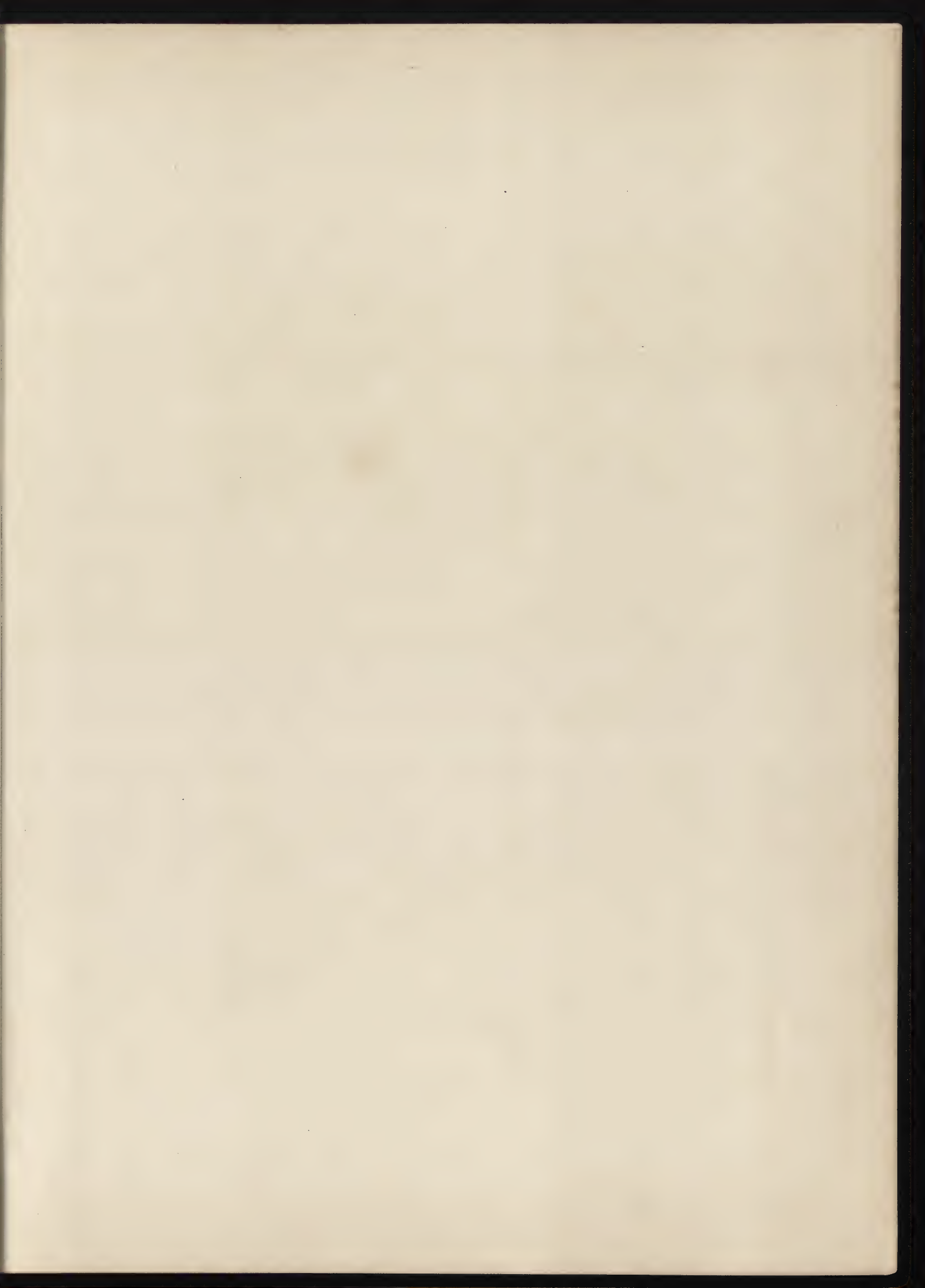
Of this print, and that preceding it, there are wooden blocks engraved upon a large scale, invented and published by William Hogarth, Jan. 1st, 1750; J. Bell, sculpt. They were executed by order of Mr. Hogarth, who wished to circulate the salutary examples they contain, by making the price low enough for a poor man's purse; but finding engraving on wood much more expensive than he had calculated, he altered his plan, and engraved them on copper.

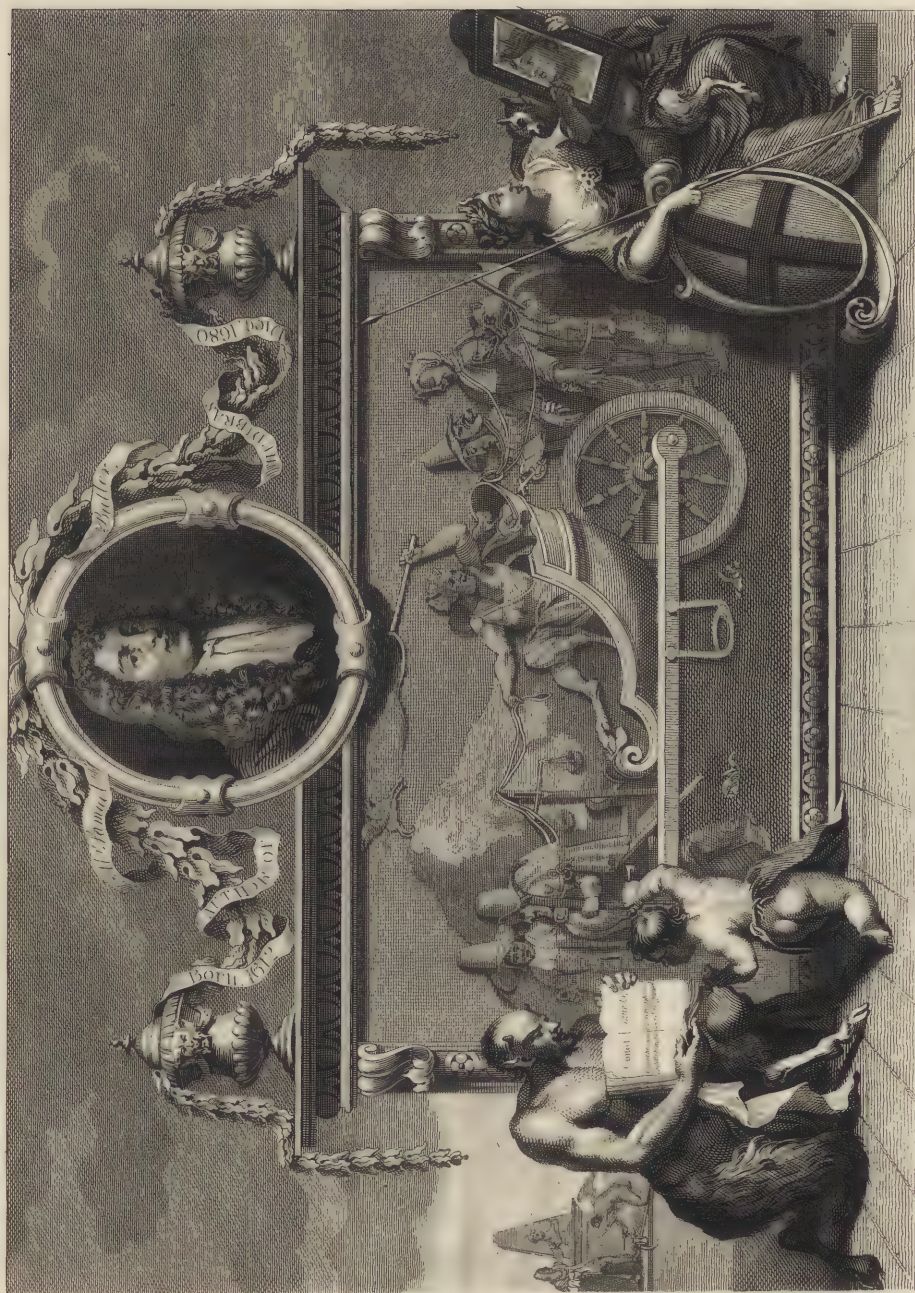
H U D I B R A S.

PLATE I.—FRONTISPIECE.

THE name of Butler, among a few others of his day and generation, will live as long as the English language exists. If he has not contributed to its strength, fluency, or flavour, he has exhibited its wonderful capabilities with such opulence of manner, as to show how plastic it becomes in capable hands. In his queer tourney against the Puritans, he did, perhaps, good service to the Cavalier party, whose oaths and licence contrasted so strongly with the severely staid and sober lives of the other. The Cavalier clad himself in a splendid costume, wore his elegant hat and drooping feather with a swaggering though *grandiose* air. He curled his hair, used essences and the pouncet-box. He wore love-locks, and his lady's scarf, and was a noble, handsome, dashing specimen of a man. He rode into the fight gaily and bravely, like those young Spartans of old, who only bedecked and made themselves beautiful for the battle. The Puritan, with his sour look, his upturned eyes, his solemn gait, and his twang, rode into the fight too; but it was a serious business to *him*, and he was imperturbable as steel, and quite as cool. All this gave a forcible emphasis to the extreme contrast existing between the royalists and their severe and uncompromising opponents. Nothing can be more formidable, as a weapon against sect or party, than ridicule; and this Butler wielded with such a *trenchant* skill, with such exhaustless power, and a "plethora of wit" hitherto unmatched, that were not the cause of the Puritans sound to the very core, and their purpose equally high and lofty, he must have annihilated them by a cannonade of mere laughter. If he made the Cavalier roar over his pages with boisterous delight, it does not seem to have shaken the "Conventicle" men much; as Marston Moor and the gigantic fight of Naseby—a very "Armageddon"—signally proved. To hold up to laughter the affected costume, the hideous personal burlesques the Roundheads made of themselves—their nasal twang—their use of Scriptural phrases—their fierce and almost unnatural edicts against harmless amusements;—these, in the hands of a witty and sarcastic man, were sufficient for his flaunting comic muse to pillory and to pelt without mercy. It is said that the Restoration owes somewhat to Butler; but it is difficult to see in what way. Nevertheless, it was shown that he deserved well of Charles II. Some small appointments, and a gift of £300, were all he received, followed by cold and cruel neglect—the general reward of that unkingly driveller—and the poet passes quickly out of sight. He died in what is to this day a horrid alley—whatever it was then—Rose Lane, Covent Garden; and was buried in the church of St. Paul's, at the expense of a gentleman whose name deserves to be honourably remembered—Mr. Longueville, of the Temple; who also supported him during the last years of his life.

Hogarth, in his illustrations, has caught the true Hudibrastic spirit; but it is worth while to observe the almost glorious loveliness of the somewhat Amazonian Trulla (fifth Plate). His women, by the way—when not remarkably bad, and proportionably hideous—are all beautiful. The Trulla has a head and bust fit for an ideal of Juno—almost of Bellona. The basso-relievo on the pedestal, represents the general design of Mr. Butler in his incomparable poem of *Hudibras*—viz., Butler's Genius, in a car, lashing around Mount Parnassus, in the persons of Hudibras and Ralpho, Rebellion, Hypocrisy, and Ignorance,—the reigning vices of his time.





TUDOR BRASS

Engraved by J. Smith, from the original in the possession of the Earl of Pembroke







THE FURBER.

THE FURBER.
 "THE FURBER, OR THE FURBER'S FURBER."
 AND OF THE FURBER'S FURBER.

London: Printed and Sold by J. W. Smith, 1844.

H U D I B R A S.

PLATE II.—THE MANNER HOW HE SALLIES FORTH.

WHEN civil dudgeon first grew high,
And men fell out they knew not why;
When gospel-trumpeter, surrounded
With long-ear'd rout, to battle sounded;
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Was beat with fist instead of a stick;
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a colonelling.
A wight he was, whose very sight would
Entitle him mirror of knighthood.
That never bow'd his stubborn knee
To any thing but chivalry,
Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Knight worshipful on shoulder blade;
Chief of domestic knights and errant,
Either for chartel or for warrant;
Great on the bench, great in the saddle,
That could as well bind o'er as swaddle;
Mighty he was at both of these,
And styl'd of war, as well as peace;
(So some rats, of amphibious nature,
Are either for the land or water;)
But here our authors make a doubt
Whether he were more wise or stout:
Some hold the one, and some the other;
But, howsoe'er they make a pother,

The diff'rence was so small, his brain
Outweigh'd his rage but half a grain:
Which made some take him for a tool
That knaves do work with, call'd a fool.

A squire he had, whose name was Ralph,
That in th' adventure went his half;
An equal stock of wit and valour
He had laid in, by birth a tailor.
His knowledge was not far behind
The knight's, but of another kind,
And he another way came by 't:
Some call it gifts, and some new light;
A lib'ral art, that costs no pains
Of study, industry, or brains.
His wit was sent him for a token,
But in the carriage crack'd and broken.
He could deep mysteries unriddle.
As easily as thread a needle.

Thus was th' accomplish'd squire endu'd
With gifts and knowledge per'lous shrewd:
Never did trusty squire with knight,
Or knight with squire, e'er jump more right
Their arms and equipage did fit,
As well as virtues, parts, and wit;
Their valours, too, were of a rate,
And out they sally'd at the gate.

HUDIBRAS.

PLATE III.—HUDIBRAS'S FIRST ADVENTURE.

MEANWHILE he stopp'd his willing steed,
To fit himself for martial deed ;
Both kinds of metal he prepar'd,
Either to give blows or to ward ;
Courage and steel, both of great force,
Prepar'd for better or for worse.
His death-charg'd pistols he did fit well,
Drawn out from life-preserving vittle ;
These being prim'd, with force he labour'd
To free's sword from retentive scabbard ;
And, after many a painful pluck,
From rusty durance he bail'd tuck
Then shook himself, to see that prowess
In scabbard of his arms sat loose ;
And, rais'd upon his desp'rate foot,
On stirrup-side he gaz'd about,
Portending blood, like blazing star,
The beacon of approaching war.

I' th' head of all this warlike rabble,
Crowdero march'd, expert and able.
Instead of trumpet and of drum,
That makes the warrior's stomach come,
A squeaking engine he applied
Unto his neck, on north-east side.
His grisly beard was long and thick,
With which he strung his fiddle-stick ;
For he to horse-tail scorn'd to owe
For what on his own chin did grow.
He bravely vent'ring at a crown,
By chance of war was beaten down,
And wounded sore : his leg, then broke,
Had got a deputy of oak.

Next march'd brave Orsin, famous for
Wise conduct, and success in war ;

A skilful leader, stout, severe,
Now marshal to the champion bear.

The gallant Bruin march'd next him,
With visage formidably grim,
And rugged as a Saracen,
Or Turk of Mahomet's own kin.

Talgol was of courage stout,
And vanquish'd oft'ner than he fought ;
Inur'd to labour, sweat, and toil,
And, like a champion, shone with oil.

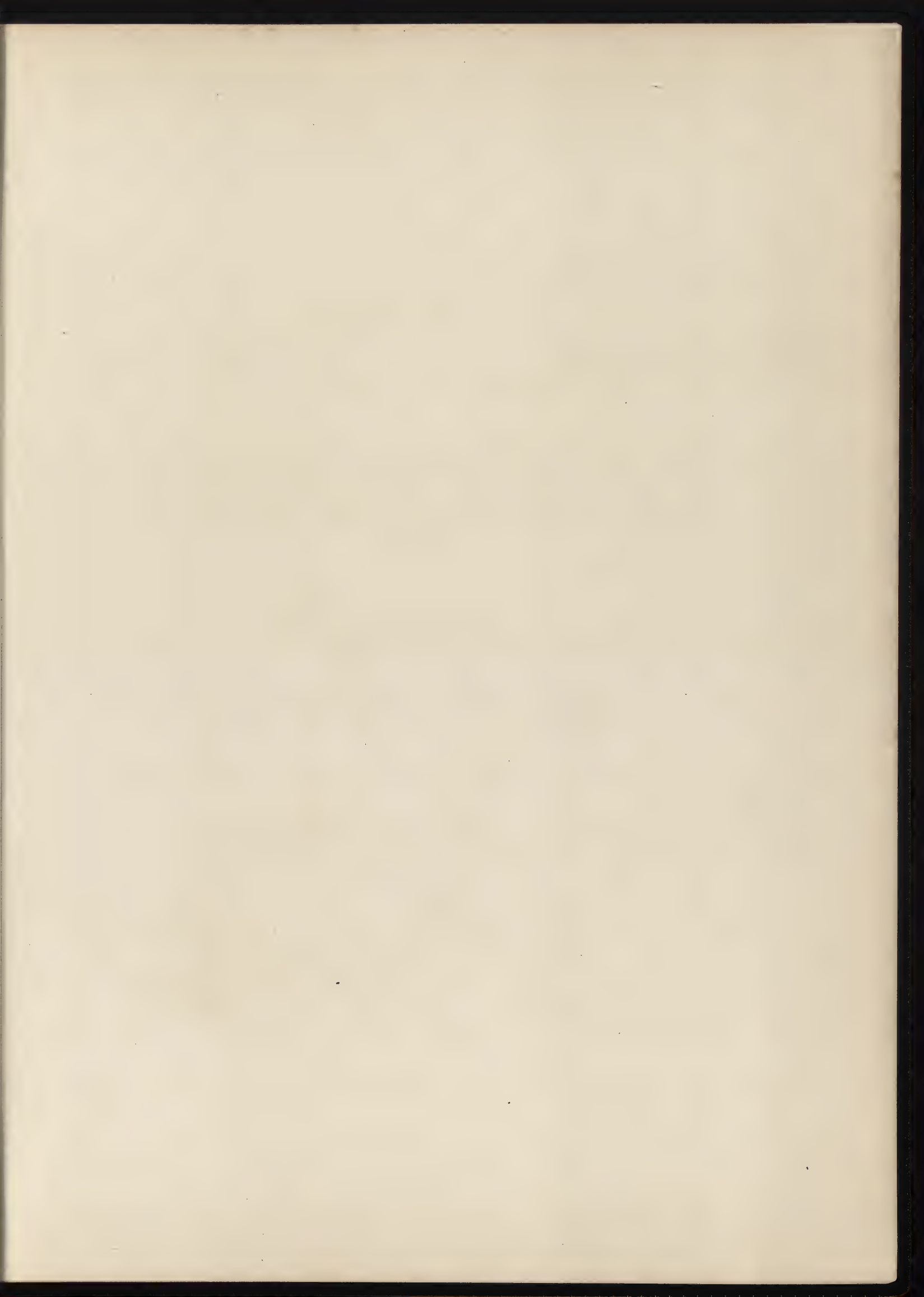
Next these the brave Magnano came,
Magnano, great in martial fame.

He Trulla lov'd—Trulla, more bright
Than burnish'd armour of her knight ;
A bold virago, stout and tall
As Joan of France, or English Mall :
Through perils both of wind and limb,
Through thick and thin she follow'd him.

The upright Cerdon next advanc'd,
Of all his race the valiant'st.

Last Colon came, bold man of war,
Destin'd to blows by fatal star ;
These worthies were the chief that led
The combatants, each in the head
Of his command, with arms and rage
Ready, and longing to engage.
The num'rous rabble was drawn out
Of sev'ral counties round about,
From villages remote, and shires,
Of east and western hemispheres.
And now the field of death, the lists,
Were enter'd by antagonists.

And blood was ready to be broach'd,
When Hudibras in haste approach'd,
With squire and weapons to attack 'em,
But first from his horse bespake 'em.





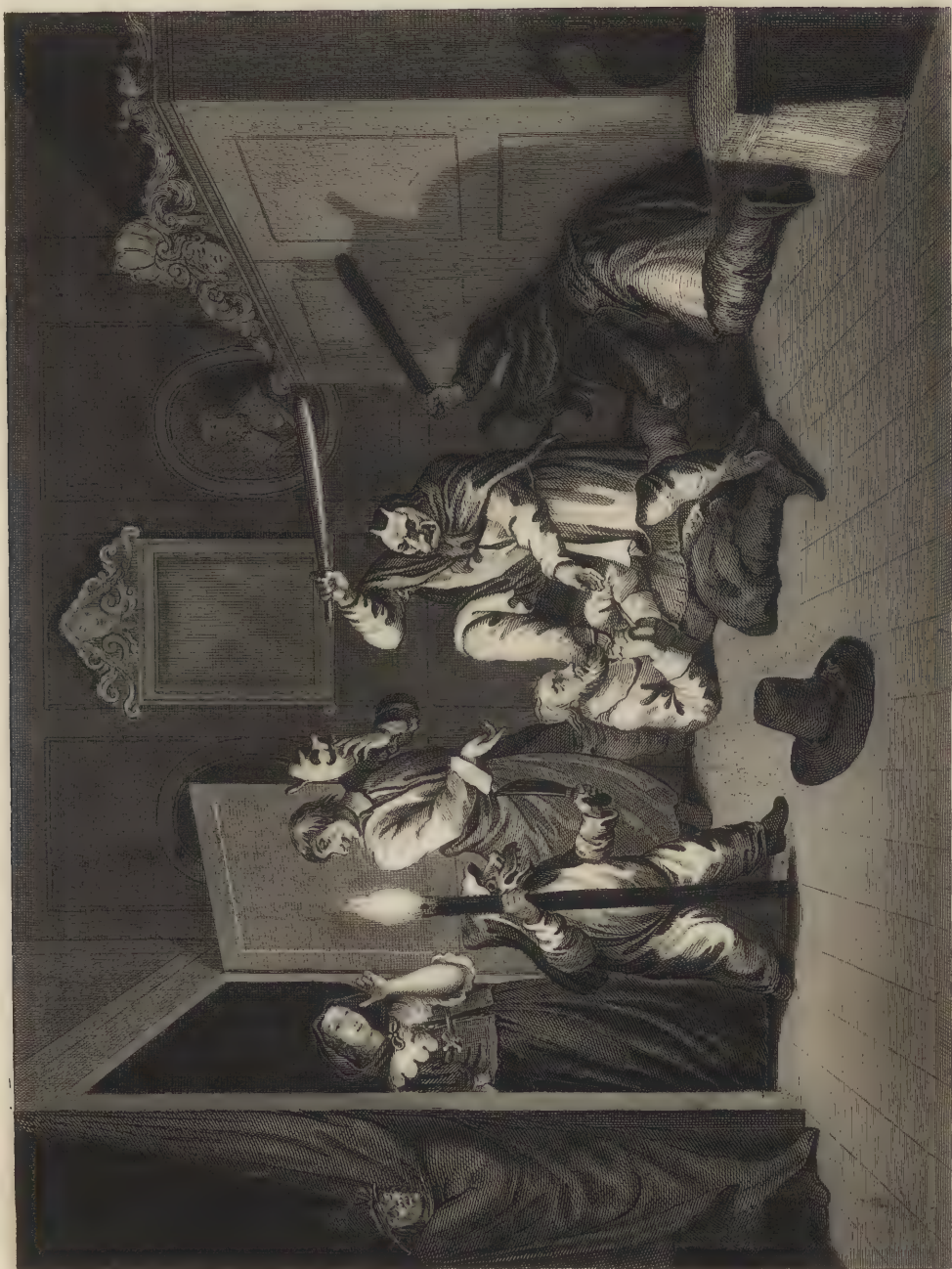
FLATHEADS

THE CHIEF, A. B. C. DEBAYE,
AND HIS WIFE, AND CHILDREN.

Engraved by J. H. Johnson, from a painting by A. B. C. Debye.







THE DOUBT

THE DOUBT
 "SOME AS THEY WERE IN THE MIDDLE
 OF THE DOUBT, THEY WERE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DOUBT."

Illustration by W. W. P. Smith

HUDIBRAS.

PLATE IV.—THE MASQUERADE ADVENTURE.

SOON as they had him at their mercy,
They put him to the cudgel fiercely,
As if they 'ad scorn'd to trade or barter,
By giving or by taking quarter :
They stoutly on his quarters laid,
Until his scouts came in t' his aid ;
For when a man is past his sense,
There's no way to reduce him thence,
But twinging him by th' ears or nose,
Or laying on of heavy blows ;
And if that will not do the deed,
To burning with hot irons proceed.
No sooner was he come t' himself,
But on his neck a sturdy elf
Clapp'd, in a trice, his cloven hoof,
And thus attack'd him with reproof :

“ Mortal, thou art betray'd to us
B' our friend, thy evil genius,
Who, for thy horrid perjuries,
Thy breach of faith, and turning lies,
The Brethren's privilege (against
The wicked) on themselves, the Saints,
Has here thy wretched carcass sent,
For just revenge and punishment,
Which thou hast now no way to lessen,
But by an open, free confession ;
For if we catch thee failing once,
Twill fall the heavier on thy bones.”

The queen of night, whose large command
Rules all the sea, and half the land,

And over moist and crazy brains,
In high springtides, at midnight reigns,
Was now declining to the west,
To go to bed and take her rest ;
When Hudibras, whose stubborn blows
Deny'd his bones that soft repose,
Lay still expecting worse and more,
Stretch'd out at length upon the floor ;
And though he shut his eyes as fast
As if he 'ad been to sleep his last,
Saw all the shapes that fear or wizards,
To make the devil wear for vizards,
And pricking up his ears, to hark
If he could hear, too, in the dark,
Was first invaded with a groan,
And after, in a feeble tone,
These trembling words : “ Unhappy wretch,
What hast thou gotten by this fetch,
Or thy tricks, in this new trade,
Thy holy brotherhood o' th' blade ;
By saunt'ring still on some adventure,
And growing to thy horse a centaur ?
To stuff thy skin with swelling knobs
Of cruel and hard-wooded drubs ?
For still thou 'ast had the worst on't yet,
As well in conquest as defeat.
Night is the Sabbath of mankind,
To rest the body and the mind,
Which now thou art deny'd to keep,
And cure thy labour'd corpse with sleep.”

HUDIBRAS.

PLATE V.—THE KNIGHT SUBMITS TO TRULLA.

THIS said, the knight did straight submit,
And laid his weapons at her feet.
Next he disrob'd his gabardine,
And with it did himself resign.
She took it, and forthwith divesting
The mantle that she wore, said, jesting,
"Take that, and wear it for my sake;"
Then threw it o'er his sturdy back.
And as the French, we conquer'd once,
Now give us laws for pantaloons,
The length of breeches, and the gathers,
Port-cannons, periwigs, and feathers;
Just so the proud insulting lass
Array'd and dighted Hudibras.
Meanwhile the other champions, yerst
In hurry of the fight dispers'd,
Arriv'd, when Trulla won the day,
To share i' the honour and the prey,
And out of Hudibras his hide,
With vengeance to be satisfy'd;
Which now they were about to pour
Upon him in a wooden shower,
But Trulla thrust herself between,
And striding o'er his back agen,

She brandish'd o'er her head his sword,
And vow'd they should not break her word;
She 'ad given him quarter, and her blood
Or theirs should make that quarter good:
For she was bound, by law of arms,
To see him safe from further harms.
In dungeon deep, Crowdero, cast
By Hudibras, as yet lay fast,
Where, to the hard and ruthless stones,
His great heart made perpetual moans;
Him she resolv'd that Hudibras
Should ransom, and supply his place.
Thus stopp'd their fury, and the basting
Which towards Hudibras was hasting.
They thought it was but just and right
That what she had achiev'd in fight
She should dispose of how she pleas'd;
Crowdero ought to be releas'd:
Nor could that any way be done
So well as this she pitch'd upon:
For who a better could imagine?
This, therefore, they resolv'd t' engage in.









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Engraved by J. C. Smith from the original by H. J. Smith.

HUDIBRAS.

PLATE VI.—SIR HUDIBRAS AND RALPHO IN THE STOCKS.

THIS tattling gossip knew too well
What mischief Hudibras befel,
And straight the spiteful tidings bears
Of all, to the unkind widow's ears.
Democritus ne'er laugh'd so loud,
To see bawds carted through the crowd,
Or funerals, with stately pomp,
March slowly on in solemn dump,
As she laugh'd out, until her back,
As well as sides, was like to crack.
She vow'd she would go see the sight,
And visit the distress'd knight;
To do the office of a neighbour,
And be a gossip at his labour;
And from his wooden jail, the stocks,
To set at large his fetter-locks;
And by exchange, parole, or ransom
To free him from th' enchanted mansion.
This b'ing resolv'd, she call'd for hood
And usher, implements abroad
Which ladies wear, beside a slender
Young waiting damsel to attend her;
All which appearing, on she went

To find the knight, in limbo pent:
And 'twas not long before she found
Him and his stout squire in the pound;
Both coupled in enchanted tether,
By further leg behind together:
For as he sat upon his rump,
His head, like one in doleful dump,
Between his knees, his hands apply'd
Unto his ears on either side,
And by him, in another hole,
Afflicted Ralpho, cheek by jole,
She came upon him in his wooden
Magician's circle, on the sudden,
As spirits do t' a conjurer,
When in their dreadful shapes th' appear.
No sooner did the knight perceive her,
But straight he fell into a fever,
Inflam'd all over with disgrace,
To be seen by her in such place;
Which made him hang his head, and scowl,
And wink, and goggle, like an owl;
He felt his brains begin to swim,
When the dame accosted him.

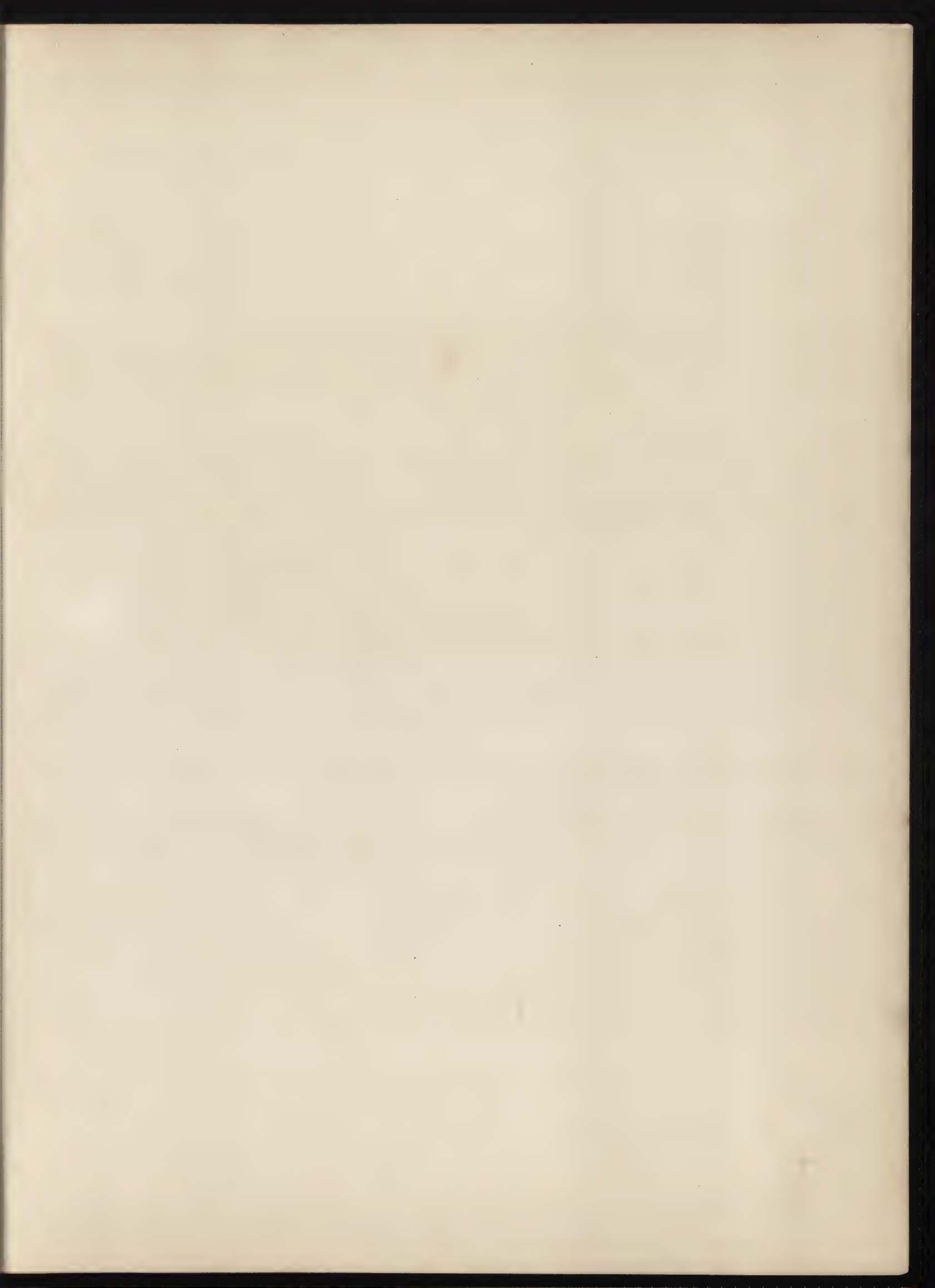
HUDIBRAS.

PLATE VII.—HUDIBRAS AND THE LAWYER.

To this brave man the knight repairs
For counsel in his law-affairs,
And found him, mounted in his pew,
With books and money plac'd for show :
Like nest-eggs to make clients lay,
And for his false opinion pay ;
To whom the knight, with comely grace,
Put off his hat, to put his case ;
Which he as proudly entertain'd
As th' other courteously strain'd ;
And, to assure him 'twas not that
He look'd for, bid him put on 's hat.

Quoth he, "There is one Sidrophel
Whom I have cudgell'd."—"Very well."
"And now he brags to 've beaten me."
"Better, and better still," quoth he ;
"And vows to stick me to a wall,
Where'er he meets me."—"Best of all."
"'Tis true the knave has taken 's oath
That I robb'd him."—"Well done, in troth."
"When he 's confess'd he stole my cloak,
And pick'd my fob, and what he took ;
Which was the cause that made me bang him,
And take my goods again ;"—"Marry, hang
him."
"Now, whether I should beforehand,
Swear he robb'd me?"—"I understand."
"Or bring my action of conversion
And trover for my goods?"—"Ah, whoreson !"
"Or, if 'tis better to indict,
And bring him to his trial?"—"Right."
"Prevent what he designs to do,
And swear for th' state against him?"—"True."

"Or, whether he that is defendant,
In this case, has the better end on 't ;
Who, putting in a new cross-bill,
May traverse the action?"—"Better still."
"Then there 's a lady too ;"—"Ay, marry."
"That 's easily prov'd accessary ;
A widow, who, by solemn vows
Contracted to me, for my spouse,
Combin'd with him to break her word ;
And has abetted all ;"—"Good Lord !"
"Suborn'd th' aforesaid Sidrophel
To tamper with the dev'l of hell,
Who put m' into a horrid fear,
Fear of my life ;"—"Make that appear."
"Made an assault with fiends and men
Upon my body ;"—"Good agen."
"And kept me in a deadly fright,
And false imprisonment, all night.
Meanwhile they robb'd me and my horse,
And stole my saddle ;"—"Worse and worse !"
"And made me mount upon the bare ridge,
T' avoid a wretcheder miscarriage."
"Sir," quoth the lawyer, "not to flatter ye,
You have as good and fair a battery
As heart can wish, and need not shame
The proudest man alive to claim :
For if they've us'd you as you say,
Marry, quoth I, God give you joy ;
I would it were my case, I'd give
More than I'll say or you'll believe ;
I would so trounce her and her purse,
I'd make her kneel for better or worse ;
For matrimony and hanging here
Both go by destiny so clear."





THE LIBRARIAN.

With the Dialogue.
 "IN THIS LIBRARY ARE IN GREAT REPAIRS
 FOR CONVENIENCE AND USE."

Written by the Librarian of the Library of the University of Oxford.







THE DIBBARS,

A Tale of the Olden Time, by Mrs. J. H. H. H.

THEY ARE QUARTERED IN THE HOUSE, THIS STORY
 SHOWS, DOWN THE LANE, THROUGH THE OLD WORLD

Written and by Mrs. J. H. H. H. from the Original by Mrs. J. H. H. H.

HUDIBRAS.

PLATE VIII.—HUDIBRAS BEATS SIDROPHEL, AND HIS MAN WHACHUM.

QUOTH he, "This scheme of th' heavens set,
Discovers how in fight you met,
At Kingston, with a May-pole idol,
And that y' were bang'd both back and side well,
And, though you overcame the bear,
The dogs beat you at Brentford fair;
Where sturdy butchers broke your noddle,
And handled you like a fop doodle."

Quoth Hudibras, "I now perceive
You are no conj'rer, by your leave;
That paltry story is untrue,
And forg'd to cheat such gulls as you."

"Not true!" quoth he, "howe'er you vapour,
I can what I affirm make appear;
Whachum shall justify it t' your face,
And prove he was upon the place;
He play'd the saltinbancho's part,
Transform'd t' a Frenchman by my art;
He stole your cloak, and pick'd your pocket,
Chous'd and caldes'd ye like a blockhead,
And what you lost I can produce,
If you deny it, here i' th' house."

Quoth Hudibras, "I do believe
That argument's demonstrative;

Ralpho, bear witness, and go fetch us
A constable to seize the wretches;
For though they're both false knaves and cheats,
Impostors, jugglers, counterfeits;
I'll make them serve for perpendic'lars,
As true as e'er were us'd by bricklayers.
They're guilty, by their own confessions,
Of felony; and at the Sessions,
Upon the bench, I will so handle 'em,
That the vibration of this pendulum
Shall make all tailors' yards of one
Unanimous opinion;
A thing he long has vapour'd of,
But now shall make it out by proof."

Quoth Sidrophel, "I do not doubt
To find friends that will bear me out;
Nor have I hazarded my art
And neck so long on the State's part,
To be exposed, i' the end, to suffer
By such a braggadocio huffer."

"Huffer!" quoth Hudibras; "this sword
Shall down thy false throat cram that word;
Ralpho, make haste and call an officer,
To apprehend this Stygian sophister;
Meanwhile I'll hold 'em at a bay,
Lest he and Whachum run away."

H U D I B R A S.

PLATE IX.—THE COMMITTEE.

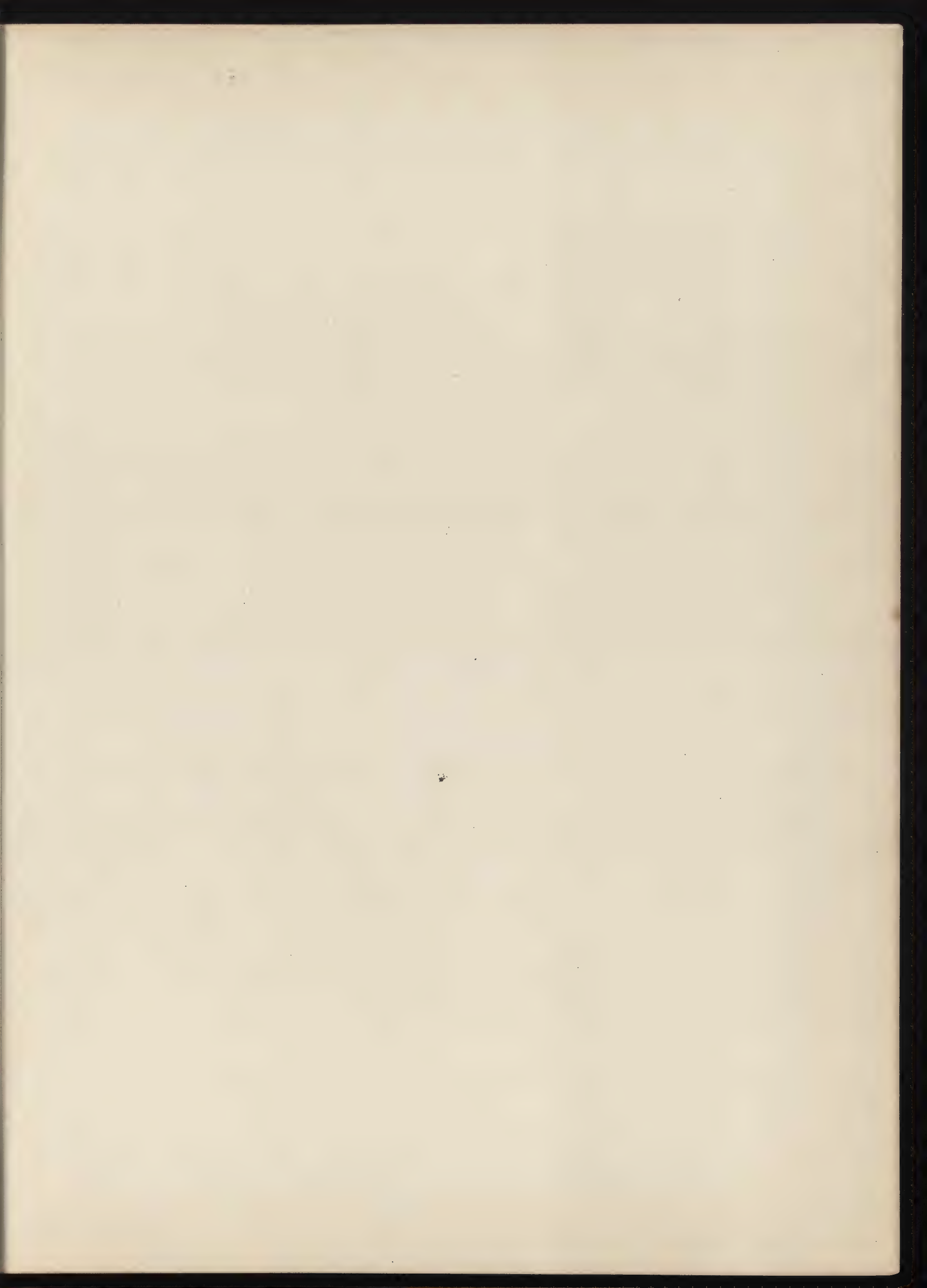
THE quacks of government (who sate
At th' unregarded helm of state,
And understood this wild confusion
Of fatal madness and delusion,
Must, sooner than a prodigy,
Portend destruction to be nigh)
Consider'd timely how t' withdraw
And save their windpipes from the law;
For one rencounter at the bar
Was worse than all they 'ad 'scap'd in war,
And therefore met in consultation
To cant and quack upon the nation;
Not for the sickly patient's sake,
Nor what to give, but what to take;
To feel the purses of their fees,
More wise than fumbling arteries;
Prolong the snuff of life in pain,
And from the grave recover—gain.

'Mong these there was a politician
With more heads than a beast in vision,

And more intrigues in ev'ry one
Than all the whores of Babylon;
So politic, as if one eye
Upon the other were a spy,
That, to trepan the one to think
The other blind, both strove to blink;
And, in his dark pragmatic way,
As busy as a child at play.

To match this saint there was another,
As busy and perverse a brother,
An haberdasher of small wares
In politics and state affairs.

Thus far the statesman—when a shout
Heard at a distance, put him out;
And straight another, all aghast,
Rush'd in with equal fear and haste,
Who star'd about, as pale as death,
And, for a while, as out of breath,
Till, having gather'd up his wits,
He thus began his tale by fits.





1. *Staphylinidae* (10 species)







HIDEBRAS.

THE HIDE-AND-SEEK GAME.
 A BATTLE-PIECE OF THE HIDE-AND-SEEK GAME.

Designed by G. Conway from the original by J. H. P. & Co. 1840.

HUDIBRAS.

PLATE X.—HUDIBRAS LEADING CROWDERO IN TRIUMPH.

THIS said, the high outrageous mettle
Of knight began to cool and settle.
He lik'd the squire's advice, and soon
Resolv'd to see the bus'ness done;
And therefore charg'd him first to bind
Crowdero's hands on rump behind,
And to its former place and use
The wooden member to reduce,
But force it take an oath before,
Ne'er to bear arms against him more

Ralpho dispatch'd with speedy haste,
And having ty'd Crowdero fast,
He gave Sir Knight the end of cord,
To lead the captive of his sword
In triumph, whilst the steeds he caught,
And them to further service brought.
The squire in state rode on before,
And on his nut-brown whinyard bore
The trophy fiddle and the case,
Leaning on shoulder like a mace.
The knight himself did after ride,
Leading Crowdero by his side;
And tow'd him, if he lagg'd behind,
Like boat, against the tide and wind.
Thus, grave and solemn, they march'd on,
Until quite through the town they'd gone:
At furthest end of which there stands
An ancient castle, that commands
Th' adjacent parts; in all the fabric,
You shall not see one stone nor a brick,
But all of wood, by pow'rful spell
Of magic made impregnable:

There's neither iron bar nor gate,
Portcullis, chain, nor bolt, nor grate;
And yet men durance there abide,
In dungeon scarce three inches wide;
With roof so low, that under it
They never stand, but lie or sit;
And yet so foul, that whoso is in,
Is to the middle-leg in prison;
In circle magical confin'd,
With wall of subtile air and wind,
Which none are able to break thorough,
Until they're freed by head of borough.
Thither arriv'd, th' advent'rous knight
And bold squire from their steeds alight
At th' outward wall, near which there stands
A Bastile, built t' imprison hands:
By strange enchantment made to fetter
The lesser parts, and free the greater:
For though the body may creep through,
The hands in grate are fast enough:
And when a circle 'bout the wrist
Is made by beadle exorcist,
The body feels the spur and switch
As if 'twere ridden post by witch,
At twenty miles an hour pace,
And yet ne'er stirs out of the place.
On top of this there is a spire,
On which Sir Knight first bids the squire
The fiddle and its spoils, the case,
In manner of a trophy place.
That done, they ope the trap-door gate,
And let Crowdero down thereat.

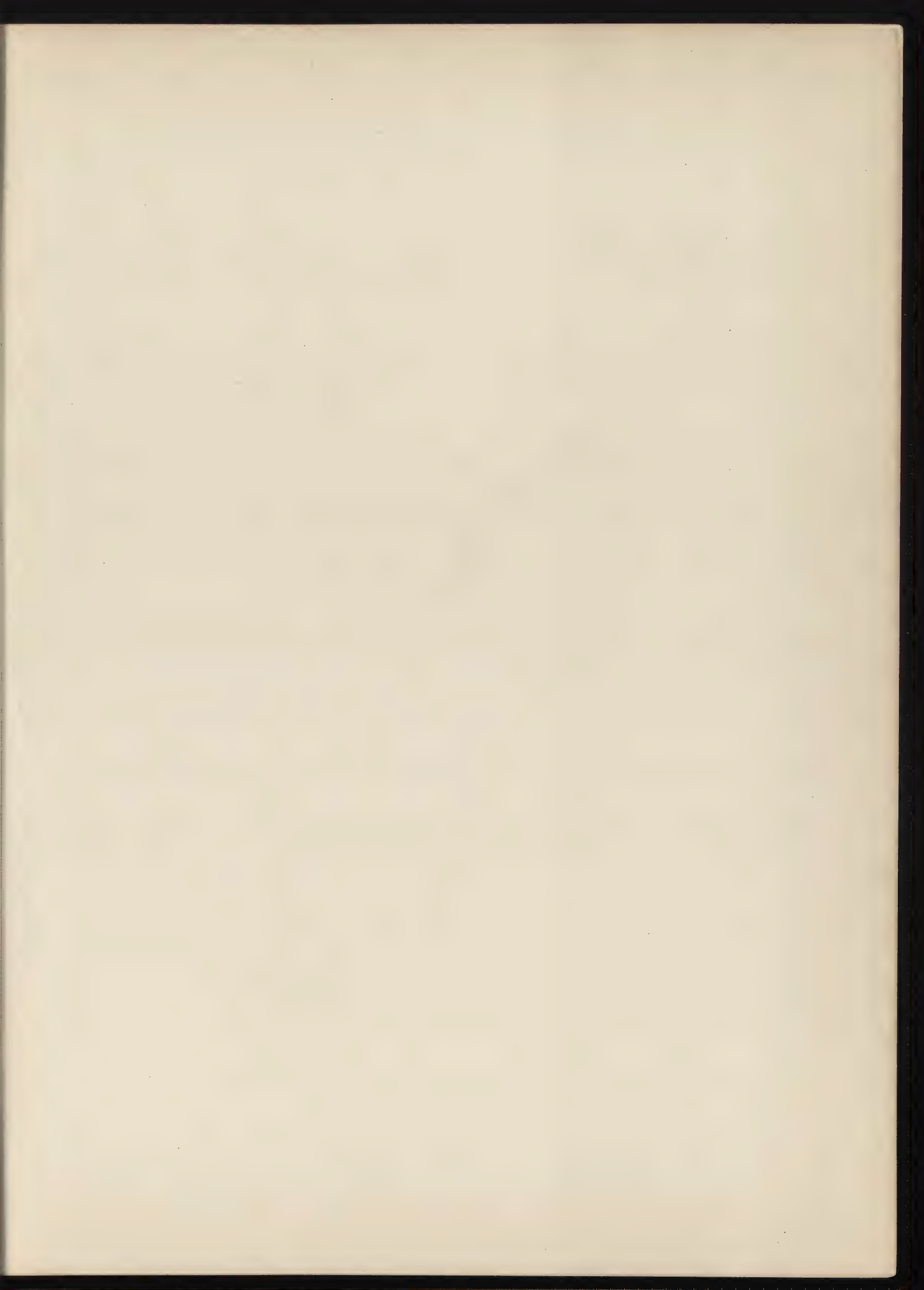
HUDIBRAS.

PLATE XI.—THE BURNING OF THE RUMPS AT TEMPLE BAR.

THAT beastly rabble—that came down
From all the garrets—in the town,
And stalls, and shopboards—in vast swarms,
With new-chalk'd bills, and rusty arms,
To cry the Cause—up, heretofore,
And bawl the bishops—out of door.
And new-drawn up—in greater shoals,
To roast—and broil us on the coals,
And all the grandees—of our members
Are carbonading on the embers;
Knights, citizens, and burgesses—
Hold forth by rumps—of pigs and geese,
That serve for characters—and badges,
To represent their personages;
Each bonfire is a funeral pile,
In which they roast, and scorch, and broil,
And ev'ry representative
Have vow'd to roast—and broil alive.

And 'tis a miracle we are not
Already sacrific'd incarnate;
For while we wrangle here, and jar,
We're grilly'd all at Temple-bar;
Some, on the sign-post of an alehouse,
Hang in effigy, on the gallows,
Made up of rags to personate
Respective officers of state;

That, henceforth, they may stand reputed,
Proscrib'd in law, and executed,
And, while the work is carrying on,
Be ready listed under Dun.
That worthy patriot, once the bellows
And tinder-box of all his fellows;
'The activ'st member of the five,
As well as the most primitive;
Who, for his faithful service then,
Is chosen for a fifth agen:
(For since the State has made a quint
Of generals, he's listed in't:)
This worthy, as the world will say,
Is paid in specie his own way:
For, moulded to the life, in clouts
Th' have pick'd from dunghills hereabouts,
He's mounted on a hazel bavin
A cropp'd malignant baker gave 'em;
And, to the largest bonfire riding,
They've roasted Cook already, and Pride in;
On whom, in equipage and state,
His scarecrow fellow-members wait,
And march in order, two and two,
As at thanksgiving th' us'd to do,
Each in a tatter'd talisman,
Like vermin in effigy slain.





THE LONDON LADIES

AND TO THE LARGEST HOUSEHOLD, BEING
THEY'RE BODIES TO COME, AND FROM IN

THE LONDON LADIES, FROM THE LONDON LADIES, FROM THE LONDON LADIES







REBELLAS

WHAT MILLIONS QUENCH "HIS DEVIL'S PROCESSION"
WITH MEN OF CRUELTY AND PROPRY.

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HUDIBRAS.

PLATE XII.—HUDIBRAS ENCOUNTERS THE SKIMMINGTON.

THIS said, they both advanc'd, and rode
A dog-trot through the bawling crowd,
T' attack the leader, and still prest,
Till they approach'd him breast to breast :
Then Hudibras, with face and hand,
Made signs for silence ; which obtained,
What means (quoth he) this devils' procession,
With men of Orthodox profession ?
Are things of superstitious function
Fit to be us'd in gospel sun-shine ?
It is an Antichristian Opera,
Much us'd in midnight times of popery :
Of running after self-inventions
Of wicked and profane intentions ;
To scandalize that sex for scolding,
To whom the saints are so beholden.
Women, that left no stone unturn'd,
In which the cause might be concern'd,

Brought in their children's spoons and whistles,
To purchase swords, carbines, and pistols ;
Drew sev'ral gifted brethren in,
That for the bishops would have been,
Rubb'd down the teachers tir'd and spent,
With holding forth for Parl'ament ;
Pamper'd and edify'd their zeal
With marrow puddings, many a meal ;
And cramm'd 'em, till their guts did ache,
With caudle, custard, and plumcake.
What have they done, or what left undone,
That might advance the cause at London ?
Hay they ?—At that an egg let fly—
Hit him directly o'er the eye,
And running down his cheek, besmear'd
With orange-tawny slime his beard ;
And straight another with his flambeau
Gave Ralpho o'er the eyes a d——d blow.

GENRE AND CONVERSATION PICTURES.

THE DISTRESSED POET.

THIS plate describes, in the strongest colours, the distress of an author without friends to patronise him. Seated upon the side of his bed, without a shirt, but wrapped in an old night-gown, he is now spinning a poem upon "Riches:" of their *use* he probably knoweth little; and of their *abuse*—if judgment can be formed from externals—*certainly*, he knoweth less. Enchanted, impressed, inspired with his subject, he is disturbed by a nymph of the *lactarium*. Her shrill-sounding voice awakes one of the *little loves*, whose *chorus* disturbs his meditations. A link of the golden chain is broken!—a thought is lost!—to recover it, his hand becomes a substitute for the barber's comb:—enraged at the noise, he tortures his head for the fleeting idea; but, ah! no thought is there!

Proudly conscious that the lines already written are sterling, he possesses by anticipation the mines of Peru, a view of which hangs over his head. Upon the table we see Byshe's *Art of Poetry*; for, like the pack-horse, who cannot travel without his *bells*, he cannot climb the hill of Parnassus without his *jingling-book*. On the floor lies the *Grub Street Journal*, to which valuable repository of genius and taste he is probably a contributor. To show that he is master of the *PROFOUND*, and will envelop the subject in a cloud, his pipe and tobacco-box, those friends to cogitation deep, are close to him.

His wife, mending that part of his dress, in the pockets of which the affluent keep their gold, is worthy of a better fate. Her figure is peculiarly interesting. Her face, softened by adversity, and marked with domestic care, is at this moment agitated by the appearance of a boisterous woman, insolently demanding payment of the milk tally. In the excuse she returns, there is a mixture of concern, complacency, and mortification. As an addition to the distresses of this poor family, a dog is stealing the remnant of mutton incautiously left upon a chair. The sloping roof, and projecting chimney, prove the throne of this inspired bard to be high above the crowd;—it is a garret. The chimney is ornamented with a *dare for larks*, and a book; a loaf, the tea-equipage, and a saucepan, decorate the shelf. Before the fire hangs half a shirt, and a pair of ruffled sleeves. His sword lies on the floor; for though our professor of poetry waged no war, except with words, a sword was, in the year 1740, a necessary appendage to everything which called itself "gentleman." At the feet of his domestic seamstress, the full-dress coat has become the resting-place of a cat and two kittens: in the same situation is one stocking; the other is half immersed in the washing-pan. The broom, bellows, and mop, are scattered round the room. The open door shows us that their cupboard is unfurnished, and tenanted by a hungry and solitary mouse. In the corner hangs a long cloak, well calculated to conceal the threadbare wardrobe of its fair owner.

Mr. Hogarth's strict attention to propriety of scenery, is evinced by the cracked plastering of the walls, broken windows, and uneven floor, in the miserable habitation of this poor weaver of madrigals. When this was first published, the following quotation from Pope's *Dunciad* was inscribed under the print:

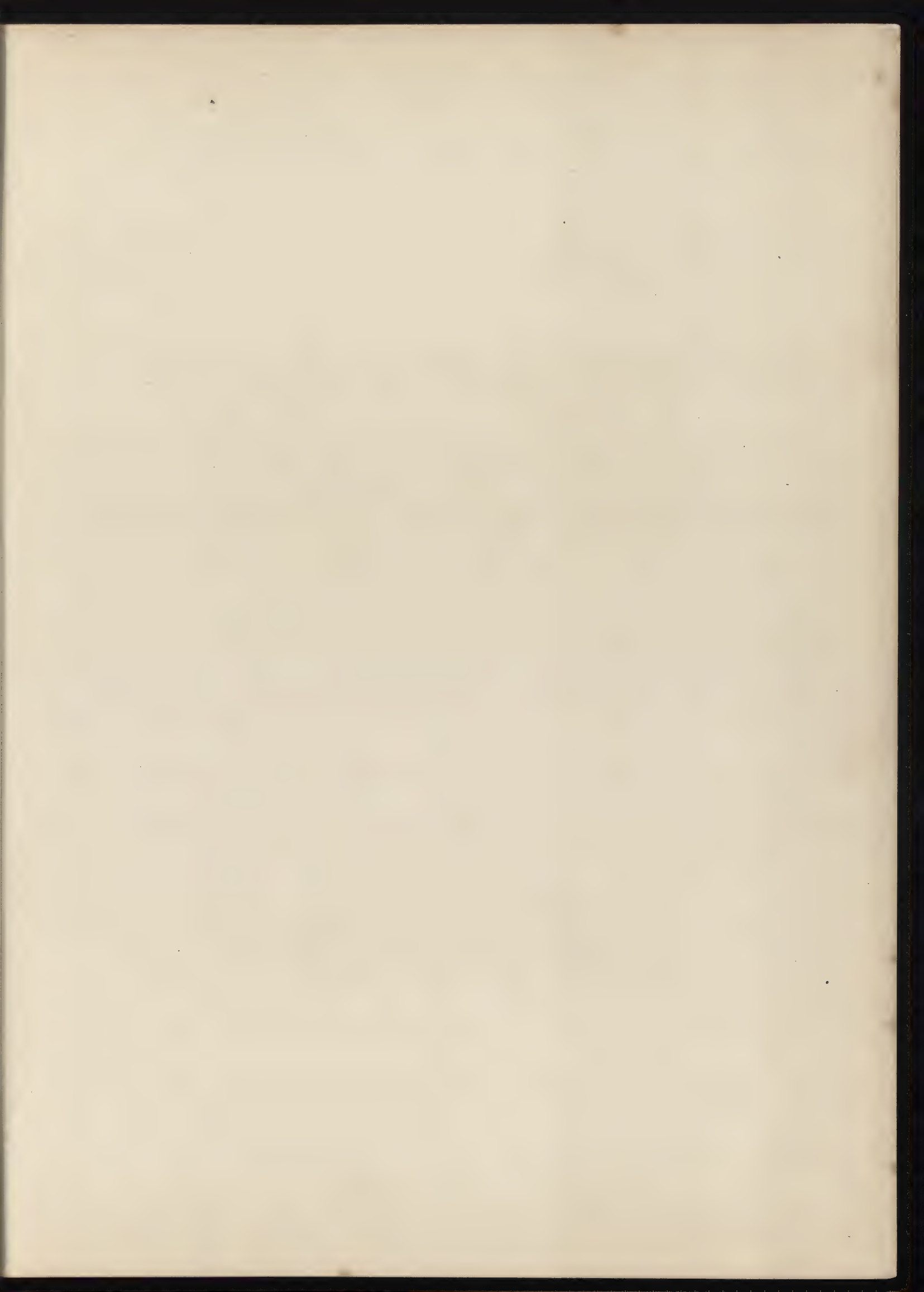
"Studious he sate, with all his books around,
Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound:
Plunged for his sense, but found no bottom there;
Then wrote and floundered on, in mere despair."

All his books, amounting to *only four*, was, I suppose, the artist's reason for erasing the lines.

This picture is eminently touching, and quite surcharged with pathos. The tender timidity of the poor little wife, brow-beaten by her insolent creditor—the evident desire she has to compromise for her husband's dignity, against the inexorable standard which every tradesman sets up, amounting to this—"If you are 'respectable,' *pay*; if you can't pay—why, then——" and really one feels inclined to visit the poor garret incontinently, and clear off the detestable score for the pretty, timid, shrinking little woman.

THE COCKPIT.

THE scene is probably laid at Newmarket; and in this motley group of peers, pickpockets, butchers, jockies, rat-catchers, gentlemen, gamblers of every denomination—Lord Albemarle Bertie, being the principal figure, is entitled to precedence. In the "March to Finchlèy," he is represented as an attendant at a boxing-match; and here he is





THE LUTE, 1830. OFF

Two of the original artists of the series







THE COCK PIT

from the original type-figures

president of a most respectable society assembled at a cockpit. What rendered his lordship's passion for amusements of this nature very singular, was his being totally blind. In this place he is beset by seven steady friends, five of whom, at the same instant, offer to bet with him on the event of the battle. One of them, a lineal descendant of Filch, taking advantage of his blindness and negligence, endeavours to convey a bank-note, deposited in our dignified gambler's hat, to his own pocket. Of this ungentlemanlike attempt his lordship is apprised by a ragged post-boy and an honest butcher; but he is so much engaged in the pronunciation of those important words, Done! Done! Done! Done! and the arrangement of his bets, that he cannot attend to their hints; and it seems more than probable that the stock will be transferred, and the note negotiated in a few seconds.

A very curious group surround the old nobleman, who is adorned with a riband, a star, and a pair of spectacles. The whole weight of an overgrown carpenter being laid upon his shoulder, forces our illustrious personage upon a man beneath; who being thus driven downward, falls upon a fourth, and the fourth, by the accumulated pressure of this ponderous trio, composed of the upper and lower house, loses his balance, and tumbling against the edge of the partition, his head is broke, and his wig, shook from the seat of reason, falls into the cockpit.

A man adjoining enters into the spirit of the battle—his whole soul is engaged. From his distorted countenance and clasped hands, we see that he feels every stroke given to his favourite bird in his heart's core—ay, in his heart of hearts! A person at the old peer's left hand is likely to be a loser. Ill-humour, vexation, and disappointment are painted in his countenance. The chimney-sweeper above, is the very quintessence of affectation. He has all the airs and graces of a boarding-school miss. The sanctified quaker adjoining, and the fellow beneath, who, by the way, is a very similar figure to Captain Stab in the "Rake's Progress," are finely contrasted.

A French marquis on the other side, astonished at this being called amusement, is exclaiming "Sauvages!" "Sauvages!" "Sauvages!"—Engrossed by the scene, and opening his snuff-box rather carelessly, its contents fall into the eyes of a man below, who, sneezing and swearing alternately, imprecates bitter curses on this devil's dust, that extorts from his inflamed eyes, "A sea of melting pearls, which some call tears."

Adjoining is an old cripple, with a trumpet at his ears, and in this trumpet a person in a bag-wig roars in a manner that cannot much gratify the auricular nerves of his companions; but as for the object to whom the voice is directed, he seems totally insensible to sounds, and, if judgment can be formed from appearances, might very composedly stand close to the clock of St. Paul's Cathedral when it is striking twelve.

The figure with a cock peeping out of a bag, is said to be intended for Jackson, a jockey; the gravity of this experienced veteran, and the cool sedateness of a man registering the wagers, are well opposed by the grinning woman behind, and the heated impetuosity of a fellow, stripped to his shirt, throwing his coin upon the cockpit, and offering to back Ginger against Pye for a guinea.

On the lower side, where there is only one tier of figures, a sort of an apothecary, and a jockey, are stretching out their arms, and striking together the handles of their whips, in token of a bet. A hiccuping votary of Bacchus, displaying a half-emptied purse, is not likely to possess it long, for an adroit professor of legerdemain has taken aim with a hooked stick, and by one slight jerk will convey it to his own pocket. The profession of a gentleman in a round wig is determined by a gibbet chalked upon his coat. An enraged barber, who lifts up his stick in the corner, has probably been refused payment of a wager by the man at whom he is striking.

A cloud-capt philosopher at the top of the print, coolly smoking his pipe, unmoved by this crash of matter and wreck of property, must not be overlooked: neither should his dog be neglected; for the dog, gravely resting his fore-paws upon the partition, and contemplating the company, seems more interested in the event of the battle than his master.

Like the tremendous Gog and terrific Magog of Guildhall, stand the two cock-feeders; a foot of each of these consequential purveyors is seen at the two extremities of the pit.

As to the birds, whose attractive powers have drawn this admiring throng together, they deserved earlier notice:

"Each hero burns to conquer or to die;
What mighty hearts in little bosoms lie!"

Having disposed of the substances, let us now attend to the shadow on the cockpit; and this, it seems, is the reflection of a man drawn up to the ceiling in a basket, and there suspended, as a punishment for having betted more money than he can pay. Though suspended, he is not reclaimed; though exposed, not abashed; for in this degrading situation he offers to stake his watch against money, in another wager on his favourite champion.

The decorations of this curious theatre are, a portrait of Nan Rawlins, and the King's arms. In the margin at the bottom of the print is an oval with a fighting-cock, inscribed "ROYAL SPORT."

Of the characteristic distinctions in this heterogeneous assembly, it is not easy to speak with sufficient praise. The chimney-sweeper's absurd affectation sets the similar airs of the Frenchman in a most ridiculous point of

view. The old fellow with a trumpet at his ear, has a degree of deafness that I never before saw delineated; he might have lived in the same apartment with Xantippe, or slept comfortably in Alexander the copper-smith's first floor. As to the nobleman in the centre—in the language of the turf, he is a mere pigeon; and the peer, with a star and garter—in the language of Cambridge, we must class as—a mere quiz. The man sneezing, you absolutely hear; and the fellow stealing a bank-note has all the outward and visible marks of a perfect and accomplished pick-pocket; Mercury himself could not do that business in a more masterly style.

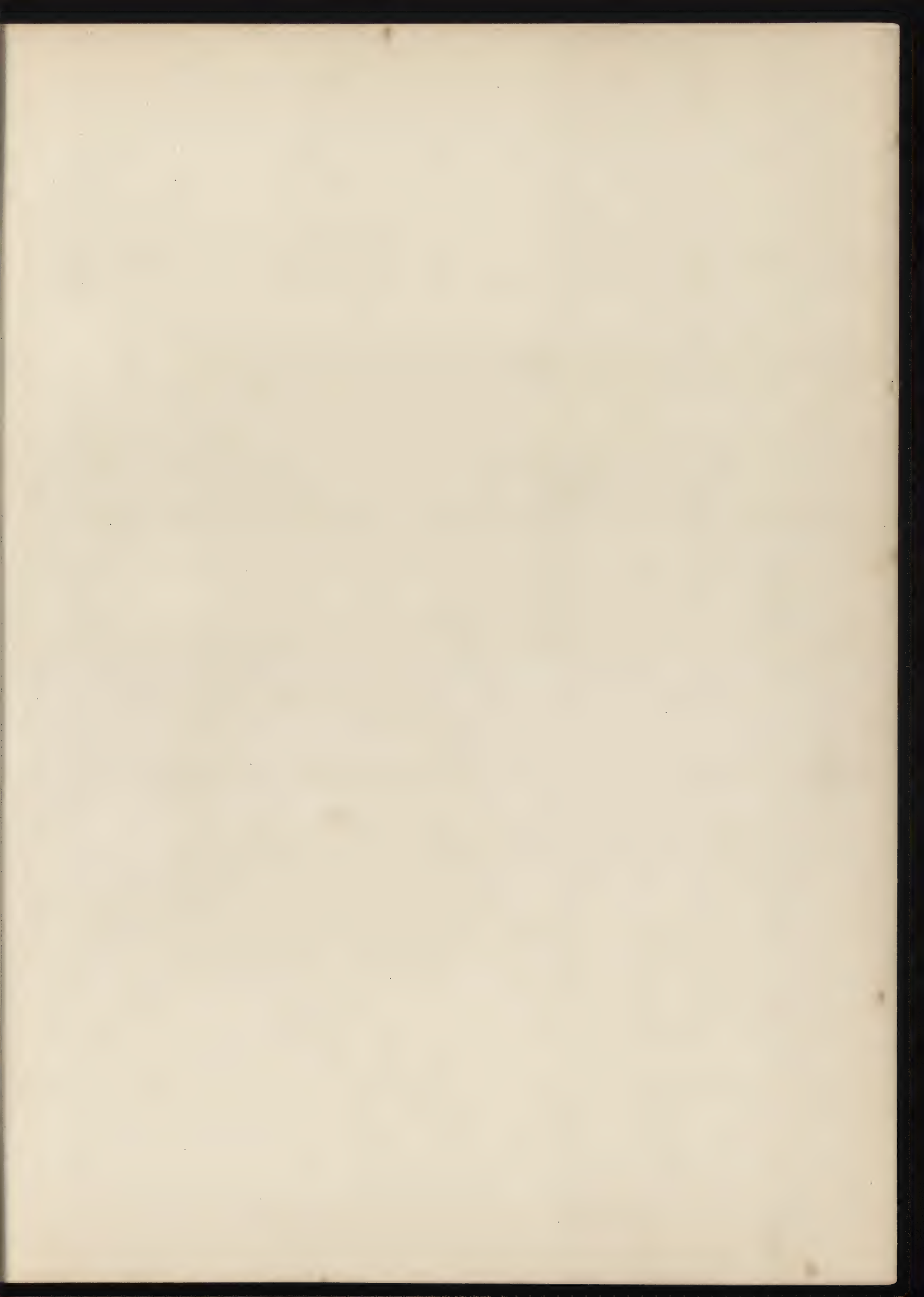
Tyers tells us, that "Pope, while living with his father at Chiswick, before he went to Binfield, took great delight in cock-fighting;" and laid out all his school-boy money (and little perhaps it was) in buying fighting-cocks. Lord Orrery observes, "If we may judge of Mr. Pope from his works, his chief aim was to be esteemed a man of virtue." When actions can be clearly ascertained, it is not necessary to seek the mind's construction in the writings; and we must regret being compelled to believe that some of Mr. Pope's actions, at the same time that they prove him to be querulous and petulant, lead us to suspect that he was also envious, malignant, and cruel. How far this will tend to confirm the assertion, that when a boy, he was an amateur of this royal sport, I do, says Mr. Ireland, not pretend to decide; but were a child, in whom I had any interest, cursed with such a propensity, my first object would be to correct it; if that were impracticable, and he retained a fondness for the cockpit, and the still more detestable amusement of Shrove Tuesday, I should hardly dare to flatter myself that he could become a merciful man. The subject has carried me further than I intended: I will, however, take the freedom of proposing one query to the consideration of the clergy:—Might it not have a tendency to check that barbarous spirit—which has more frequently its source in an early-acquired habit, arising from the prevalence of example, than in natural depravity—if every divine in Great Britain were to preach at least one sermon every twelve months on our universal insensibility to the sufferings of the brute creation?

"Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods,
Draw near them, then, in being merciful;
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge."

GATE OF CALAIS.

THIS picture illustrates essentially the robust and vigorous texture of Hogarth's nature. His respect for English beef and solid "manchets" is undeniable. His contempt for frogs and small fry, proportionate. When he does not let his exposition of a fine healthy appetite degenerate into gluttony, he makes us understand the nature of the fine qualities of mastication and digestion, and that they represent the national stamina. The "Gate of Calais" is a spirited and humorous revenge for an insult put upon him; and the idea which originated this whimsical and highly characteristic print, arose from a visit made to Calais, in the year 1747.

Extreme partiality for his native country was the leading trait of Hogarth's character; he seems to have begun his three hours' voyage with a firm determination to be displeased at everything he saw out of Old England. For a meagre, powdered figure, hung with tatters, *a-la-mode de Paris*, to affect the airs of a coxcomb, and the importance of a sovereign, is ridiculous enough; but, if it make a man happy, why should he be laughed at? It must blunt the edge of ridicule to see natural hilarity defy depression, and a whole nation laugh, sing, and dance, under burthens that would nearly break the firm-knit sinews of a Briton. Such was the picture of France at that period, but it was a picture which our English satirist could not contemplate with common patience. The swarms of grotesque figures who paraded the streets, excited his indignation, and drew forth a torrent of coarse abusive ridicule, not much to the honour of his liberality. He compared them to Callot's beggars—Lazarus on the painted cloth—the prodigal son—or any other object descriptive of extreme contempt. Against giving way to these effusions of national spleen in the open street, he was frequently cautioned; but advice had no effect; he treated admonition with scorn, and considered his monitor unworthy the name of Englishman. These satirical ebullitions were at length checked. Ignorant of the customs of France, and considering the gate of Calais merely as a piece of ancient architecture, he began to make a sketch. This was soon observed; he was seized as a spy, who intended to draw a plan of the fortification, and escorted by a file of musqueteers to M. le Commandant. His sketch-book was examined, leaf by leaf, and found to contain drawings that had not the most distant relation to tactics. Notwithstanding this favourable circumstance, the governor, with great politeness, assured him, that had not a treaty between the nations been actually signed, he should have been under the disagreeable necessity of hanging him upon the ramparts: as it was, he must be permitted the privilege of providing him a few military attendants, who should do themselves the honour of waiting upon him, while he resided in the dominions of "the grande monarque." Two sentinels were then ordered to escort him to his hotel, from whence





Prison, 11

THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND







Engraved by J. G. Kneller del.

THE ACTORS IN THE PLAY

THE ACTORS IN THE PLAY

they conducted him to the vessel; nor did they quit their prisoner until he was a league from shore; when, seizing him by the shoulders, and spinning him round upon the deck, they said he was now at liberty to pursue his voyage without further molestation.

So mortifying an adventure he did not like to hear recited, but has in this print recorded the circumstance which led to it. In one corner he has given a portrait of himself, making the drawing; and to show the moment of arrest, the hand of a serjeant is upon his shoulder.

The French sentinel is so situated as to give some idea of a figure hanging in chains: his ragged shirt is trimmed with a pair of paper ruffles. The old woman, and the fish that she is pointing at, have a striking resemblance. The abundance of parsnips and other vegetables, indicate what are the leading articles in a Lenten feast.

Mr. Pine, the painter, sat for the friar, and from thence acquired the title of Father Pine. This distinction did not flatter him, and he frequently requested that the countenance might be altered, but the artist peremptorily refused.

TASTE IN HIGH LIFE IN THE YEAR 1742.

THE picture from which this print was copied, Hogarth painted by the order of Miss Edwards, a woman of large fortune; who having been laughed at for some singularities in her manners, requested the artist to recriminate on her opponents, and paid him sixty guineas for his production.

It is professedly intended to ridicule the reigning fashions of high life in the year 1742: to do this, the painter has brought into one group, an old beau and an old lady of the Chesterfield school, a fashionable young lady, a little black boy, and a full-dressed monkey. The old lady, with a most affected air, poises, between her finger and thumb, a small tea-cup, with the beauties of which she appears to be highly enamoured.

The gentleman, gazing with vacant wonder at that and the companion saucer, which he holds in his hand, joins in admiration of its astonishing beauties!

“Each varied colour of the brightest hue,
The green, the red, the yellow, and the blue,
In every part their dazzled eyes behold,
Here streak'd with silver—there enrich'd with gold.”

This gentleman is said to be intended for Lord Portmore, in the habit he first appeared at Court, on his return from France. The cane dangling from his wrist, large muff, long queue, black stock, feathered chapeau, and shoes, give him the air of

“An old and finish'd fop,
All cork at heel, and feather all at top.”

The old lady's habit, formed of stiff brocade, gives her the appearance of a squat pyramid, with a grotesque head at the top of it. The young one is fondling a little black boy, who on his part is playing with a petit pagoda. This miniature Othello has been said to be intended for the late Ignatius Sancho, whose talents and virtues were an honour to his colour. At the time the picture was painted he would have been rather older than the figure; but as he was then honoured by the partiality and protection of a noble family, the painter might possibly mean to delineate what his figure had been a few years before.

The little monkey, with a magnifying glass, bag-wig, *solitaire*, laced hat, and ruffles, is eagerly inspecting a bill of fare, with the following articles *pour diner*:—cocks' combs, ducks' tongues, rabbits' ears, fricasee of snails, *grande d'œufs buerre*!

In the centre of the room is a capacious china jar; in one corner a tremendous pyramid, composed of packs of cards; and on the floor, close to them, a bill, inscribed “Lady Basto, Dr. to John Pip, for cards,—£300.”

The room is ornamented with several pictures; the principal represents the Medicean Venus, on a pedestal, in stays and high-heeled shoes, and holding before her a hoop petticoat, somewhat larger than a fig-leaf; a Cupid paring down a fat lady to a thin proportion; and another Cupid blowing up a fire to burn a hoop petticoat, muff, bag, queue wig, &c. On the dexter side is another picture, representing Monsieur Desnoyer, operatically habited, dancing in a grand ballet, and surrounded by butterflies, insects evidently of the same genus with this deity of dance. On the sinister, is a drawing of exotics, consisting of queue and bag-wigs, muffs, *solitaires*, petticoats, French heeled shoes, and other fantastic fripperies.

Beneath this is a lady in a pyramidal habit, walking the park; and as the companion picture, we have a blind man walking the streets.

The fire-screen is adorned with a drawing of a lady in a sedan-chair.

"To conceive how she looks, you must call to your mind
The lady you've seen in a lobster confined,
Or a pagod in some little corner enshrined."

As Hogarth made this design from the ideas of Miss Edwards, it has been said that he had no great parity for his own performance; and that, as he never would consent to its being engraved, the drawing from which the first print was copied, was made by the connivance of one of her servants. Be that as it may, his ridicule on the absurdities of fashion—on the folly of collecting old china and crockery, card-playing, &c., is pointed, and highly wrought.

At the sale of Miss Edwards' effects at Kensington, the original picture was purchased by the father of Mr. Birch, surgeon, of Essex Street, Strand.

A MIDNIGHT MODERN CONVERSATION.

NOTWITHSTANDING this inscription, which was engraved on the plate some time after its publication, it is very certain that most of these figures were intended for individual portraits; but Mr. Hogarth, not wishing to be considered as a personal satirist, and fearful of making enemies among his contemporaries, would never acknowledge who were the characters. Some of them the world might perhaps mistake; for, though the author was faithful in delineating whatever he intended to portray, complete intoxication so far caricatures the countenance, that, according to the old, though trite proverb, "the man is not himself." His portrait, though given with the utmost fidelity, will scarcely be known by his most intimate friends, unless they have previously seen him in this degrading disguise. Hence, it becomes difficult to identify men whom the painter did not choose to point out at the time; and a century having elapsed, it becomes impossible; for all who composed the group, with the artist by whom it was delineated,

"Shake hands with dust, and call the worm their kinsman."

Mrs. Piozzi was of opinion, that the divine with a cork-screw, occasionally used as a tobacco-stopper, hanging upon his little finger, was the portrait of parson Ford, Dr. Johnson's uncle; though, upon the authority of Sir John Hawkins, of anecdotic memory, it has been generally supposed to be intended for Orator Henley. As both these worthies were distinguished by that rubicundity of face with which it is marked, the reader may decree the honour of a sitting to which he pleases.

The roaring bacchanalian who stands next him, waving his glass in the air, has pulled off his wig, and, in the zeal of his friendship, crowns the divine's head. He is evidently drinking destruction to fanatics, and success to mother church, or a mitre to the jolly parson whom he addresses.

The lawyer, who sits near him, is a portrait of one Kettebly, a vociferous bar-orator, who, though an outer barrister, chose to distinguish himself by wearing an enormous full-bottom wig, in which he is here represented. He was further remarkable for a diabolical squint, and a satanic smile.

A poor maudlin miserable, who is addressing him, when sober, must be a fool; but, in this state, it would puzzle Lavater to assign him a proper class. He seems endeavouring to demonstrate to the lawyer that, in a poi—poi—point of law, he has been most cruelly cheated, and lost a cau—cau—cause, that he ought to have got; and all this was owing to his attorney being an infernal villain. This may very probably be true, for the poor man's tears show that, like the person relieved by the good Samaritan, he has been among thieves. The barrister grins horribly at his misfortunes, and tells him he is properly punished for not employing a gentleman.

Next to him sits a gentleman in a black periwig. He politely turns his back to the company, that he may have the pleasure of smoking a sociable pipe.

The justice, "in fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,"—the justice, having hung up his hat, wig, and cloak, puts on his nightcap, and, with a goblet of superior capacity before him, sits in solemn cogitation. His left elbow, supported by the table, and his right by a chair, with a pipe in one hand, and a stopper in the other, he puffs out the bland vapour with the dignity of an alderman, and fancies himself as great as Jupiter, seated upon the summit of Mount Olympus, enveloped by the thick cloud which his own breath has created.





A MILDLY SAGGERS CONVERSATION

From the Liverpool Picture by Howard



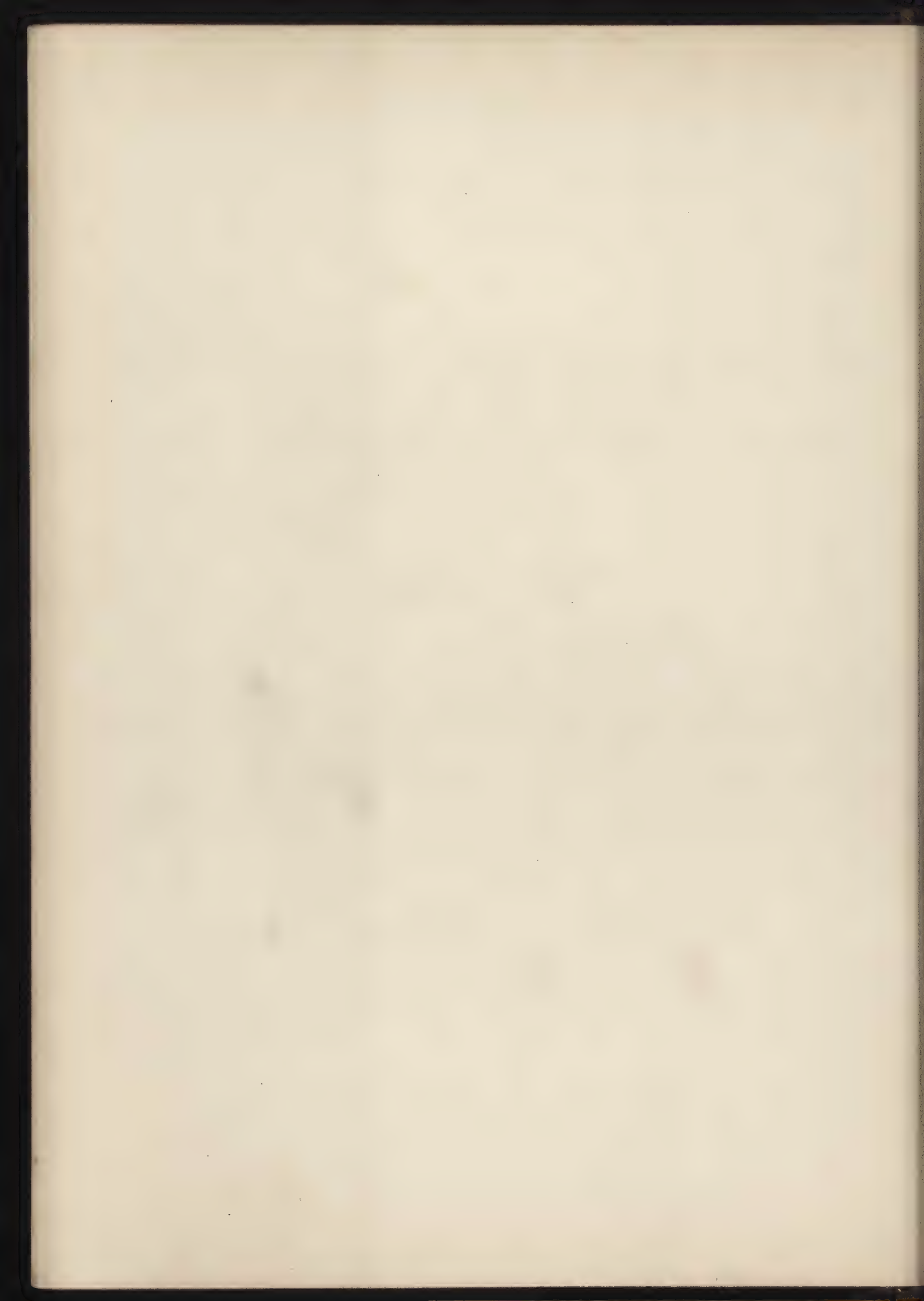




Engraved by E. Stalder.

THE RENAISSANCE THEATRE

from the original design by Hogarth.



With folded arms and open mouth, another leans back in his chair. His wig has dropped from his head, and he is asleep; but, though speechless, he is sonorous; for you clearly perceive that, where nasal sounds are the music, he is qualified to be the leader of the band.

The fallen hero, who with his chair and goblet has tumbled to the floor, by the cockade in his hat, we suppose to be an officer. His forehead is marked, perhaps with honourable scars. To wash his wounds, and cool his head, the staggering apothecary bathes it with brandy.

A gentleman in the corner, who, from having the *Craftsman* and *London Evening* in his pocket, we determine to be a politician, very unluckily mistakes his ruffle for the bowl of his pipe, and sets fire to it.

The person in a bag-wig and *solitaire*, with his hand upon his head, would not now pass for a fine gentleman. but in the year 1735 was a complete beau. Unaccustomed to such joyous company, he appears to have drank rather more than agrees with him.

The company consists of eleven; and on the chimney-piece, floor, and table, are three-and-twenty empty flasks. These, added to a bottle which the apothecary holds in his hand, prove that this select society have not lost a moment. The overflowing bowl, full goblets, and charged glasses, prove that they think, "'Tis too early to part," though the dial points to four in the morning.

The different degrees of drunkenness are well discriminated, and its effects admirably described. The poor simpleton, who is weeping out his woes to honest lawyer Kettleby, it makes mawkish; the beau it makes sick; and the politician it stupifies. One is excited to roaring, and another lulled to sleep. It half closes the eyes of justice, renders the footing of physis unsure, and lays prostrate the glory of his country, and the pride of war.

THE ENRAGED MUSICIAN.

"With thundering noise the azure vault they tear,
And rend with savage roar the echoing air :
The sounds terrific he with horror hears ;
His fiddle throws aside—and stops his ears."

WE have seen displayed the distress of a poet; in this the artist has exhibited the rage of a musician. Our poor bard bore his misfortunes with patience, and, rich in his Muse, did not much repine at his poverty. Not so this master of harmony, of heavenly harmony! To the evils of poverty he is now a stranger; his *adagios* and *cantabiles* have procured him the protection of nobles; and, contrary to the poor shirtless mendicant of the Muses that we left in a garret, he is arrayed in a coat decorated with frogs, a bag-wig, *solitaire*, and ruffled shirt. Waiting in the chamber of a man of fashion, whom he instructs in the divine science of music, having first tuned his instrument, he opens his crotchet-book, shoulders his violin, flourishes his fiddle-stick, and,

"Softly sweet, in Lydian measure,
Soon he soothes his soul to pleasure."

Rapt in Elysium at the divine symphony, he is awakened from his beatific vision by noises that distract him

"——— An universal hubbub wild,
Of stunning sounds, and voices all confus'd,
Assails his ears with loudest vehemence."

Confounded with the din, and enraged by the interruption, our modern Terpander starts from his seat, and opens the window. This operates as air to a kindling fire; and such a combination of noises burst upon the auricular nerve, that he is compelled to stop his ears—but to stop the torrent is impossible!

"A louder yet, and yet a louder strain,
Break his bands of thought asunder !
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
At the horrible sound
He has rais'd up his head,
As awak'd from the dead,
And amazed he stares all around."

In this situation he is delineated; and those who for a moment contemplate the figures before him, cannot wonder at his rage.

"A crew of hell-hounds never ceasing bark,
With white Cerberean mouth, full loud, and ring
A hideous peal."

Of the *dramatis personæ* who perform the vocal parts, the first is a fellow, in a tone that would rend hell's concave, bawling, "Dust, ho! dust, ho! dust!" Next to him, an amphibious animal, who nightly pillows his head on the sedgy bosom of old Thames, in a voice that emulates the rush of many waters, or the roaring of a cataract, is bellowing, "Flounda-a-a-ars!" A daughter of May-day, who dispenses what in London is called milk, and is consequently a milk-maid, in a note pitched at the very top of her voice, is crying, "Be-louw!" While a ballad-singer dolefully draws out "The Ladies' Fall," an infant in her arms joins its treble pipe in chorus with the screaming parrot, which is on a lamp-iron over her head. On the roof of an opposite house are two cats, performing what an amateur of music might perhaps call a bravura duet; near them appears

"A sweep, shrill twittering on the chimney-top."

A little French drummer, singing to his rub-a-dub, and the agreeable yell of a dog, complete the vocal performers.

Of the instrumental, a fellow blowing a horn, with a violence that would have almost shaken down the walls of Jericho, claims the first notice; next to him, the dustman rattles his bell with ceaseless clangour, until the air reverberates the sound.

The intervals are filled up by a pavier, who, to every stroke of his rammer, adds a loud, distinct, and echoing, Haugh! The pedestrian cutler is grinding a butcher's cleaver with such earnestness and force, that it elicits sparks of fire. This, added to the agonising howls of his unfortunate dog, must afford a perfect specimen of the ancient chromatic. The poor animal, between a man and a monkey, piping harsh discords upon a hautboy, the girl whirling her *crepitaculum*, or rattle, and the boy beating his drum, conclude the catalogue of this harmonious band.

This delineation originated in a story which was told to Hogarth by the late Mr. John Festin, who is the hero of the print. He was eminent for his skill in playing upon the German flute and hautboy, and much employed as a teacher of music. To each of his scholars he devoted one hour each day. "At nine o'clock in the morning," said he, "I once waited upon my Lord Spencer; but his lordship being out of town, from him I went to Mr. V——n. It was so early that he had not arisen. I went into his chamber, and, opening a shutter, sat down in the window-seat. Before the rails was a fellow playing upon the hautboy. A man with a barrow full of onions offered the piper an onion if he would play him a tune. That ended, he offered a second onion for a second tune; the same for a third, and was going on: but this was too much; I could not bear it; it angered my very soul—'Zounds!' said I, 'stop here! This fellow is ridiculing my profession; he is playing on the hautboy for onions!'"

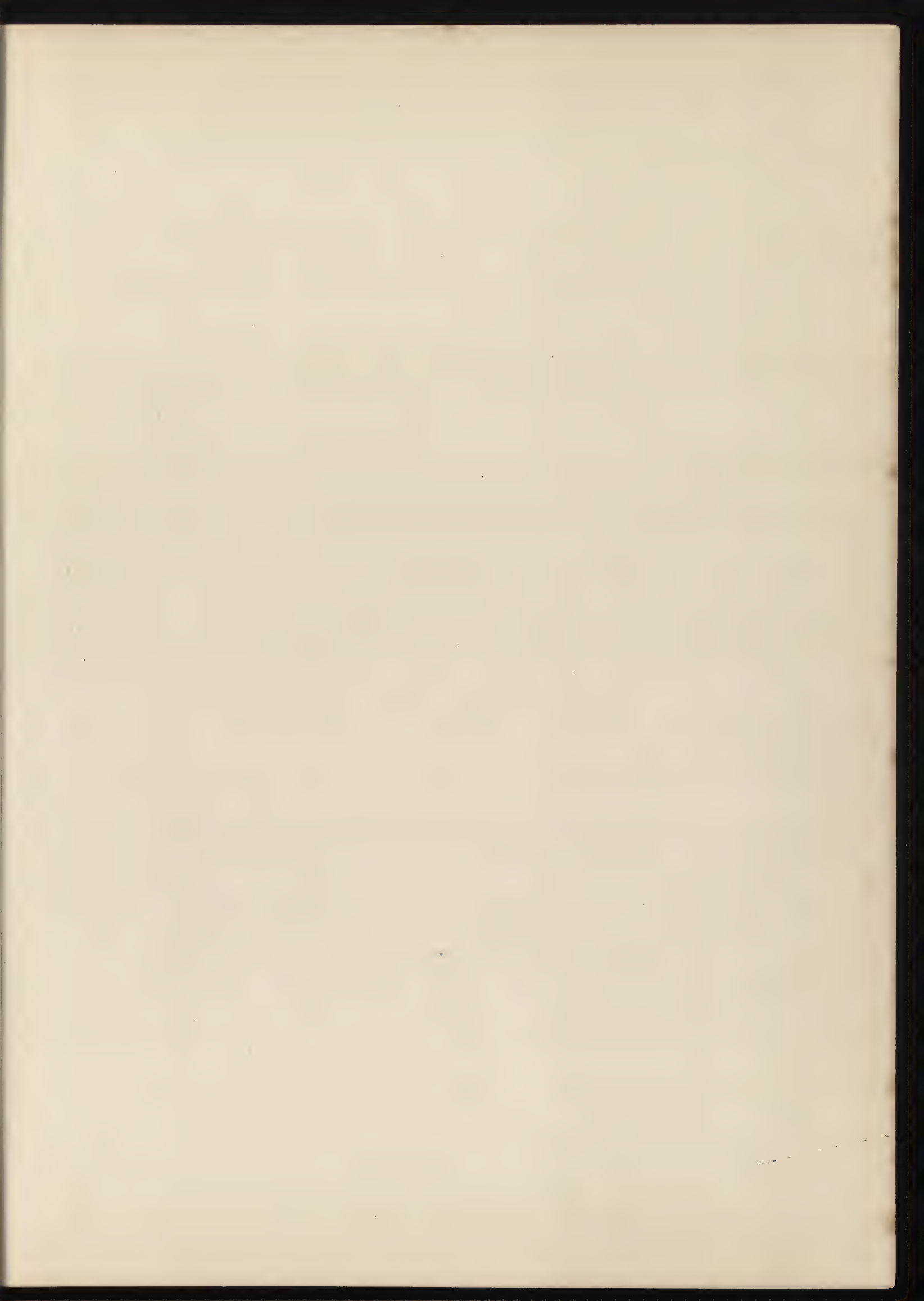
The whole of this bravura scene is admirably represented. A person quaintly enough observed, that it deafens one to look at it.

COLUMBUS BREAKING THE EGG.

By the success of Columbus's first voyage, doubt had been changed into admiration; from the honours with which he was rewarded, admiration degenerated into envy. To deny that his discovery carried in its train consequences infinitely more important than had resulted from any made since the creation, was impossible. His enemies had recourse to another expedient, and boldly asserted that there was neither wisdom in the plan, nor hazard in the enterprise.

When he was once at a Spanish supper, the company took this ground, and being by his narrative furnished with the reflections which had induced him to undertake his voyage, and the course that he had pursued in its completion, one of the party sagaciously observed, that "it was impossible for any man, a degree above an idiot, to have failed of success. The whole process was so obvious, it must have been seen by a man who was half blind! Nothing could be so easy!"

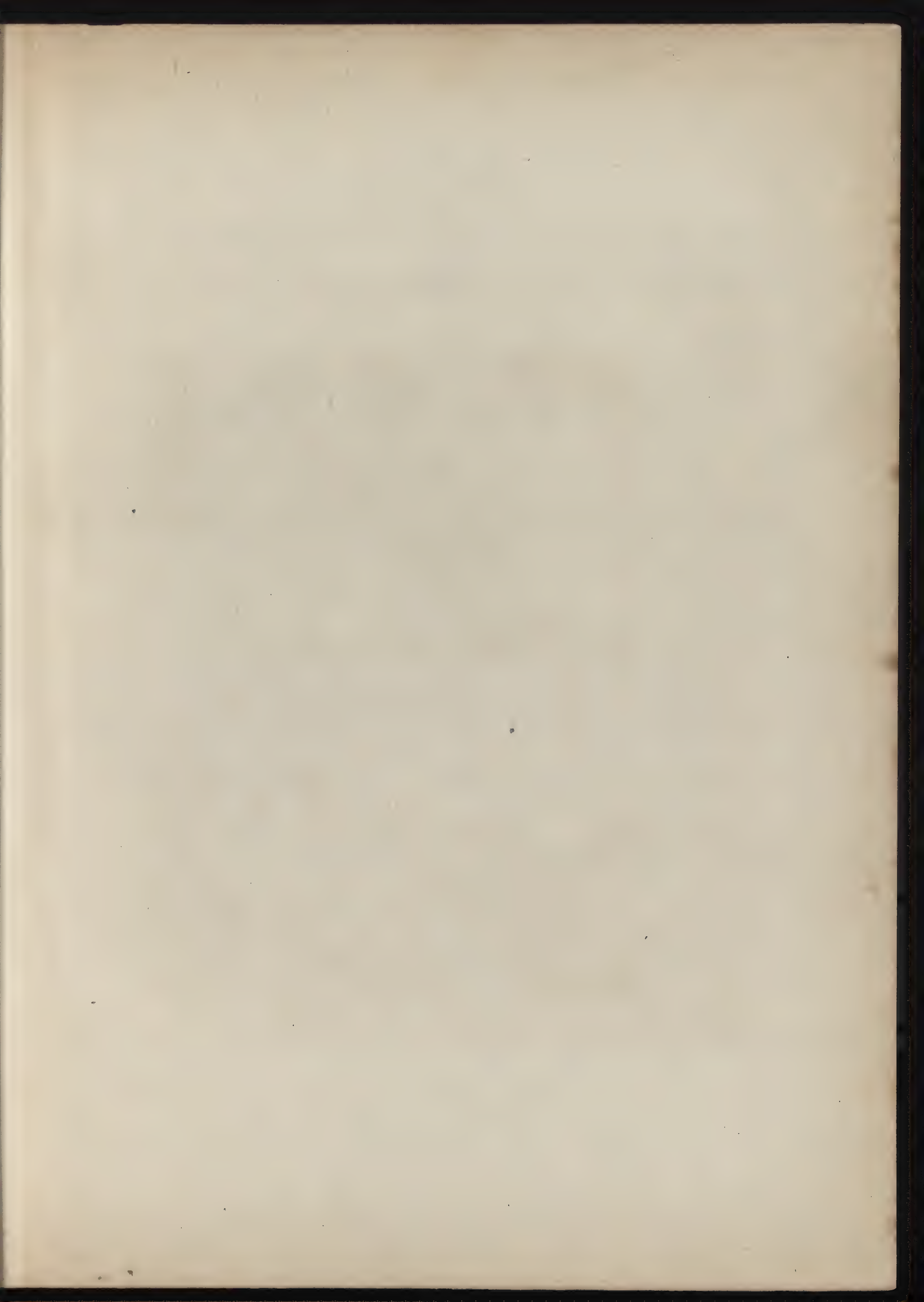
"It is not difficult now I have pointed out the way," was the answer of Columbus; "but easy as it will appear when you are possessed of my method, I do not believe that, without such instruction, any person present could place one of these eggs upright on the table." The cloth, knives, and forks were thrown aside, and two of the party, placing their eggs as required, kept them steady with their fingers. One of them swore there could be no other way. "We will try," said the navigator; and giving an egg, which he held in his hand, a smart stroke upon the table, it remained upright. The emotions which this excited in the company are expressed in their countenances. In the be-ruffed booby at his left hand it raises astonishment; he is a DEAR ME! man, of the same family with Sterne's *Simple Traveller*, and came from Amiens only yesterday. The fellow behind him, beating his head, curses his own stupidity; and the whiskered ruffian, with his fore-finger on the egg, is in his heart cursing Columbus. As to the two veterans on the other side, they have lived too long to be agitated with trifles:





Designed by Wm. Hogarth.

COLUMBUS BREAKING THE EGG.
A Fac-Simile of Hogarth's own Engraving.

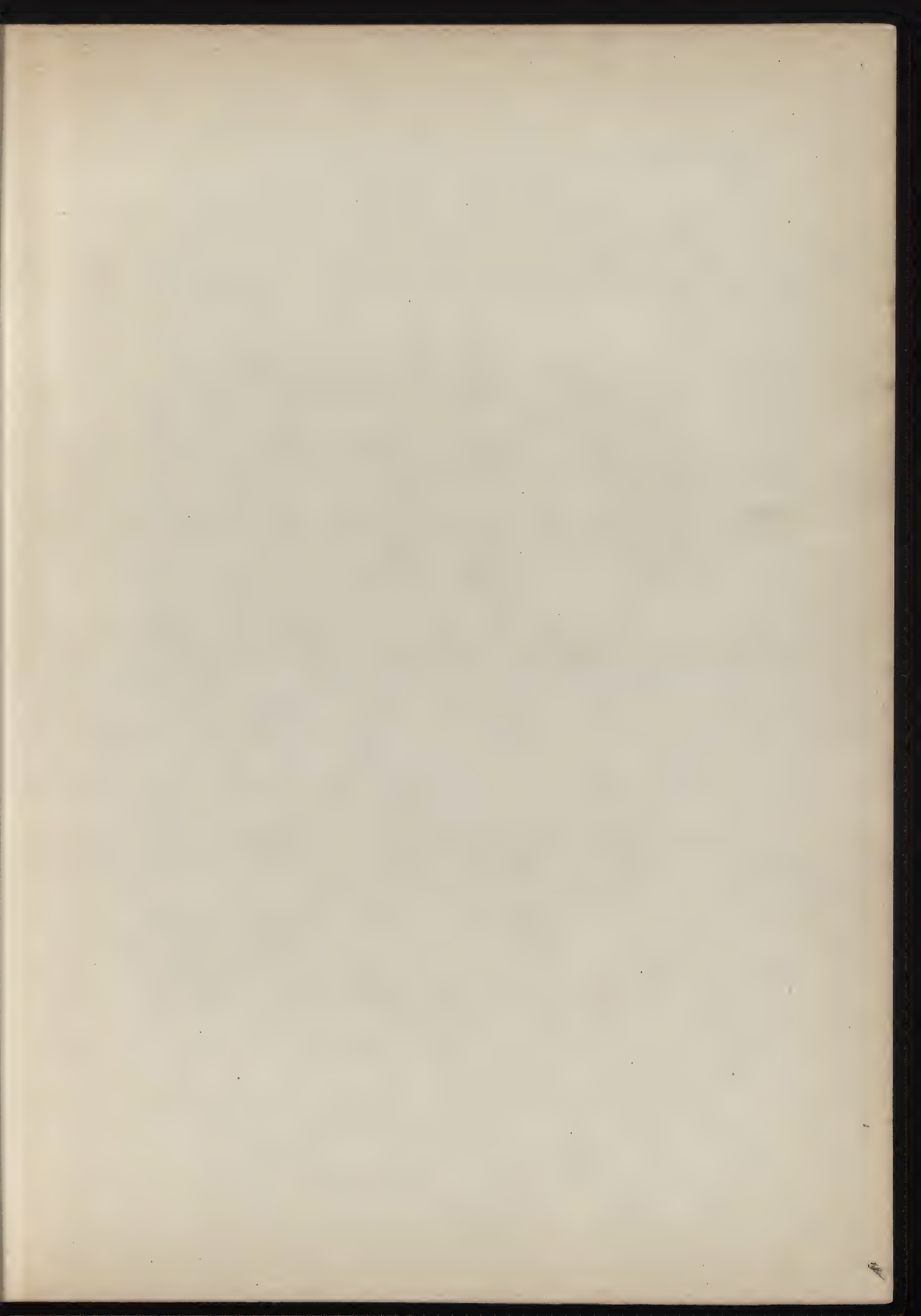






THE THEATRE OF THE FUTURE

Supposed by C. Southey, from the original drawing by J. G. Smith







he who wears a cap, exclaims, "Is this all?" and the other, with a bald head, "By St. Jago, I did not think of that!" In the face of Columbus there is not that violent and excessive triumph which is exhibited by little characters on little occasions: he is too elevated to be overbearing; and, pointing to the conical solution of his problematical conundrum, displays a calm superiority, and silent internal contempt.

Two eels, twisted round the eggs upon the dish, are introduced as specimens of the line of beauty, which is again displayed on the table-cloth, and hinted at on the knife-blade. In all these curves there is peculiar propriety, for the etching was given as a receipt-ticket to the Analysis, where this favourite undulating line forms the basis of his system.

In the print of Columbus, there is evident reference to the criticisms on what Hogarth called his own discovery; and, in truth, the connoisseurs' remarks on the painter were dictated by a similar spirit to those of the critics on the navigator: they first asserted there was no such line, and, when he had proved that there was, gave the honour of discovery to Lomazzo, Michael Angelo, &c., &c.

THE COUNTRY INN YARD; OR, THE STAGE COACH.

AMONG the writers of English novels, Henry Fielding holds the first rank: he was the novelist of nature, and has described some scenes which bear a strong resemblance to that which is here delineated. The artist, like the author, has taken truth for his guide, and given such characters as are familiar to all our minds. The scene is a country inn yard, at the time passengers are getting into a stage-coach, and an election procession passing in the background. Nothing can be better described; we become of the party. The vulgar roar of our landlady is no less apparent than the grave, insinuating, imposing countenance of mine host. Boniface solemnly protests that a bill he is presenting to an old gentleman in a laced hat is extremely moderate. This does not satisfy the paymaster, whose countenance shows that he considers it as a palpable fraud, though the act against bribery, which he carries in his pocket, designates him to be of a profession not very liable to suffer imposition; its members being in general less sinned against than sinning. An ancient lady, getting into the coach, is, from her breadth, a very inconvenient companion in such a vehicle; but to atone for her rotundity, an old maid of a spare appearance and in a most grotesque habit, is advancing towards the steps.

A portly gentleman, with a sword and cane in one hand, is deaf to the entreaties of a poor little deformed postilion, who solicits his customary fee. The old woman smoking her short pipe in the basket, pays very little attention to what is passing around her: cheered by the fumes of her tobacco, she lets the vanities of the world go their own way. Two passengers on the roof of the coach afford a good specimen of French and English manners. Ben Block, of the *Centurion*, surveys the subject of *La Grande Monarque* with ineffable contempt.

In the window are a very curious pair, one of them blowing a French horn, and the other endeavouring, but without effect, to smoke away a little sickness, which he feels from the fumes of his last night's punch. Beneath them is a traveller taking a tender farewell of the chambermaid, who is not to be moved by the clangour of the great bar bell, or the more thundering sound of her mistress's voice.

The background is crowded with a procession of active citizens; they have chained a figure with a horn-book, a bib, and a rattle, intended to represent Child, Lord Castlemain, afterwards Lord Tylney, who, in a violent contest for the county of Essex, opposed Sir Robert Abdy and Mr. Bramstone. The horn-book, bib, and rattle are evidently displayed as punningly allusive to his name.*

Some pains have been taken to discover in what part of Essex this scene is laid; but from the many alterations made by rebuilding, removal, &c., it has not been positively ascertained, though it is probably Chelmsford.

SOUTHWARK FAIR.

THE subject of the plate under consideration is that of the Borough Fair; a fair held some time since in the borough of Southwark, though now suppressed. This fair was attended, generally, by the inhabitants of

* At this election a man was placed on a bulk, with a figure representing a child in his arms; as he whipped it, he exclaimed, "What, you little child, must you be a member?" This election being disputed, it appeared from the register-book of the parish where Lord Castlemain was born, that he was but twenty years of age when he offered himself as a candidate.

town and country, and, therefore, was one that afforded great variety; especially as, before its suppression, it was devoted to everything loose and irregular. A view of the scene, of which the following print is a faithful representation, will affirm this truth.

It has been observed, and with a decided amount of truth, that the prevailing impression rendered by a studious analysis of this picture is—sound; all is vociferous, rampant, bellowing, and utterly deafening in the way of sound. Its infinite variety and *kind*, too, is marked with an unfailing amount of minutiae, from the bass of the trombone, and the boom of the drum, to the shrill treble of the smaller fry, contributing to the congregated mass there assembled.

The principal view upon the left represents the fall of a scaffold, on which was assembled a strolling company, pointed out, by the paper lantern hanging in front, to be that belonging to Cibber and Bullock, ready dressed to exhibit "The Fall of Bajazet." Here we see merry-andrews, monkeys, queens and emperors, sinking in one general confusion; and, that the crash may appear the greater, the stand beneath is humorously supposed to consist of earthenware and china. Notwithstanding this fatal overthrow, few below are seen to notice it; witness the boys and woman gambling at the box and dice, the upright monkey, and the little bag-piper dancing his wooden figures. Above this scaffold hangs a painting, the subject of which is the stage mutiny, whose figures are as follow:—On one side is Pistol, (strutting and crying out, "Pistol's alive,") Falstaff, Justice Shallow, and many other characters of Shakespeare. On the other the manager, bearing in his hand a paper, on which is written, "it cost £6,000;" a scene-painter, who has laid his brushes aside, and taken up a cudgel; and a woman holding an ensign, bearing the words, "We'll starve 'em out." In the corner is a man, quiet and snug, hugging a bag of money, and laughing at the folly of the rest; and behind, a monkey perched upon a sign-iron, supposed to be that of the Rose Tavern in Drury Lane—squeaking out, "I am a gentleman." These paintings are in general designed to show what is exhibited within; but this incident alludes to a dispute that arose at the time when this print was published, which was in the year 1733, between the players and the patentee of Drury Lane Theatre, when young Cibber, the son of the Laureate, was at the head of the faction. Above, on one side, is an equilibrist swinging on a slack rope; and on the other, a man flying from the tower to the ground, by means of a groove fastened to his breast, slipping over a line strained from one place to the other. At the back of this plate is Lee and Harper's great booth, where, by the picture of the wooden horse, we are told, is represented "The Siege of Troy." The next paintings consist of the fall of Adam and Eve, and a scene in Punch's opera. Beneath is a mountebank, exalted on a stage, eating fire to attract the public attention, while his merry-andrew behind is distributing his medicines. Further back is a shift and hat, carried upon poles, designed as prizes for the best runner or wrestler. In front is a group of strollers parading the fair, in order to collect an audience for their next exhibition; in which is a female drummer, at that time well known, and remarked for her beauty, which we observe has caught the eye of two countrymen—the one old, the other young. Behind these men is a buskined hero, beset by a Marshalsea-court officer and his follower. To the right is a Savoyard exhibiting her farthing show; and behind, a player at back-sword, riding a blind horse round the fair triumphantly, in all the boast of self-important heroism, affecting terror in his countenance, glorying in his scars, and challenging the world to open combat—a folly for which the English were remarkable. To this man a fellow is directing the attention of a country gentleman while he robs him of his handkerchief. Next him is an artful villain decoying a couple of unthinking country girls to their ruin. Further back is a man kissing a wench in the crowd; and above, a juggler performing some dexterity of hand. Indeed, it would be tedious to enter into an enumeration of the various matter of this plate; it is sufficient to remark, that it presents us with an endless collection of spirited and laughable characters, in which is strikingly portrayed the character of the times.

STROLLING PLAYERS.

If variety is any way entertaining, or if the life of a painting consists in its diversity of figures, the piece before us claims our particular attention: none abound more with contrasted subjects, nor can the *vis comica* be more conspicuous; every group is crowded with humour, every subject with matter of laughter. Here we see confusion mixed with uniformity, and inconsistency united with propriety; royalty let down by the ensigns of beggary, and beggary set off by the regalia of royalty. Most people are, indeed, acquainted with stage exhibitions, but few have any idea of their apparatus. Mr. Hogarth, therefore, desirous of communicating that pleasure he frequently enjoyed himself, and of profiting by the design, published this plate in the year 1738, when the attention of the public was called to this class of people; it being just before the act against strolling players took place.

The place from whence this scene is taken is supposed to be a barn, belonging to an inn in some country town, intimated by the corn and flail aloft, the hen and chickens at roost (though here) upon a wave, and the eggs

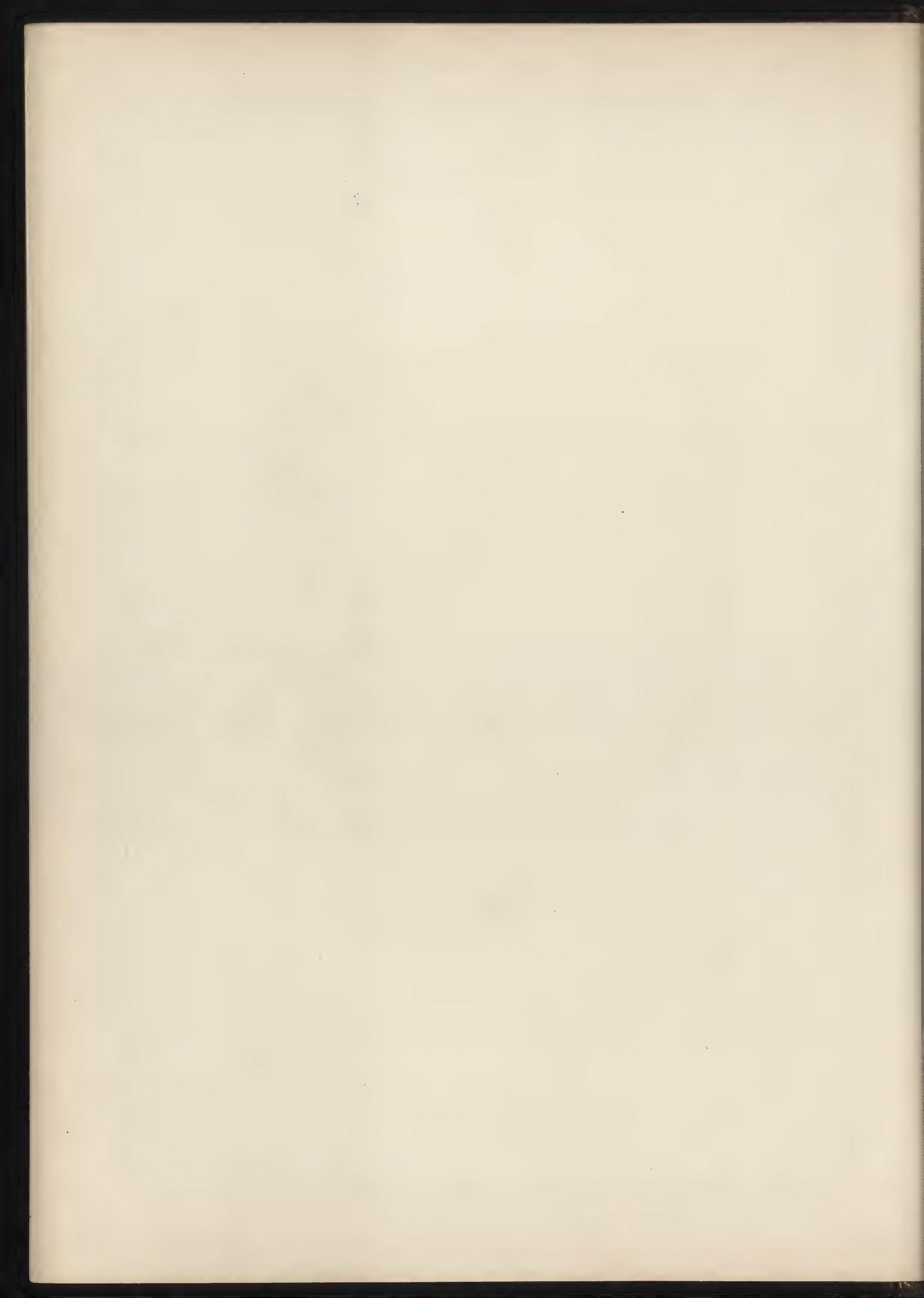








Church of St. Andrew, Edinburgh.



upon the bed. The time is evening, the *company from the theatres at London* dressing and preparing to perform a farce, which, we are told by the play-bill on the bed, is called "The Devil to pay in Heaven" (a very suitable subject), with entertainments of tumbling and rope-dancing. Such, we are to conceive, is their poverty, that they have but one room for all purposes; witness the bed, the gridiron, the urinal, the food, and all the stage apparatus—viz., scenes, flags, paint-pots, pageants, brushes, clouds, waves, ropes, besoms, drums, trumpets, salt-boxes, and other musical instruments; crowns, mitres, helmets, targets, dark-lanterns, cushions, periwigs, feathers, hampers of jewels, and contrivances for conjuring, thunder, lightning, dragons, daggers, poison, candles, and clay. The characters they are dressing for in this farce, are Jupiter, Juno, Diana, Flora, Night, Syren, Aurora, Eagle, and Cupid; with devils, ghosts, and attendants. Jupiter, we see, is holding Cupid's bow—directing the little fellow to reach his stockings, which were hung to dry upon the clouds. Queen Juno is rehearsing her part; while the sable goddess Night, represented by a Negro girl in a starry robe, is mending a hole in her majesty's hose. Diana, though stripped, is raving in all the high-swoln rant of tragedy; while Flora, at her feet, is attentively pomatuming her hair with a tallow candle, ready to powder it with flower from a dredging-box, heedless of her wicker toilet's taking fire from a neighbouring flame. On the right of her is Aurora with her rosy face, ridding the charming *intoxicated* Syren of some of her close companions, while she is comforting a female hero, wrapt up with the tooth-ache, with a glass of spirits; who, greatly unlike the generality of her sex, is weeping at the thought of wearing the breeches, for the smallness of a strolling company frequently obliges women to play the parts of men, and men to fill the characters of women; nay, by the monkey's being habited in the further corner, it is intimated that the farce they are going to perform has such a variety of characters, that they are under the necessity of making the monkey perform the part of an attendant. Beneath this woman's feet is a girl, dressed up by way of Eagle, cramming a new-born infant with scalding-pap. Humorously has our author set the pannikin upon the Act of Parliament against strolling players, and that upon a crown. This crown once pressed the brow of haughty Bolingbroke.

"And when young Harry did the crown purloin,
He wept—because it was not current coin."

At the back of this plate are two young devils (their horns just budded) contending for a draught of beer. Behind them is a female tumbler and the ghost, employed in extracting blood from the tail of a cat, in order to assist them in some sanguinary representation. The faces of these two women are finely contrasted; in one we observe age and pleasantry, in the other youth and distress.

[This picture—which belonged to Lord Orford—has produced from the most genial of all humoristic writers, an admission, that "it is, perhaps, the only one of his (the artist's) performances at which we have a right to feel disgusted." This from Charles Lamb! and the present commentator cannot but express his astonishment at the same, seeing that the whole picture is, to *his* moral sense, pure and clean throughout.]

THE SLEEPING CONGREGATION.

WERE we to form our opinion of the preacher from his countenance and attitude, we are convinced that he would lull to soft repose the most lively assembly that every congregated in the capital. How, then, must his manner operate here? As an opiate more powerful than poppies. It is as composing as are the very descriptive lines that conclude the second book of Pope's *Dunciad*, which are so perfectly an echo to the sense, that they ought to be inscribed on the front of the first temple which is dedicated to Somnus. He

"In one lazy tone,
Through the long, heavy, painful page, draws on.
Soft creeping words on words the sense compose;
At every line they stretch, they yawn, they doze.
As to soft gales top-heavy pines bow low
Their heads, and lift them as they cease to blow.
Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline,
As breathe or pause by fits the airs divine;
And now to this side, now to that they nod," &c.

The clerk, infinitely more important than the divine, is kept awake by contemplating the charms of a voluptuously-blooming damsel, who, in studying the service of matrimony, has sighed her soul to rest. The eyes of this pronouncer of Amen, are visibly directed to her.

In the pew opposite are five swains of the village—

“Each mouth distended, and each head reclin’d,
They soundly sleep.”

To render this rural scene more pastoral, they are accompanied by two women, who have once been shepherdesses, and perhaps celebrated by some neighbouring Theocritus as the Chloe and Daphne of their day. Being now in the wane of their charms, poetical justice will not allow us to give them any other appellation than old women. They are awake. Whether the artist intended by this to show that they are actuated by the spirit of contradiction (for the preacher entreats them to go to rest), or meant it as a compliment to the softer sex, let those who have studied their characters determine.

In the gallery are two men joining in chorus with the band below. One of them has the decency to hide his face; but the other is evidently in full song.

The heavy architecture and grotesque decorations lead us to conjecture that this now venerable edifice was once the cottage of Baucis and Philemon, so exquisitely described by Swift.

“Grown to a church by just degrees—
The ballads pasted on the wall,
Of Joan of France, the English Moll,
Fair Rosamond, and Robin Hood,
The Little Children in the Wood,
Now seem to look abundance better,
Improv’d in picture, size, and letter,
And, high in order plac’d, describe
The heraldry of every tribe.”

The children in the wood are now exalted above the Gothic windows. One of them we see transformed to an angel; which, to prove its being a more exalted species, and no longer a mere mortal, has four thighs.

“The pretty Robin redbreasts, which
Did cover them with leaves,”

have undergone a transmigration much to their advantage. It has somewhat sullied their plumage, but they have assumed a more important appearance; and the loss of beauty is compensated by an abundant increase in bulk and dignity. Exalted to the upper part of a fluted pillar, and seated in heraldic state, they seem to mortal eyes the emblems of wisdom, the symbols of Minerva.

A lion and companion unicorn, concealed by the pillar, was originally a head-piece to that excellent old ballad, beginning with—

“The fierce lyon of faire Englonde
Didde swallowe the lillie of France.”

With jaws extended wide enough to swallow a bed of lilies, he is one of the supporters to the king’s arms.

The pews carry evident marks of having been once a Gothic bedstead; the cumbrous load of oak with which it was canopied, being still supported by large square posts. The windows are intended for companions; but there is an evident difference in their proportions; and the rest of the building is in equal good keeping. On the whole, we may conjecture that its contriver had neither studied Vitruvius, nor considered uniformity as a requisite in architecture.

EXAMINATION OF BAMBRIDGE BEFORE THE COMMITTEE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

This occurrence is thus described in Smollett’s History:—

“Mr. Oglethorpe, having been informed of shocking cruelties and oppressions exercised by gaolers upon their prisoners, moved for an examination into these practices, and was chosen chairman of a committee appointed to inquire into the state of the gaols of the kingdom. They began with the Fleet prison, which they visited in a body: there they found Sir William Rich, baronet, loaded with irons, by order of Bambridge the warden, to whom he had given some slight cause of offence. They made a discovery of many inhuman barbarities which had been committed by that ruffian, and detected the most iniquitous scenes of fraud, villany, and extortion. When the Report was made by the committee, the House unanimously resolved, that Thomas Bambridge, acting warden of the Fleet, had wilfully permitted several debtors to escape; had been guilty of the most notorious breaches of trust, great





BAMBRIDGE ON TRIAL FOR MURDER

IN A COMMITTEE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

Engraved by G. Kneller from the original by W. Verelst.







THE MARCH TO PUNCEBURY.

Engraved by W. J. Harrison, from the original by J. H. P. Taylor.



extortions, and the highest crimes and misdemeanours in the execution of his office; that he had arbitrarily and unlawfully loaded with irons, put into dungeons, and destroyed prisoners for debt, under his charge; treating them in the most barbarous and cruel manner, in high violation and contempt of the laws of the kingdom. John Huggins, Esq., who had been warden of the Fleet prison, was subjected to a resolution of the same nature. The House presented an address to the King, desiring he would direct his Attorney-general forthwith to prosecute these persons and their accomplices, who were committed prisoners to Newgate. A bill was brought in, disabling Bambridge to execute the office of warden; another for the better regulating the prison of the Fleet, and for more effectually preventing and punishing arbitrary and illegal practices of the warden of the said prison."—See Jones's edition of *Hume and Smollett's England*.

THE MARCH TO FINCHLEY.

THE spot this scene represents is Tottenham Court Turnpike, from whence we have a view of Hampstead and Highgate in the distance. The first object that presents itself below these hills is a body of soldiers, marching in tolerable order, with their baggage-waggon beside them. This regularity is indeed less observed in front, occasioned in part by the interruption they meet with, owing to the narrowness of the passage through the gate, and the license allowed to the sons of liberty on quitting their homes. A young grenadier, of good mien, is the principal object of the first group; he is accompanied, or rather seized on and beset, by two women of different cast, disposition, and character. We are to understand they are both *enceinte*, and are claiming him for the father. One attempts to melt him with tears, the other to alarm him with threats; and so obstreperous is the latter, that the serjeant behind finds himself obliged to interfere. They are engaged also in different pursuits—one being a ballad singer, the other a news carrier; the former selling prints in favour of government, the latter against it. This we learn from the song of "God save the King," and the picture of the Duke of Cumberland, among other things, in the basket of the former; the *Remembrancer*, the *London Evening Post*, and the *Jacobite Journal*, in possession of the other. On the left of this group is a young officer kissing a milk girl, which gives an arch wag an opportunity of robbing her of her milk, which he is pouring into his hat, and of which a chimney-sweeper's boy appears very desirous to partake. This incident attracts the attention of a pastrycook behind, who seems to enjoy the piece of roguery, at which the man beside him points, at the same time that he is stealing one of the pies from his head. Behind the pastrycook is a man carrying a barrel of strong beer, which a soldier has pierced with a gimlet, in order to fill his canteen, while another is keeping guard lest any should interrupt him. This last is comfortably drunk. A little further back is a priggish lieutenant, bringing up the rear of the company before him—stalking in all the pride of military march, and coveting the notice of the women. On the right of the principal group is a Frenchman, represented as a man of some importance, in order to render him more ridiculous. He is whispering to a Scotchman, to whom he is communicating the contents of a letter he has just received, which we are to suppose relate to the event that occasions this march. Behind this Frenchman is an ale-house; in front of which is a drummer, who, by beating on his drum, endeavours to shake off the thoughts of leaving his family, who in vain attempt to affect him by their tender farewell. On his right is a fifer, adding his noise to that of the drum; this lad, by the sweetness of his figure, is a beautiful contrast to the squalidness of the objects about him. In the group on the right of this plate, opposite to that of the drummer, is another soldier, exceedingly drunk, to whom his comrade (who has snatched up a hen from her brood of chickens, and conveyed it into his pouch) is in vain endeavouring to give a draught of water; a sort of female sutler offers him a glass of gin with more success, which the infant on her back, who seems too well accustomed to this liquor, is trying to get at; for so general is the use of it, among the lower class of people, become, as to be the comforting cordial of every age. On the other side, behind, are two fellows stripped, and boxing; a circumstance we seldom miss seeing wherever there is a crowd. In this contest more seem engaged than the two men who are fighting. Here we see a woman, supposed to be the wife of one of them, eager to get in, to part them, but kept back; there, a fellow encouraging the other, who appears to flag through the loss of an eye. But the principal figure is the cobbler above, near the sign-post, who is finely described with double fists, ready to fly at him who seems the victor—or, in the bruiser. phrase, to take up the conqueror. In short, to give a particular description of every minute object in this print, would be an almost endless task; and to throw out any reflection on the various matter would be needless. Let it suffice to say, that we have here a faithful representation of nature, which speaks for itself, and so largely enriched with the true *vis comica*, or spirit of humour, that the more we examine it, the greater pleasure we have; and the longer we view it, the more beauties we find.

This picture, indignantly rejected by George II., and maliciously re-dedicated to Frederick of Prussia, adorns the walls of the Foundling Hospital.

CREDULITY, SUPERSTITION, AND FANATICISM.

LORD BACON somewhere remarks, that superstition is worse than infidelity. It takes from religion every attraction, every comfort; and the place of humble hope and patient resignation is supplied by melancholy, despair, and madness!

To check the inundation of absurdity which deemed carnal reason profane, and was not to be combated by argument, Mr. Hogarth designed this print; and though the delineation was made in his sixty-fourth year—in satire, wit, and imagination, it is superior to any of his preceding works.

The text, "I speak as a fool," is a type of the preacher, whose strength of lungs is a convenient substitute for strength of argument: he is literally a Boanerges; his tones rend the region, and the thunder of his eloquence has cracked the sounding-board. Considering action as the first requisite of an orator, our ecclesiastical juggler throws his whole frame into convulsions. By these violent agitations his gown flies open, and discovers that this Proteus of the pulpit is arrayed in a harlequin's jacket; and his wig falling off, displays the shaven crown of a Jesuit. But the loss of a periwig is not attended to; his denunciations are redoubled, his fulminations hurled indiscriminately around; he scatters about firebrands. Wrought up to the highest pitch of seraphic fervour, fevered by the heat of his own ecstasies, the whole man is inspired, and, mounted upon the clouds of mystery, he soars through the dark regions of superstition, settles in the third heaven, and breathes empyreal air.

Between two duck-winged cherubs, who are studying the laughing and crying gamut, is the happy clerk. This crook-mouthed echo of absurdity has the true physiognomy of a Tartuffe; every feature is charged with hypocrisy.

Among the crowd, we discover a youthful convert under the guidance of his spiritual confessor, who, pointing to Brimstone Ocean, unfolds a tale which terrifies his disciple to a degree that

"Must harrow up his soul; freeze his young blood," &c.

The sanguinary Jew, while he leans upon the altar, on which lies a knife inscribed "bloody," sacrifices to his revenge an unfortunate insect, which he caught carelessly wandering on the environs of his head.

Beneath is Mrs. Tofts of Godalming, well known in the annals of credulity; in the violence of her paroxysm she breaks a dram glass with her teeth.

Next to Mrs. Tofts is a possessed shoeblack, coolly clearing his stomach of a quantity of hobnails and iron staples. The book on which our sable professor of necromancy has deposited his basket, is *King James on Demonology*.

The ridicule is wound up by a Turk, who we see through the window, smoking his tube of Trinidad; lifting up his eyes with astonishment at the scene, he breathes a grateful ejaculation, and thanks his Maker that he was early initiated in the divine truths of the Koran, is out of the pale of this church, and has his name engraven on the tablets of Mahomet.

Beneath is a figure of the Tedworth drummers, who so wickedly disturbed the family of Mr. Mompesson; and in the frame below, a representation of Fanny, the phantom of Cock Lane, with her hammer in her right hand. These two notable memorials of credulity are placed as a kind of head-piece to a mental thermometer, which ascertains the different degrees of heat in the blood of an enthusiast. When the liquid ascends, it rises from lukewarm, and terminates in raving, which is properly obscured by clouds, and above the ken of human comprehension. In its falling state, the progress of religious depression is most accurately marked: from low spirits it sinks to suicide. The whole rests on *Glanville on Witches*.

On the preacher's left hand, suspended to a ring inserted in a human nostril, hangs the scale of vociferation. A natural tone is at the bottom, but the speaker's tone is described by the distended mouth above the scale, inscribed "bull roar."

To the hook of the chandelier hangs a small sphere, on which is engraven, "Desarts of new Purgatory." On the globe is written, "A globe of hell;" it is so formed as to give the caricature of a human face, and baptized "horrid zone."

The poor's box is a mouse-trap, which intimates that whatever money is deposited will be secured for the faithful collectors.

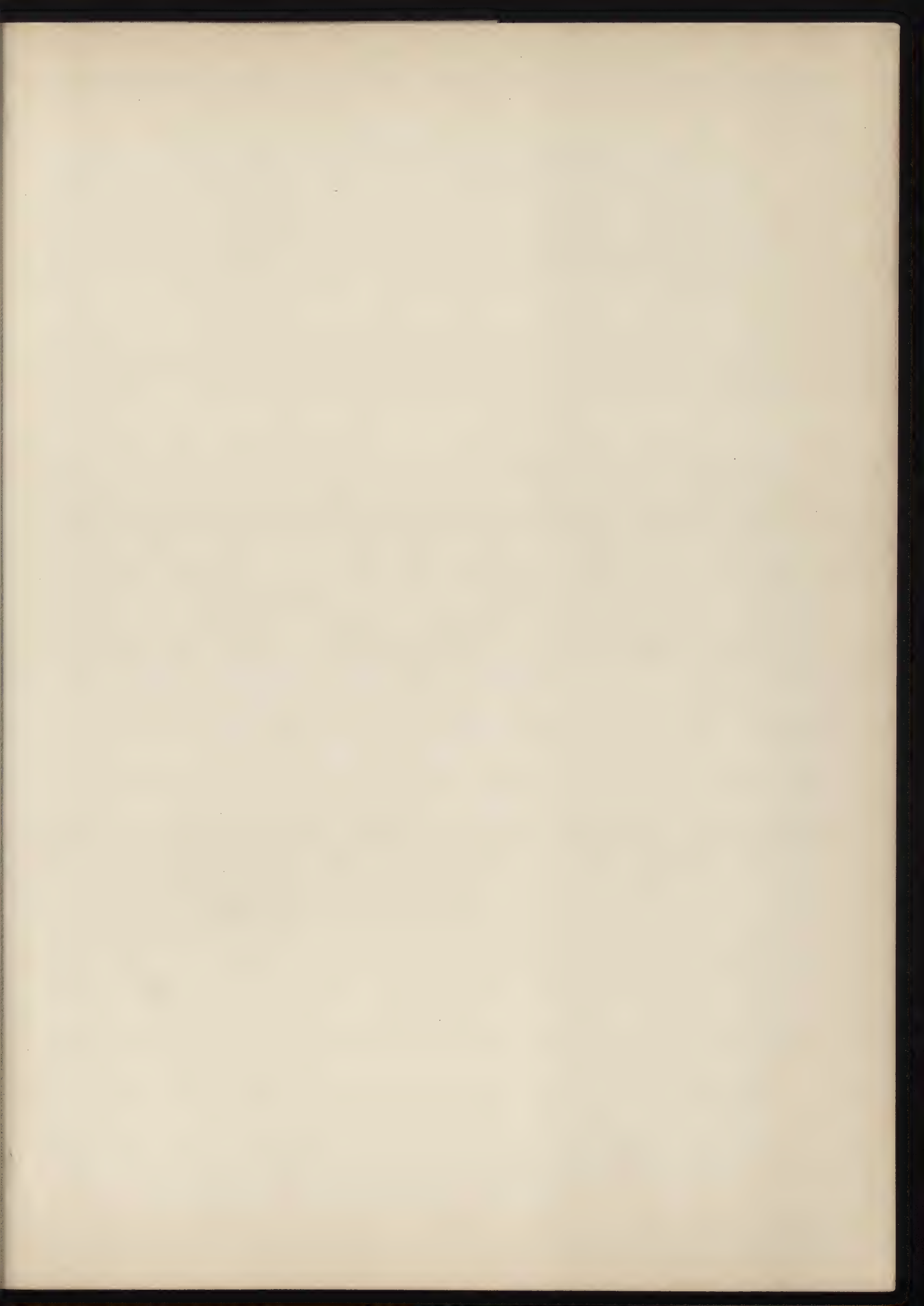
BISHOP HOADLY.

THIS portrait of Dr. Benjamin Hoadly, Bishop of Winchester was first engraved by Baron, from a portrait, in a grand style, by Hogarth.





Copy of the original from the original of the original.





BISHOP HOADLY

Engraved in 1745 from the original by W. Verelst.





SIMON LORD LOVAT,

From the Original by Hogarth

TAKEN A FEW HOURS BEFORE HIS EXECUTION FOR HIGH TREASON

Few writers of eminence have been so frequently or so illiberally traduced as Dr. Hoadly, yet fewer still have had the felicity of "living till a nation became his converts," and knowing "that sons have blushed that their fathers had been their foes." This great divine was born November 4, 1676; educated at Catherine Hall, Cambridge; was elected lecturer of St. Mildred, Poultry, 1701; was rector of St. Peter-le-Poor in 1704, and of Streatham in 1710; King's Chaplain, February 16, 1715-'16; Bishop of Bangor, March 18, 1716; translated to Hereford in 1721, to Salisbury in 1723, and to Winchester in 1734, which he held nearly twenty-seven years; till, on April 17, 1761, at his house at Chelsea, in the same calm that he had enjoyed amidst all the storms that blew around him, he died, full of years and honours, beloved and regretted by all good men, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. His useful labours, which will ever be esteemed by all lovers of the natural, civil, and religious rights of Englishmen, were collected into three large volumes in folio, 1773, by his son, Dr. John Hoadly (then Chancellor of Winchester, and the only surviving male of a numerous and respectable family), who prefixed to them a short account of the Bishop's life.

Concerning this portrait of Bishop Hoadly, Dr. John Hoadly wrote the following whimsical epistle to the artist:—

"TO WILLIAM HOGARTH.

"Dear Billy,

"You were so kind as to say you would touch up the Doctor if I would send him to town. Lo! it is here. —I am at Alresford for a day or two, to shear my flock, and to feed 'em (money you know is the sinews of war); and having this morning taken down all my pictures, in order to have my room painted, I thought I might as well pack up Dr. Benjamin, and send him packing to London. My love to him, and desire him, when his wife says he looks charmingly, to drive immediately to Leicester Fields (Square I mean, I beg your pardon), and sit an hour or two, or three, in your Painting-room. Do not set it by, and forget it now—don't you. My humble service waits upon Mrs. Hogarth, and all good wishes upon your honour, and

"I am, dear Sir,

"Your obliged and affectionate,

"J. HOADLY."

SIMON, LORD LOVAT.

LORD LOVAT was born in the year 1667; his father was the twenty-second person who had enjoyed the title of Lovat in lineal descent. His mother was dame Sybilla M'Leod, daughter of the chief of the M'Leods, so famous for its unalterable loyalty to its princes. This portrait of his lordship was drawn from life, at St. Alban's, whither our artist went for the purpose of taking it. He is painted in the act of counting the rebel forces with his fingers, and the likeness is said to be a most faithful one.

Lord Lovat was one of the last chieftains that preserved the rude manners and barbarous authority of the early feudal ages. He resided in a house which would be esteemed but an indifferent one for a very plain private gentleman in England, as it had properly only four rooms on a floor, and those not large. Here, however, he kept a sort of court, and several public tables, and a numerous body of retainers always attending. His own constant residence, and the place where he always received his company, even at dinner, was the very same room where he lodged; and his lady's sole apartment was her bedroom; and the only provision for the lodging of the servants and retainers was a quantity of straw, which they spread every night on the floors of the lower rooms, where the inferior part of the family, consisting of a very great number of persons, took up their abode.

From his own account (as published in his memoirs), Lord Lovat seems to have been a man devoid of any fixed principle, except that of self-interest; and on his conduct during the rebellion of 1745, Sir William Young has the following observations:—

"Your lordships have already done national justice on some of the principal traitors who appeared in open arms against his majesty, by the ordinary courses of the law; but this noble lord, who in the whole course of his life has boasted of his superior cunning in wickedness, and his ability to commit frequent treasons with impunity, vainly imagined that he might possibly (a traitor in private, and rebel only in his heart), by sending his son and his followers to join the Pretender, and remaining at home himself, deceive his majesty's faithful subjects; hoping he might be rewarded for his son's faithful services, if successful, or his son alone be the sufferer for his offences, if the undertaking failed. Diabolical cunning! Atrocious impiety!"

Lord Lovat was executed in 1745; he underwent the infliction of his sentence with fortitude. He was beheaded by the maiden (an implement of death appropriated to state criminals in North Britain), of which the guillotine (which was so destructively employed during the French revolution) is an improvement.

SARAH MALCOLM.

This woman was executed on Wednesday, the 7th of March, 1733, for the murder of Mrs. Lydia Duncombe, Elizabeth Harrison, and Ann Price. The portrait of this murderess was painted by Hogarth, to whom she sat for her picture two days before her execution, having previously dressed herself in red for that purpose.

The circumstances attending the conviction and execution of this woman are briefly these:—

“On Sunday, February 4th, 1733, Mrs. Lydia Duncombe (aged 60), and Elizabeth Harrison, her companion, were found strangled, and Ann Price (her maid, aged 17), with her throat cut, at Mrs. Duncombe’s apartments in Tanfield Court, in the Inner Temple. Sarah Malcolm (who was a charwoman) was, on the same evening, apprehended on the information of Mr. Kerrel, who had chambers on the same staircase, and who had found some bloody linen under his bed, and a silver tankard in a close-stool, which she had concealed there.

“On her examination before Sir Richard Brocas, she confessed to sharing in the produce of the robbery, but declared herself innocent of the murders; asserting, upon oath, that Thomas and James Alexander, and Mary Tracy, were the principal parties in the whole transaction. Notwithstanding this, the coroner’s jury brought in their verdict of wilful murder against Sarah Malcolm only, it not then appearing that any other person was concerned. Her confession they considered as a mere subterfuge, no one knowing such people as she pretended were her accomplices.

“A few days after, a boy, about seventeen years of age, was hired as a servant by a person who kept the Red Lion ale-house, at Bridewell Bridge; and hearing it said, in his master’s house, that Sarah Malcolm had given information against one Thomas Alexander, his brother James, and Mary Tracy, he said to his master:—‘My name is James Alexander, and I have a brother named Thomas, and my mother nursed a woman where Sarah Malcolm lived.’ Upon this acknowledgment, the master sent to Alstone, turnkey of Newgate; and, the boy being confronted with Malcolm, she immediately charged him with being concealed under Mrs. Duncombe’s bed, previously to letting in Tracy and his brother, by whom and himself the murders were committed. On this evidence, he was detained; and, frankly telling where his brother and Tracy were to be found, they also were taken into custody, and brought before Sir Richard Brocas. Here Malcolm persisted in her former asseverations, but the magistrate thought her unworthy of credit, and would have discharged them; but, being advised by some persons present to act with more caution, committed them all to Newgate. Their distress was somewhat alleviated by the gentlemen of the Temple Society, who, fully convinced of their innocence, allowed each of them one shilling per diem during the time of their confinement.

“Though Malcolm’s presence of mind seemed to have forsaken her at the time when she lurked about the Temple, without making any attempt to escape, leaving the produce of her theft in situations that rendered discovery inevitable, she, by the time of trial, recovered her recollection, made a most acute and ingenious defence, and cross-examined the witnesses, like one bred up to the bar. The circumstances were, however, so clear, as to leave no doubt in the minds of the court, and the jury brought in their verdict—guilty.

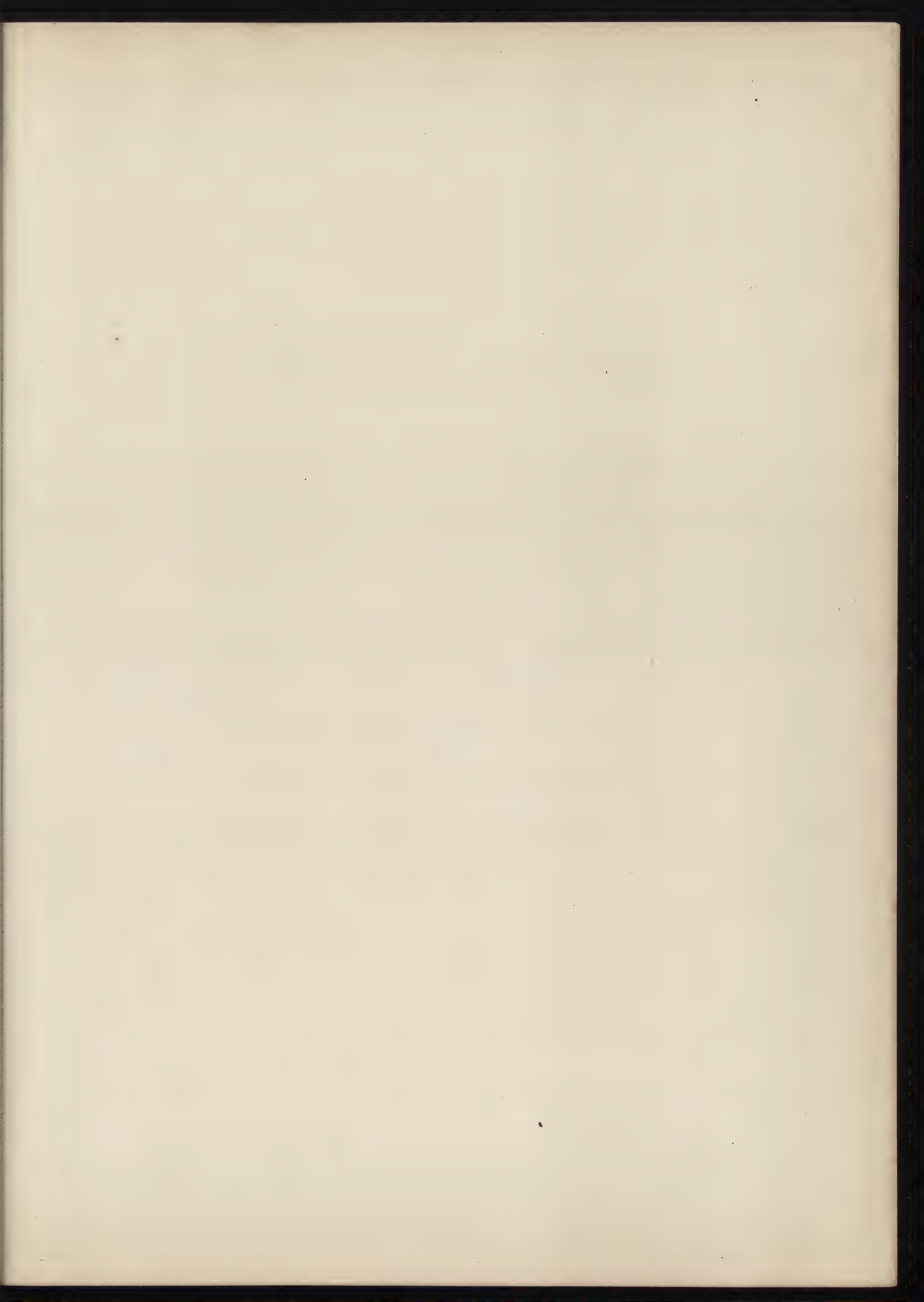
“On Wednesday, the 7th of March, about ten in the morning, she was taken, in a cart, from Newgate to the place of execution, facing Mitre Court, Fleet Street, and there suffered death on a gibbet erected for the occasion. She was neatly dressed in a crape mourning gown, white apron, sarcenet hood, and black gloves; carried her head aside with an air of affectation, and was said to be painted. She was attended by Dr. Middleton, of St. Bride’s, her friend Mr. Peddington, and Guthrie, the ordinary of Newgate. She appeared devout and penitent, and earnestly requested Peddington would print a paper she had given him* the night before, which contained, not a confession of the murder, but protestations of her innocence, and a recapitulation of what she had before said relative to the Alexanders, &c. This wretched woman, though only twenty-five years of age, was so lost to all sense of her situation, as to rush into eternity with a lie upon her lips. She much wished to see Mr. Kerrel, and acquitted him of every imputation thrown out at her trial.

“After she had conversed some time with the ministers, and the executioner begun to do his duty, she fainted away; but recovering, was, in a short time afterwards, executed. Her corpse was carried to an undertaker’s on Snow Hill, where multitudes of people resorted, and gave money to see it; among the rest, a gentleman in deep mourning kissed her, and gave the attendants half-a-crown.

“Professor Martin dissected this notorious murderess, and afterwards presented her skeleton, in a glass case, to the Botanic Gardens at Cambridge, where it still remains.”

Besides the present portrait, Hogarth executed a full-length one of this atrocious offender; from which it should seem probable that the artist painted her twice. There is also a figure of her, cut on wood, in the *Gentleman’s Magazine* for March, 1733, slightly differing from our engraving.

* This paper he sold for twenty pounds! and the substance of it was printed in the *Gentleman’s Magazine* for 1733, p. 137.



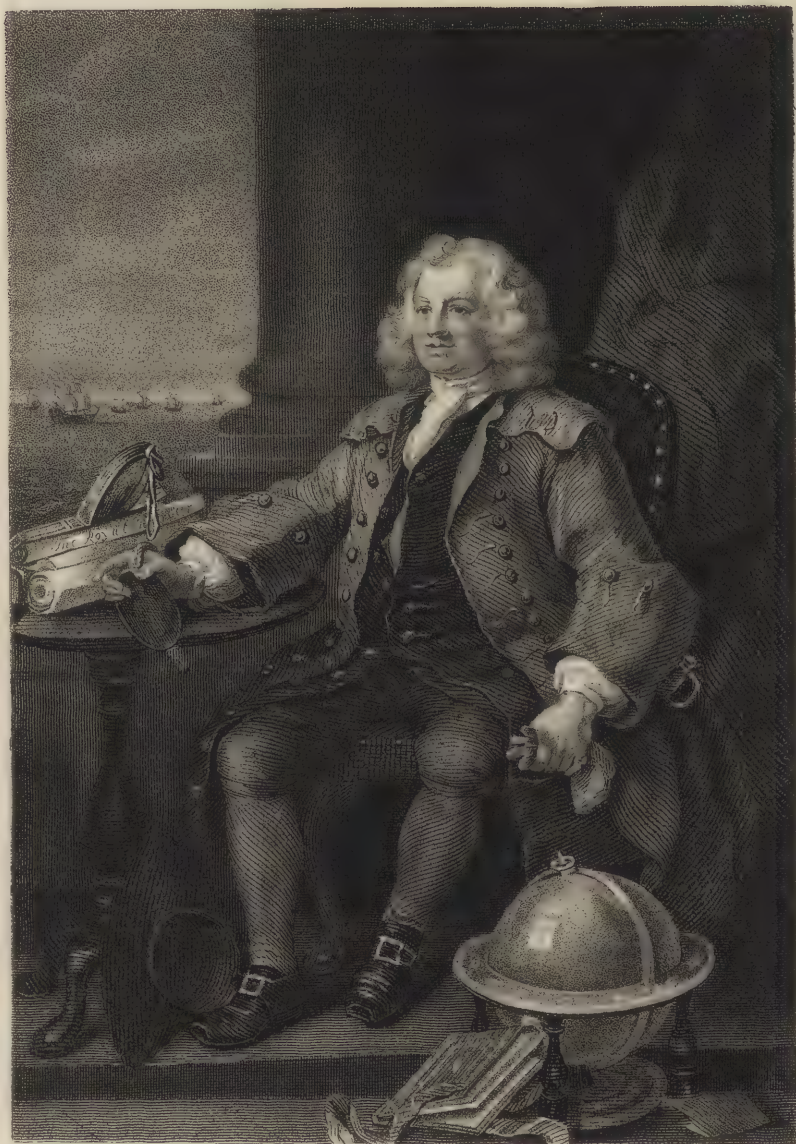


SARAH MALCOLM

Engraved from the Original of Wm. Agarth!



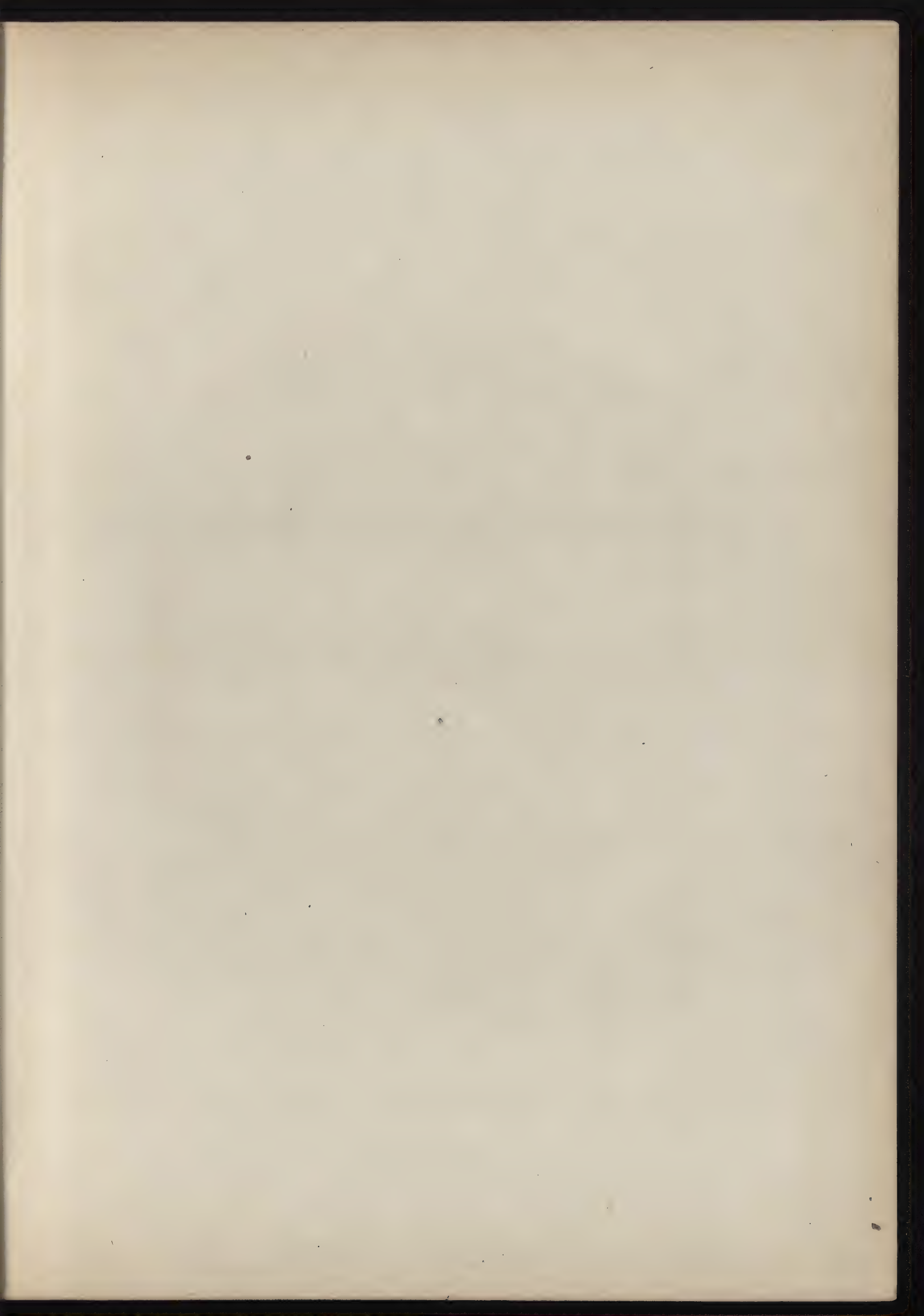




CAPTAIN THOMAS CORAM

FOUNDER OF THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL

engraved by W. H. Sturt







GARRICK AS RICHARD 3RD

Give me another horse. Bind up my wounds.

ACT 5. SCENE 3.

ROBERTA HUNT

CAPTAIN THOMAS CORAM.

CAPTAIN CORAM was born in the year 1668, bred to the sea, and passed the first part of his life as master of a vessel trading to the colonies. While he resided in the vicinity of Rotherhithe, his avocations obliging him to go early into the city and return late, he frequently saw deserted infants exposed to the inclemencies of the seasons, and, through the indigence or cruelty of their parents, left to casual relief, or untimely death. This naturally excited his compassion, and led him to project the establishment of an hospital for the reception of exposed and deserted young children, in which humane design he laboured more than seventeen years; and, at last, by his unwearied application, obtained the royal charter, bearing date the 17th of October, 1739, for its incorporation.

He was highly instrumental in promoting another good design, viz., the procuring a bounty upon naval stores imported from the colonies to Georgia and Nova Scotia. But the charitable plan which he lived to make some progress in, though not to complete, was a scheme for uniting the Indians in North America more closely with the British government, by an establishment for the education of Indian girls. Indeed, he spent a great part of his life in serving the public, and with so total a disregard to his private interest, that in his old age he was himself supported by a pension of somewhat more than a hundred pounds a year, raised for him at the solicitation of Sir Sampson Gideon and Dr. Brocklesby, by the voluntary subscriptions of public-spirited persons, at the head of whom was the Prince of Wales. On application being made to this venerable and good old man, to know whether a subscription being opened for his benefit would not offend him, he gave this noble answer—"I have not wasted the little wealth of which I was formerly possessed, in self-indulgence or vain expenses, and am not ashamed to confess, that in this, my old age, I am poor."

This singularly humane, persevering, and memorable man died at his lodgings near Leicester Square, March 29th, 1751, and was interred, pursuant to his own desire, in the vault under the chapel of the Foundling Hospital, where an historic epitaph records his virtues, as Hogarth's portrait has preserved his honest countenance.

"The portrait which I painted with most pleasure," says Hogarth, "and in which I particularly wished to excel, was that of Captain Coram for the Foundling Hospital; and if I am so wretched an artist as my enemies assert, it is somewhat strange that this, which was one of the first I painted the size of life, should stand the test of twenty years' competition, and be generally thought the best portrait in the place, notwithstanding the first painters in the kingdom exerted all their talents to vie with it."

"For the portrait of Mr. Garrick in Richard III. I was paid two hundred pounds (which was more than any English artist ever received for a single portrait), and that, too, by the sanction of several painters who had been previously consulted about the price, which was not given without mature consideration."

"Notwithstanding all this, the current remark was, that portraits were not my province; and I was tempted to abandon the only lucrative branch of my art, for the practice brought the whole host of phyzmongers on my back, where they buzzed like so many hornets. All these people have their friends, whom they incessantly teach to call my women harlots, my *Essay on Beauty* borrowed, and my composition and engraving contemptible."

"This so much disgusted me, that I sometimes declared I would never paint another portrait, and frequently refused when applied to; for I found by mortifying experience that whoever would succeed in this branch, must adopt the mode recommended in one of Gay's fables, and make divinities of all who sit to him. Whether or not this childish affectation will ever be done away is a doubtful question; none of those who have attempted to reform it have yet succeeded; nor, unless portrait painters in general become more honest, and their customers less vain, is there much reason to expect they ever will."

Though thus in a state of warfare with his brother artists, he was occasionally gratified by the praise of men whose judgment was universally acknowledged, and whose sanction became a higher honour, from its being neither lightly nor indiscriminately given.

[A noble picture of a noble and great man. The nation may take shame to itself for its characteristic ignoring of an establishment both humane and magnanimous; but the fact that aristocratic bastardy fills the lists of most of our charities, is a sufficient commentary on the large and liberal public institutions of England, where every beggarly coronet puts out its hand to claim its share.—ED.]

GARRICK IN THE CHARACTER OF RICHARD III.

"Give me another horse,—bind up my wounds,—
Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft; I did but dream."—

SUCH is the exclamation of Richard, and such is the disposition of his mind at the moment of this delineation. The lamp, diffusing a dim religious light through the tent, the crucifix placed at his head, the crown, and

unsheathed sword at his hand, and the armour lying on the ground, are judicious and appropriate accompaniments. Those who are acquainted with this prince's history, need not be told that he was naturally bold, courageous, and enterprising; that when business called him to the field, he shook off every degree of indulgence, and applied his mind to the management of his affairs. This may account for his being stripped no otherwise than of his armour, having retired to his tent in order to repose himself upon his bed, and lessen the fatigues of the preceding day. See him then hastily rising, at dead of night, in the utmost horror from his own thoughts, being terrified in his sleep by the dreadful phantoms of an affrighted imagination, seizing on his sword by way of defence against the foe his disordered fancy presents to him. So great is his agitation, that every nerve and muscle is in action, and even the ring is forced from his finger. When the heart is affected, how great is its influence on the human frame!—it communicates its sensibility to the extreme parts of the body, from the centre to the circumference, as distant water is put in motion by circles, spreading from the place of its disturbance. The paper on the floor containing these words:—

“Jockey of Norfolk, be not so bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and is sold,”

brought him by the Duke of Norfolk, saying he found it in his tent, and lying here unattended to, as a mark of contempt, plainly informs us, that however a man may attempt to steel himself against the arrows of conscience, still they will find a way to his breast, and shake the sinner even in his greatest security. And indeed we cannot wonder, when we reflect on the many murders he was guilty of, deserving the severest punishment; for Providence has wisely ordained that sin should be its own tormentor, otherwise, in many cases, the offender would, in this life, escape unpunished, and the design of heaven be frustrated. But Richard, though he reached a throne, and by that means was exempt from the sufferings of the subject, yet could not divest himself of his nature, but was forced to give way to the workings of the heart, and bear the tortures of a distracted mind. The expression in his face is a master-piece of execution, and was a great compliment paid by Mr. Hogarth to his friend Garrick; yet not unmerited, as all that have seen him in the part must acknowledge the greatness of the actor. The figures in the distance, two of whom—

“Like sacrifices by their fires of watch,
With patience sit, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger,”

are properly introduced, and highly descriptive.
The tents of Richmond are so near—

“That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch.”

Considered as a whole, the composition is simple, striking, and original, and the figures well drawn. The whole moral tenor of the piece informs us that conscience is armed with a thousand stings, from which royalty itself is not secure; that of all tormentors, reflection is the worst; that crowns and sceptres are baubles, compared with self-approbation; and that nought is productive of solid happiness, but inward peace and serenity of mind.

THE BRUISER, CHARLES CHURCHILL,

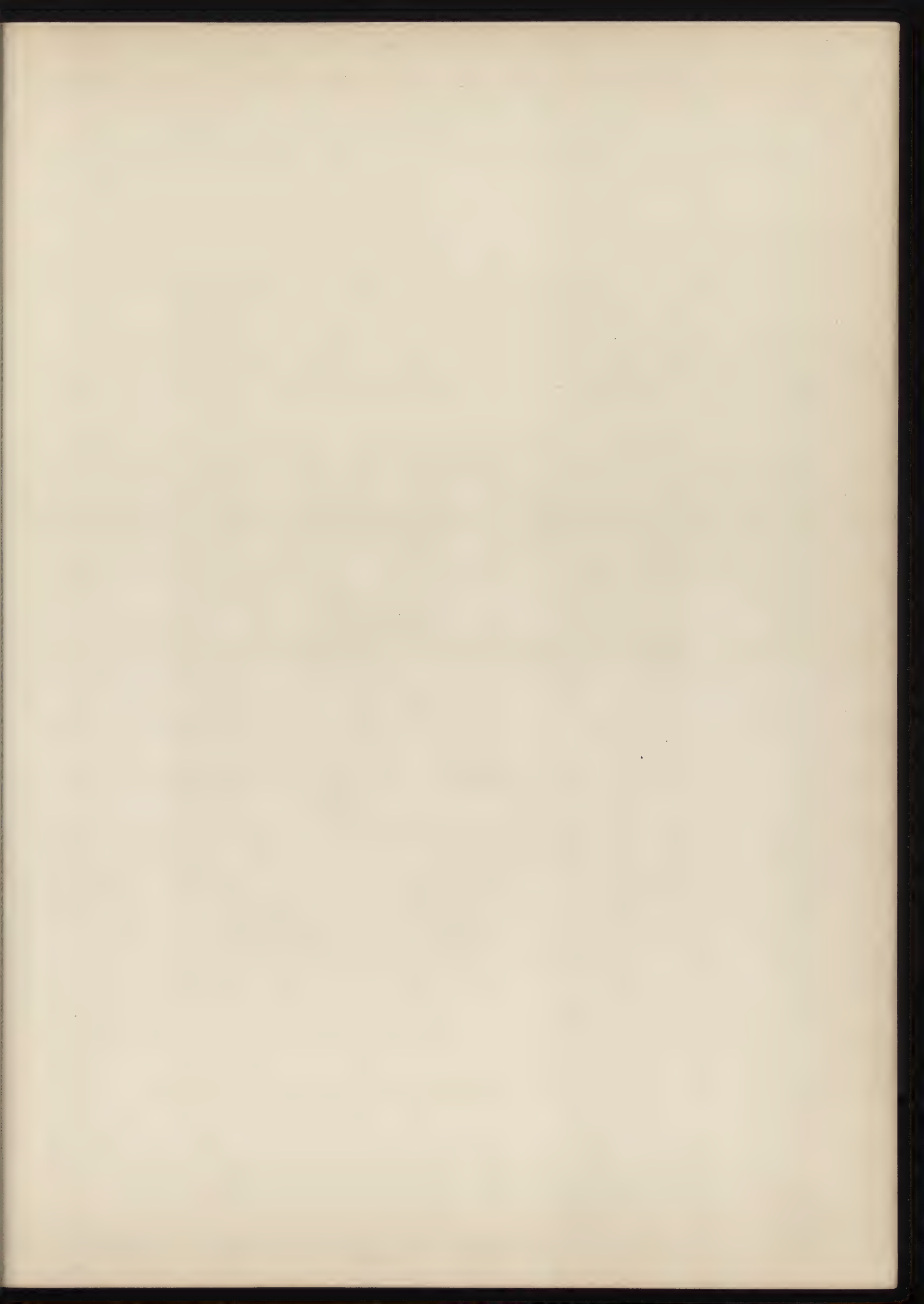
(ONCE THE REVEREND)

IN THE CHARACTER OF A RUSSIAN HERCULES, REGALING HIMSELF AFTER HAVING KILLED THE MONSTER CARICATURA, THAT SO SORELY GALLED HIS VIRTUOUS FRIEND, THE HEAVEN-BORN WILKES.

“But he had a club,
This dragon to drub,
Or he had ne'er done't, I warrant ye.”
Dragon of Wantley.

ENRAGED by the publication of Mr. Wilkes's portrait, Mr. Charles Churchill wrote a most virulent and vindictive satire, which he entitled, *An Epistle to William Hogarth*. The painter was not blest with that meek forbearance which induces those who are smote on one cheek to turn the other also. He was an old man, but did not wish to be considered as that feeble, superannuated, helpless animal, which the poet had described. He scarcely wished to live—

“After his flame lack'd oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits.”





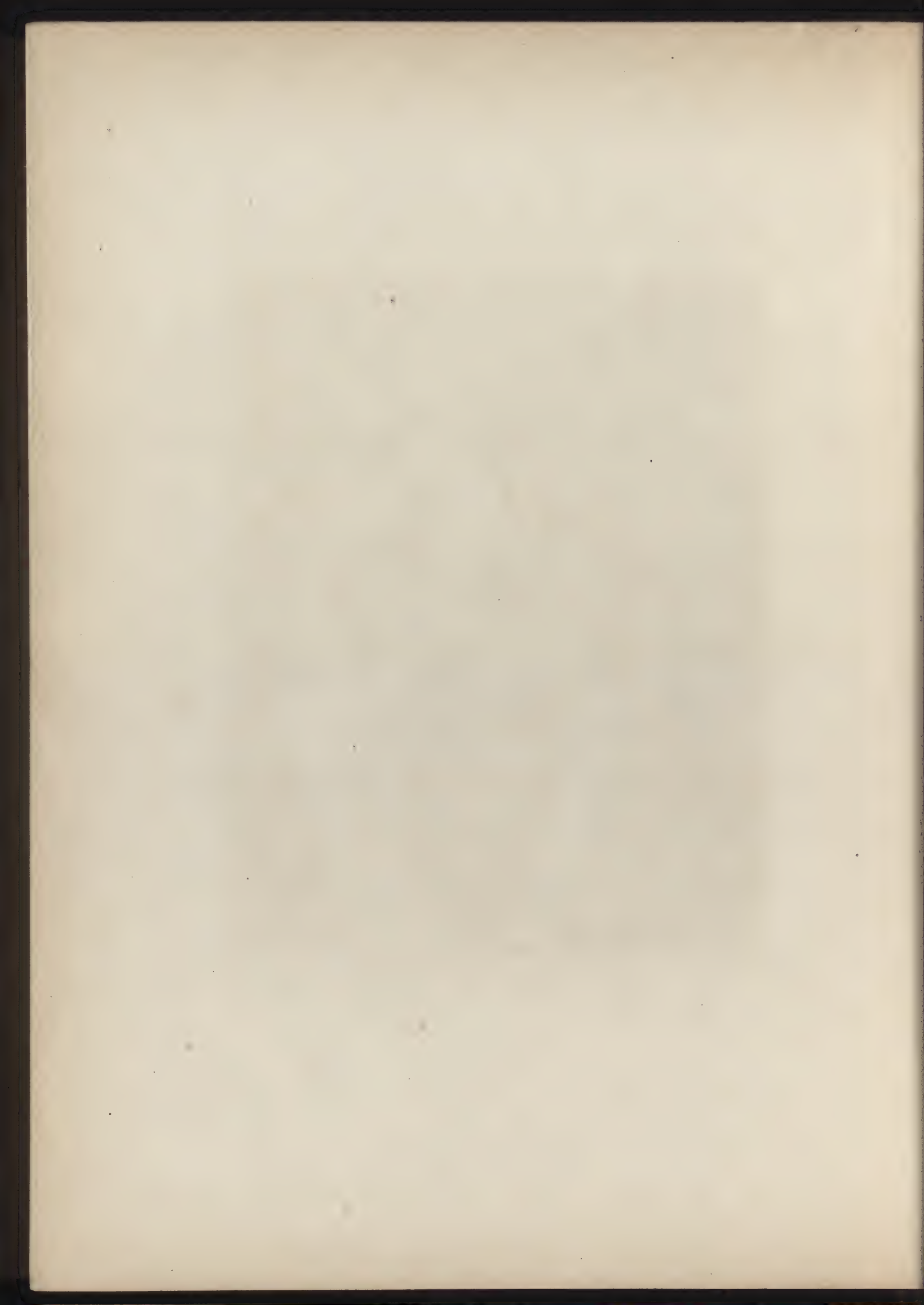
THE BRUISE, CHARLES CHURCHILL,

(Once the Reverend.)

IN THE CHARACTER OF A RUSSIAN HERCULES.

Engraved by G. Mills from the Original by J. G. Smith

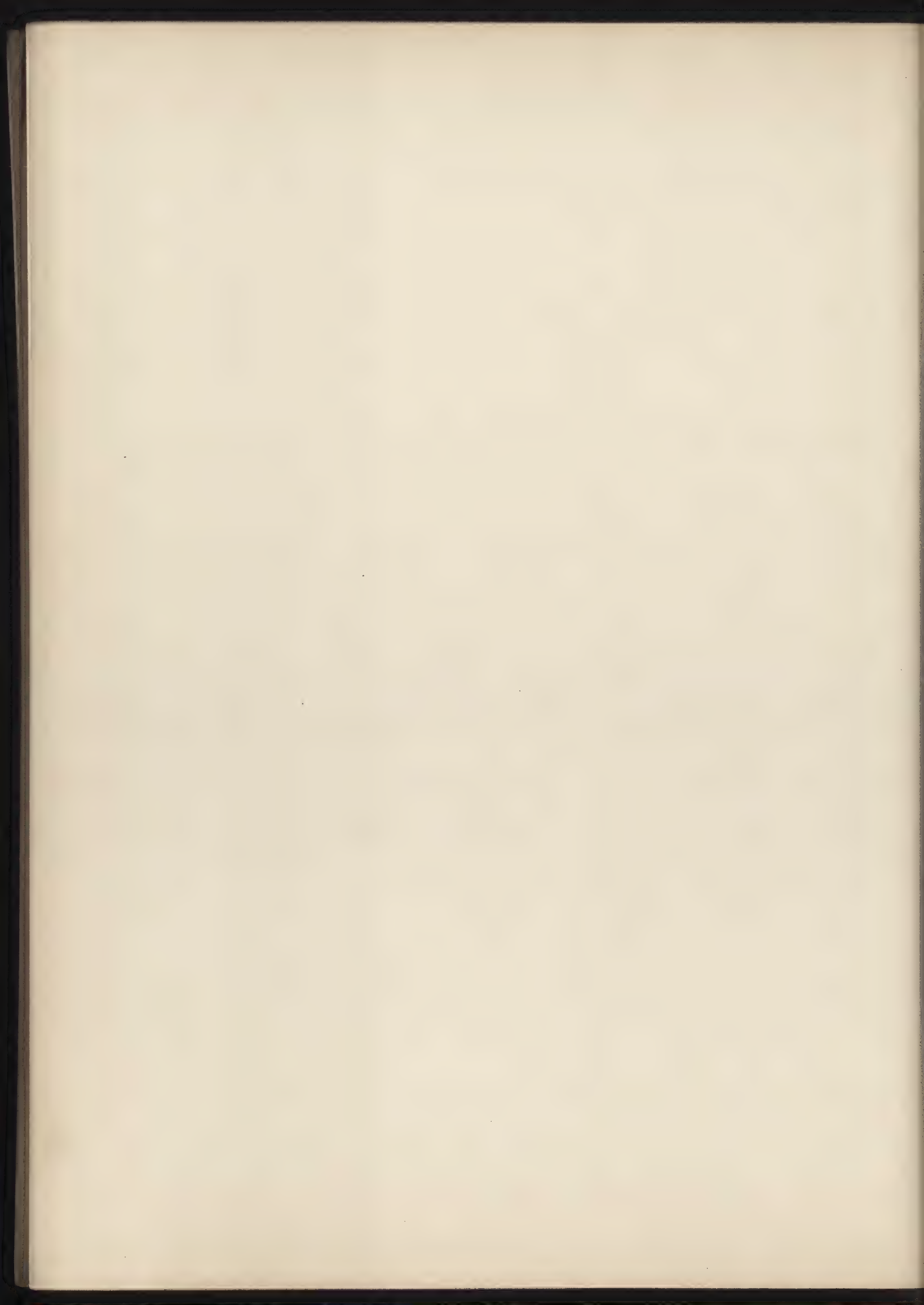






JOHN WILKES ESQ.

Engraved by J. Moore from the Original by Wm. Hogarth.



Apprehensive that the public might construe his delaying a reply to proceed from inability, he did not wait the tedious process of a new plate, but took a piece of copper on which he had, in the year 1749, engraved a portrait of himself and dog; erased his own head, and in the place of it introduced the divine, with a tattered band and torn ruffles—"No Lord's anointed, but a Russian bear."

In this we must acknowledge there was more ill-nature than wit. It is rather caricature than character, and more like the coarse mangling of Tom Browne, than the delicate yet wounding satire of Alexander Pope. For this rough retort he might, however, plead the poet's precedent. His opponent had brandished a tomahawk; and Hogarth, old as he was, wielded a battle-axe in his own defence. A more aggravated provocation cannot well be conceived. The attack was unmerciful, unmanly, unjust. Let the following extract speak for itself:—

"Whilst the weak artist, to thy whims a slave,
Would bury all those powers which nature gave,
Would suffer blank concealment to obscure
Those rays that jealousy could not endure;
To feed thy vanity would rust unknown,
And, to secure thy credit, blast his own:
In Hogarth he was sure to find a friend;
He could not fear, and therefore might commend;
But when his spirit, rous'd by honest shame,
Shook off that lethargy, and soar'd to fame;
When, with the pride of man resolv'd and strong,
He scorn'd those fears which did his honour wrong,
And on himself determin'd to rely,
Brought forth his labours to the public eye,
No friend in thee could such a rebel know,
He had desert, and Hogarth was his foe."

He must be a very weak artist, indeed, who would bury the talents which Nature gave, to gratify the whims of another man; but, admitting a painter had been found who suffered blank concealment to obscure those rays which jealousy could not endure, we cannot comprehend how it concerned Hogarth. His walk was all his own: even now he need not dread a rival there. Mr. Churchill acknowledges, that in walks of humour—

"Hogarth unrivall'd stands, and shall engage
Unrivall'd praise to the most distant age."

Being unrivalled, we do not see why he should dread a rival; nor can we conceive he could be jealous of talents which he must be conscious were inferior to his own.

To enumerate further examples would be painful, as well as tedious: the graven image must be attended to. It represents Mr. Churchill in the character of a bear, hugging a foaming tankard of porter, the poet's favourite beverage; and, like another Hercules, armed with a knotted club, to attack hydras, destroy dragons, and discomfit giants!

From the two letters inscribed on the club, it appears that the painter considered Churchill as a writer in the *North Briton*; and, from the words "fallacy, lie the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, &c.," on each of the knots, that he also considered him as a poet who did not pay the strictest regard to truth.

To designate more positively the object of his ridicule, and render this rude representative still more ludicrous, it is decorated with a band and a pair of ruffles; and with these characteristic ornaments, though it remains a good bear, it becomes a sort of overcharged portrait of the reverend satirist, and is said to resemble him.

JOHN WILKES, ESQ.

DRAWN FROM THE LIFE, AND ETCHED IN AQUAFORTIS BY WILLIAM HOGARTH. PUBLISHED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT
MAY 16TH, 1763.

THIS print is a fine caricature, and no faint likeness of John Wilkes, who was then member for Aylesbury, in the county of Buckingham—a man who stood forth as the leader of a party formed against the administration. The views with which he acted are now publicly known, and he lies under that disgrace he gathered for himself. *Liberty* he roared out on all occasions, being the bell-wether of his flock. With an eye to this, Mr. Hogarth has represented him as having been twirling the cap of liberty (a fool's cap) upon the end of a stick; for a fool's cap

it proved to him, it having banished him his country, entailed upon him beggary, and made him the laugh of a jeering populace. On the table beside him are two papers of the *North Briton*, of which he acknowledged himself the author—viz., Nos. 45 and 17, the first of which was burnt by the common hangman.

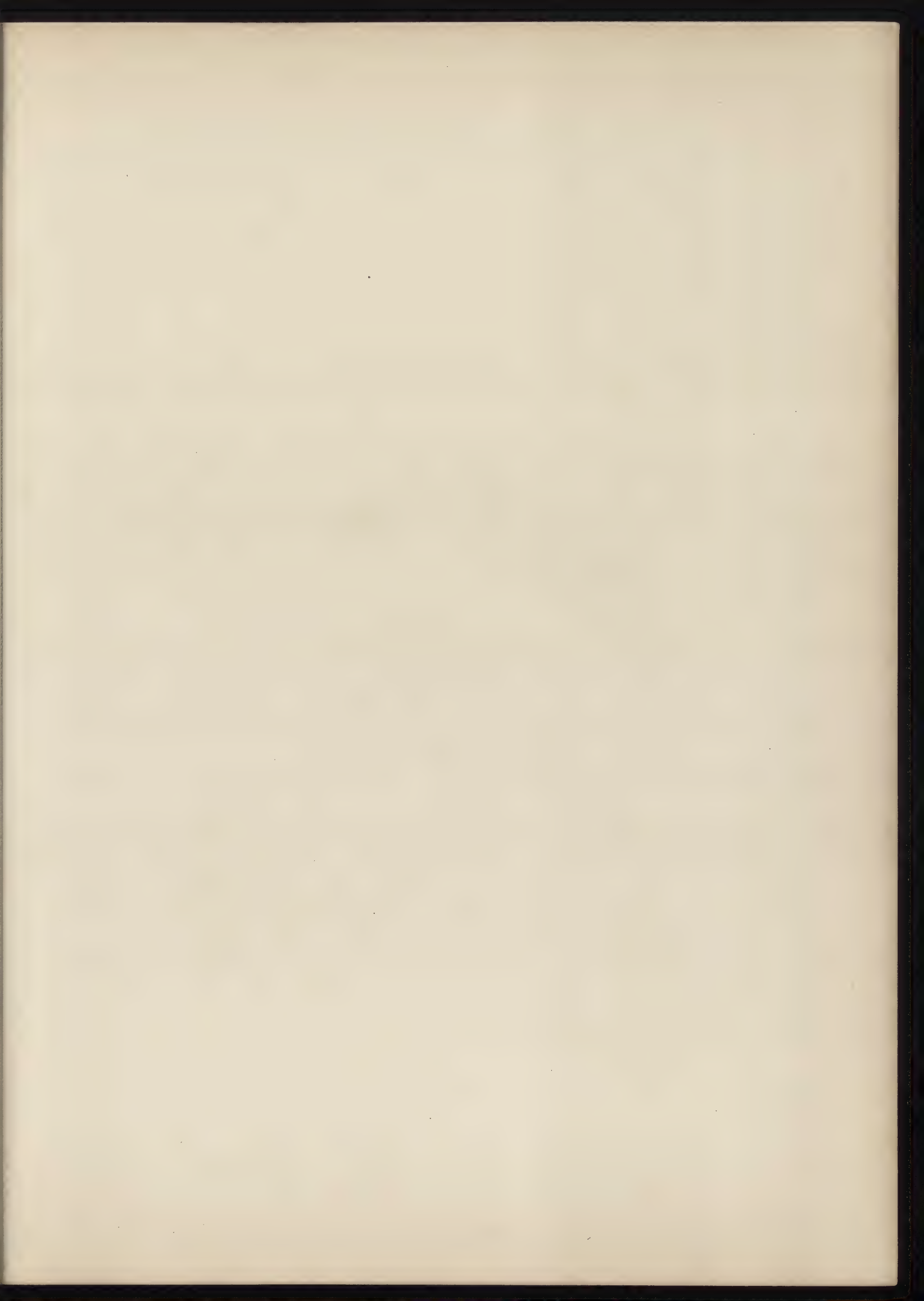
This print of Wilkes, which, as we have before observed, must be allowed to be an excellent *compound caricature*, or a *caricature* of what nature had already *caricatured*, is said to have been viewed by him with pleasant and philosophic indifference; he frequently jocosely saying to his friends, it grew every day into stronger likeness. He declared himself very little concerned about the case of his soul, as he was only tenant for life, and that the best apology for his person was, that he did not make himself. Equally memorable was Mr. Wilkes's reply to a friend, who requested him to sit to Sir Joshua Reynolds, and have his portrait placed in the Guildhall, being then so popular a character that the Court of Aldermen would willingly have paid the expenses. "No," replied he—"No; they shall never have a delineation of my face, that will carry to posterity so damning a proof of what it was. Who knows but a time may come, when some future Horace Walpole will treat the world with another quarto volume of historic doubt, in which he may prove that the numerous squinting portraits on tobacco-papers and half-penny ballads, inscribed with the name of John Wilkes, are '*a weak invention of the enemy*;' for that I was not only unlike them, but, if any inference can be drawn from the partiality of the fair sex, the handsomest man of the age I lived in."

In defence of Wilkes rose Mr. Charles Churchill, who called himself *his* friend!—one who, indeed, possessed extraordinary talents as a writer, but who was as remarkable for viciousness of character. If he had any discretion, it was that of joining the popular side; but that can hardly be called discretion, when, had he lived a few years longer, he would probably have experienced the same fate with his contemporary, Wilkes. This man—a minister once he called himself, though he afterwards wisely laid aside that sacred office, which he could only disgrace—this man took up the pen against Mr. Hogarth, and, in an epistle to him, which he published, charged him with envying every man that had any degree of excellence, and with being a friend to no one. This naturally drew on him Mr. Hogarth's resentment, and was the occasion of his publishing the celebrated print called "The Bruiser."

DR. THOMAS MORELL.

In the year 1762, Mr. Hogarth gave to the public this excellent portrait of his intimate friend and neighbour; who, being very fond of music, was drawn by our artist in the character of a cynic philosopher, with an organ near him, which was his instrument. This portrait, engraved by Mr. Basire, and certainly an admirable likeness, was prefixed to Dr. Morell's "*Thesaurus*" of Greek poetry, printed at Eton in 1762.

Dr. Morell was born at Eton, in Buckinghamshire, March 18, 1703; his father's name was Thomas, and his mother kept a boarding-house in the college. At the age of twelve he was admitted on the foundation at Eton school, and was elected thence to King's College, Cambridge, August 3, 1722. He took his first degree in 1726, and became M.A. four years after. At Lady-day, 1731, he was appointed to the curacy of Kew, in Surrey, and was some time curate of Twickenham. July 6, 1733, he was admitted *ad eundem* at Oxford; and in 1737 became F.S.A., having just been instituted, at the presentation of his college, to the rectory of Buckland, Herts. In the following year he married Anne, daughter of Henry Barker, Esq., of Chiswick; and in July, 1743, became D.D. In 1775 he was appointed chaplain to the garrison at Portsmouth; and for several years preached the botanical lecture at Shoreditch church. He was a very early contributor to the *Gentleman's Magazine*; but his first detached publication was a work entitled, *Poems on Divine Subjects*, original, and translated from the Latin of M. Hierom. Vida. With large Annotations. Lond., 1732, 8vo. He was afterwards the author and editor of many learned works; and had at one time a newspaper controversy with the methodists, in which he was frequently known to display great quickness. He lived at Turnham Green, and was on terms of the greatest intimacy with Hogarth. He died, much lamented, February 19, 1784, and was buried eight days afterwards, at Chiswick. In the epistles of Seneca, one of Dr. Morell's posthumous works, there are many not unagreeable specimens of the garrulity of age. "Old as I am," says the translator, "I never knew an injury which was not easily forgiven, nor a distress but what was tolerable, and, as the world goes, rather required a contemptuous smile than a tear." This was at the close of life; and there are few but would be pleased to hear an old man make such a declaration. He imitated the peculiar manner of Seneca with considerable spirit, and at the same time gave a correct and faithful translation. He devoted a long life to classical learning; and though his attainments or his keenness were not equal to those of a Porson, he rendered many services to classical readers. Nor should it be forgotten that the calls of literature never rendered him neglectful of his duty as a clergyman.

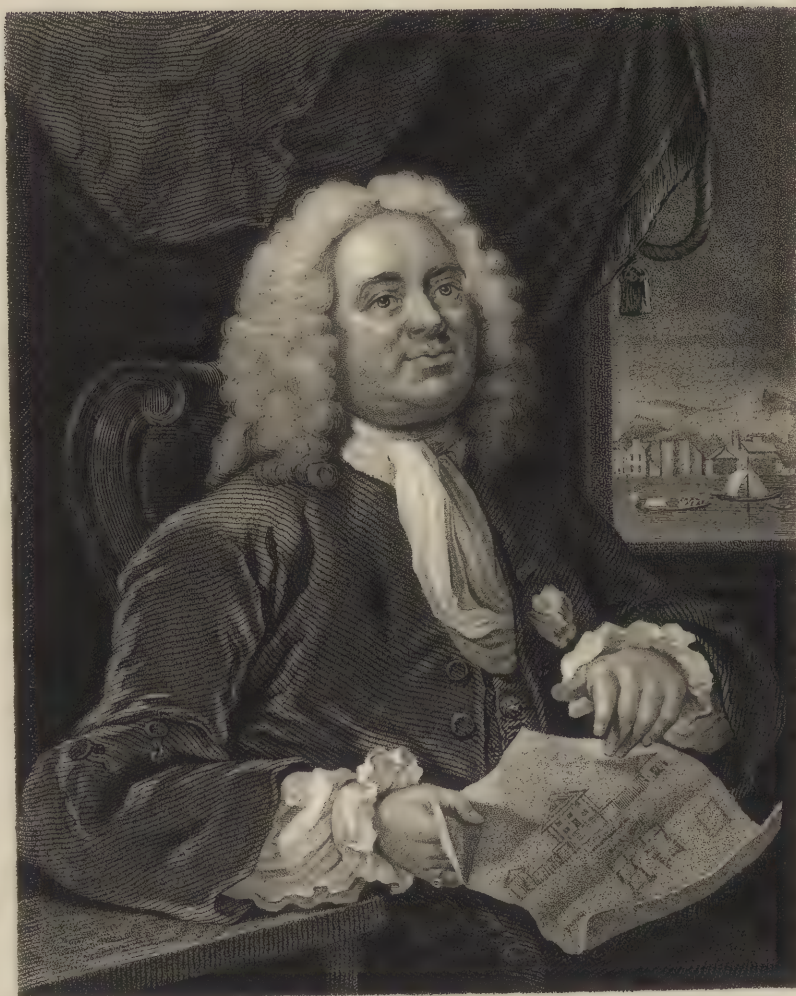




THE
LONDON
MAGAZINE
AND
LITERARY REGISTER
FOR THE YEAR 1790

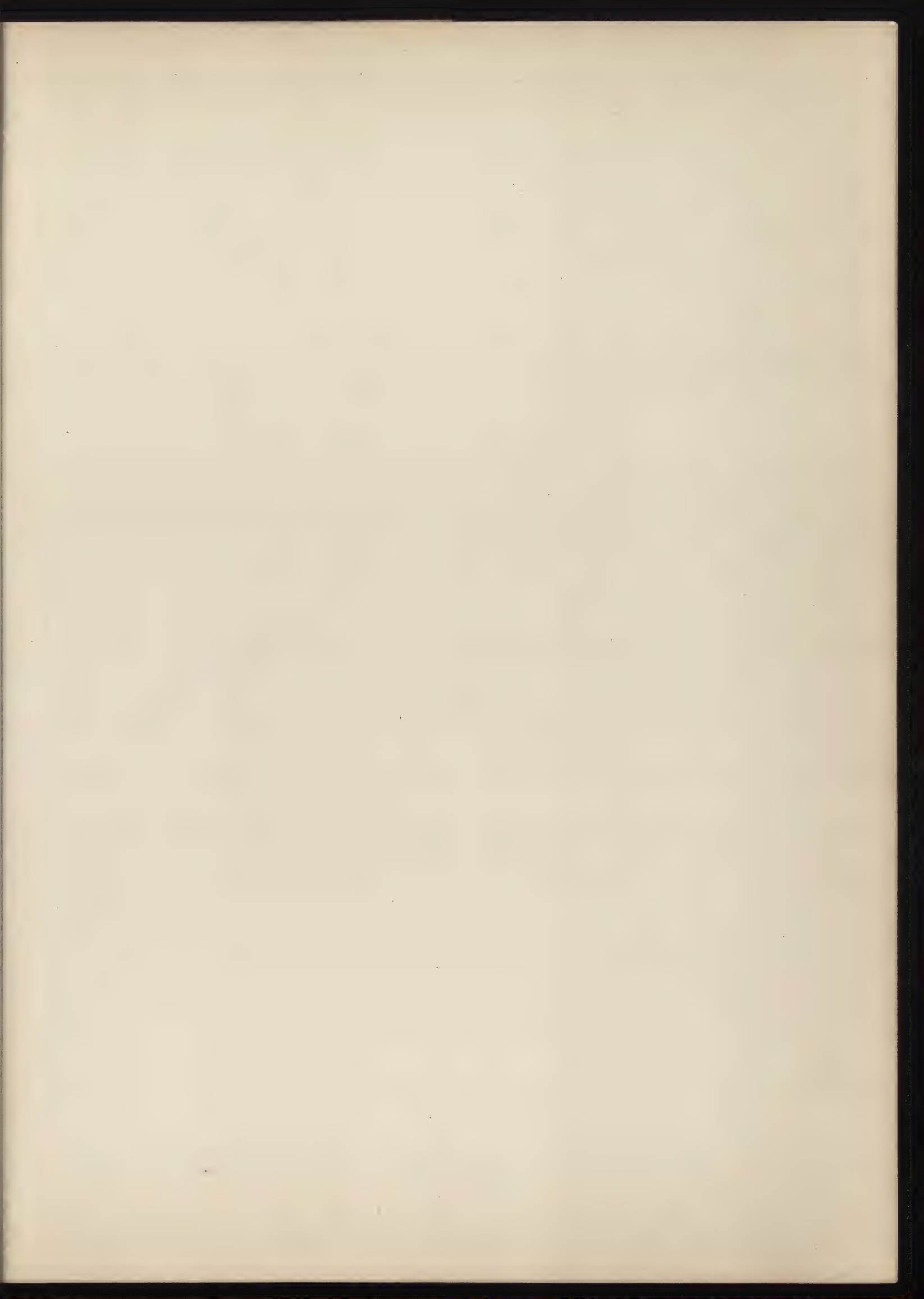






DANIEL LOCK, ESQ.

Engraving by J. Smith from the Picture by Hogarth





MARTIN FOLKES ESQ

Portrait by Sir Godfrey Kneller, 1685







THE FUMIGATOR

A. Two Smith of the Original Copy as per the Design by Hogarth.

DANIEL LOCK, ESQ., F.A.S.

DANIEL LOCK was an architect of some eminence. He retired from business with an ample fortune; lived in Surrey Street, and was buried in the chapel of Trinity College, Cambridge. This portrait was originally engraved by J. M'Ardell, from a painting by Hogarth, and is classed among the productions of our artist that are of uncertain date.

MARTIN FOLKES, ESQ.

MARTIN FOLKES was a mathematician and antiquary of much celebrity in the philosophical annals of this country. He was, at the early age of twenty-four, admitted a member of the Royal Society, where he was greatly distinguished. Two years afterwards he was chosen one of the council, and was named by Sir Isaac Newton himself as vice-president: he was afterwards elected president, and held this high office till a short time before his death, having resigned it on account of ill-health. In the *Philosophical Transactions* are numerous memoirs of this learned man: his knowledge in coins, ancient and modern, was very extensive; and the last work he produced was concerning the English Silver Coin from the Conquest to his own time. He was president of the Society of Antiquaries at the time of his death, which happened on the 28th of June, 1754, at the age of sixty-four. A few days before his death he was struck with a fit of the palsy, and never spoke after this attack.

THE POLITICIAN.

"A politician should (as I have read)
Be furnish'd in the first place with a head."

ONE of our old writers gives it as his opinion, that "there are onlie two subjects which are worthie the studie of a wise man," *i.e.*, religion and politics. For the first, it does not come under inquiry in this print; but certain it is, that too sedulously studying the second, has frequently involved its votaries in many most tedious and unprofitable disputes, and been the source of much evil to many well-meaning and honest men. Under this class comes the Quidnunc here pourtrayed; it is said to be intended for a Mr. Tibson, laceman, in the Strand, who paid more attention to the affairs of Europe than to those of his own shop. He is represented in a style somewhat similar to that in which Schalcken painted William III.—holding a candle in his right hand, and eagerly inspecting the *Gazetteer* of the day. Deeply interested in the intelligence it contains, concerning the flames that rage on the continent, he is totally insensible of domestic danger, and regardless of a flame, which, ascending to his hat—

"Threatens destruction to his three-tailed wig."

From the tie-wig, stockings, high-quartered shoes, and sword, I should suppose it was painted about the year 1730, when street robberies were so frequent in the metropolis, that it was customary for men in trade to wear swords, not to preserve their religion and liberty from foreign invasion, but to defend their own pockets from "domestic collectors."

The original sketch Hogarth presented to his friend Forest; it was etched by Sherwin, and published in 1775.

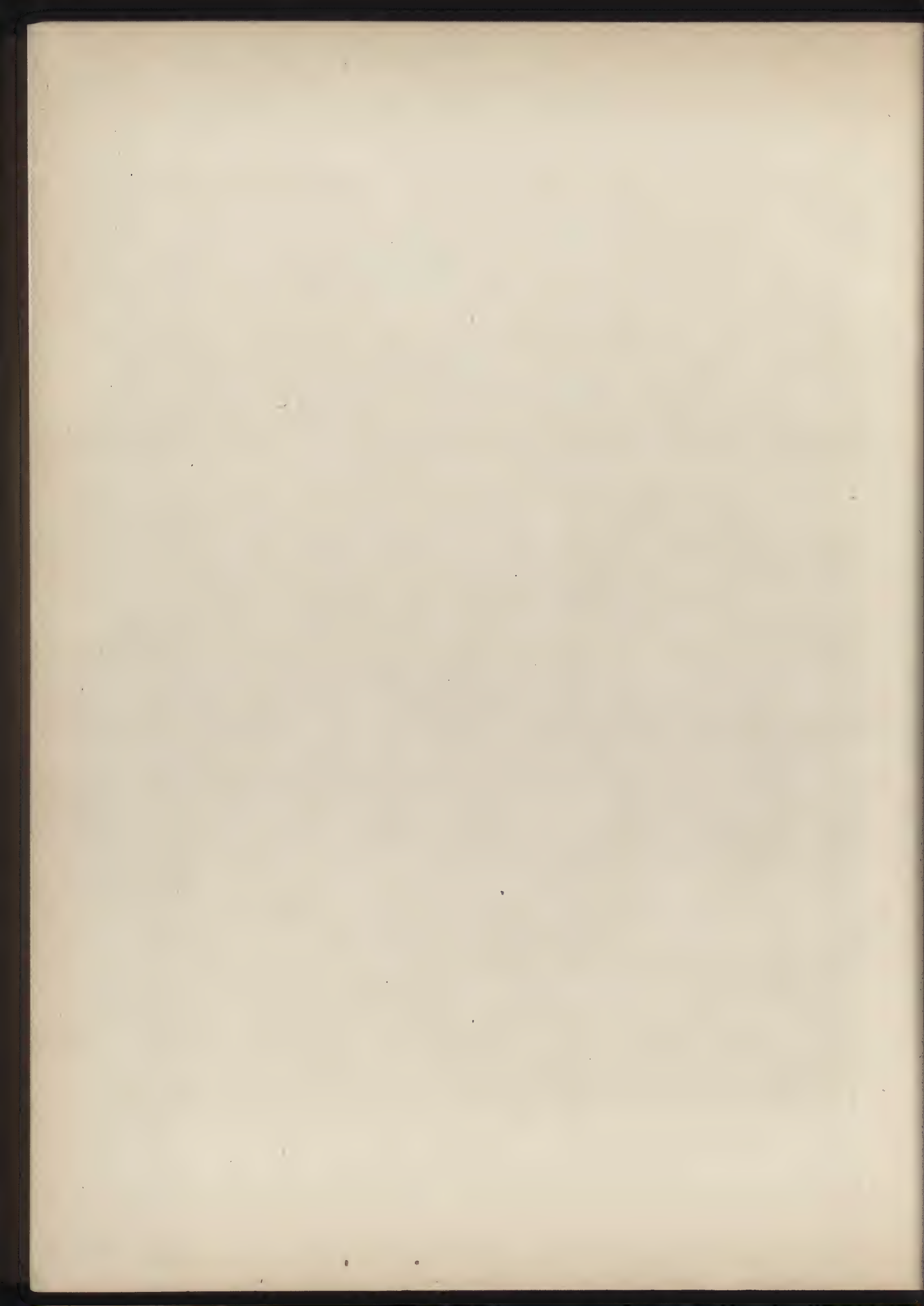
ILLUSTRATIONS TO DON QUIXOTE.

A GENERAL impression (to the best of my reading) goes to say, practically, that the great work of Cervantes is a mere burlesque, a "Hudibrastic" celebration. With all its tangible and palpable absurdities, I insist upon it, that we see in Don Quixote an exaggerated Bayard, *sans peur et sans reproche*. He fears nothing—neither the wind-mills, nor the galley-slaves; all of which he treats with such magnanimous originality. He is pounded, beaten, smashed, and rendered ridiculous; but his sublime idiosyncrasy, his innate noble nature, his undoubted pluck and courage, often convert what might be a burlesque catastrophe, into a sober practical fact. If Cervantes, at the outset, meant to make his hero an illustration of unbridled imagination, he found, most certainly, that he had cast him in so splendid a mould—despite his lank figure and his "lantern jaws"—that he seems to have glided out of his first track, and, perforce, made Don Quixote a pure chivalresque *idiocrat* (I coin a word here), and saved him from utter ridicule, by contrast with the tomfooleries which common sense sometimes enacts, when Guy Fawkes'-day or the Lord-Mayor's show comes round. The Don talks often like a romantic poet dreaming: one moment he is "Amadis de Gaul;" the next, he is full of quiet logic and common sense; and when, discoursing with Signor Vivaldo in the conclusion of the charming episodical story of "Marcella;" he contrasts the utility of knights-errant with the order of the Carthusian monks, he argues very clearly that active resistance, in defence of human rights, is worth all the passive and doleful succumbings in the world. The Don is a gentleman well-born—an *hidalgo*. He speaks the truth. He is not ashamed of his poverty—of his poor armour—of his bony steed—nor of his esquire; more rotund, rubicund, and lover of Egyptian flesh-pots, than any knightly esquire on record. He is a gentleman, slightly cracked; but how many *gentlemen* have we tolerated who have been mad, and very wicked to boot. The Don is gentle to man, woman, and beast; he makes a fool of himself, it is true; but he is so much in honest earnest at it, that we love him for his blundering, admit he is mistaken, and never dream for a moment of calling in the police. I take off my hat to Don Quixote, as to the highest type of a gentleman I know; and in this I don't except the great, the inimitable, the unapproachable Sir Charles Grandison. I swear by Don Quixote.

PLATE I.—MARCELLA VINDICATES HERSELF FROM THE CHARGE OF HAVING CAUSED CHRYSOSTOM'S DEATH.

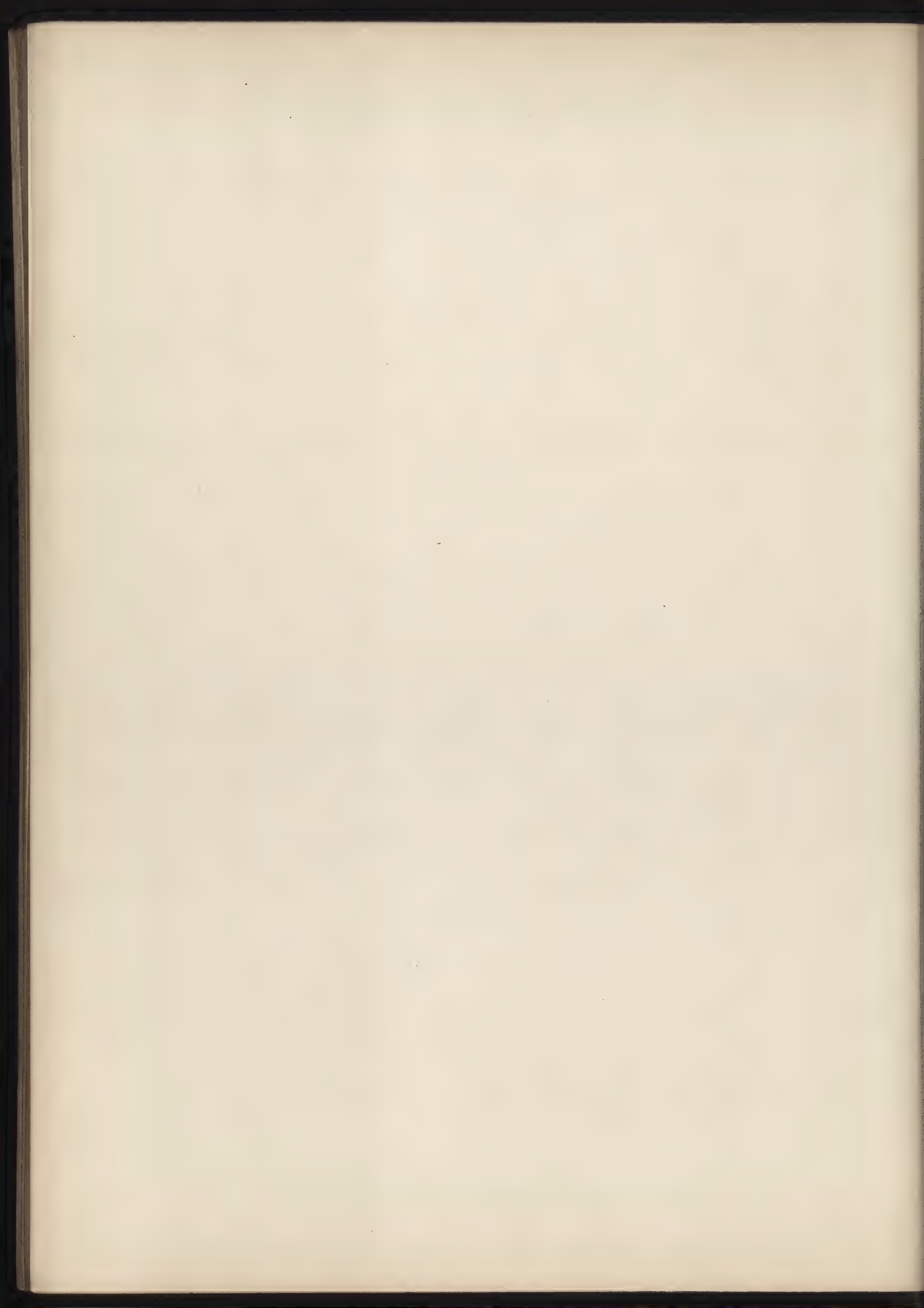
"ON the top of the rock under which they were digging the grave, appeared the shepherdess, Marcella herself—so beautiful, that her beauty even surpassed the fame of it. Those who had never seen her until that time, beheld her in silence and admiration; and those who had been accustomed to the sight of her, were now surprised at her appearance. But as soon as Ambrosio had espied her, he said with indignation:—'Comest thou, O fierce basilisk of these mountains, to see whether the wounds of this wretch, whom thy cruelty hast deprived of life, will bleed afresh at thy appearance? or comest thou to triumph in the cruel exploits of thy inhuman disposition—which from that eminence thou beholdest, as the merciless Nero gazed on the flames of burning Rome? or insolently to trample on this unhappy corse, as did the impious daughter on that of her father Tarquin? Tell us quickly for what thou comest, or what thou wouldst have; for since I know that Chrysostom, while living, never disobeyed







The Funeral of Chrystom and Marcella vindicating herself
Vol. I Book 2nd Chap. 5th
A Fac Simile of Hogarth's own Engraving



thee, I will take care that all those who call themselves his friends shall obey thee, although he is now no more.'

" 'I come not, O Ambrosio, for any of those purposes you have mentioned,' answered Marcella; 'but to vindicate myself, and to declare how unreasonable are those who blame me for their own sufferings, or for the death of Chrysostom; and therefore I entreat you all to hear me with attention; for I need not spend much time, nor use many words to convince persons of sense. Heaven, as you say, made me handsome, and to such a degree, that my beauty impels you involuntarily to love me; and, in return for this passion, you pretend that I am bound to love you. I know, by the understanding which God has given me, that whatever is beautiful is amiable; but I cannot conceive that the object beloved for its beauty is obliged to return love for love. Besides, it may happen that the lover is a deformed and ugly person; and being on that account an object of disgust, it would seem inconsistent to say because I love you for your beauty, you must love me although I am ugly. But, supposing beauty to be equal, it does not follow that inclinations should be mutual: for all beauty does not inspire love. Some please the sight, without captivating the affections. If all beauties were to enamour and captivate, the hearts of mankind would be in a continual state of perplexity and confusion, without knowing where to fix: for beautiful objects being infinite, the sentiments they inspire must also be infinite. And I have heard say true love cannot be divided, and must be voluntary and unconstrained. If so, why would you have me yield my heart by compulsion, urged only because you say you love me? For pray tell me, if heaven, instead of giving me beauty, had made me unsightly, would it have been just in me to have complained that you did not love me? Besides, you must consider that the beauty I possess is not my own choice; but, such as it is, heaven bestowed it freely, unsolicited by me; and, as the viper does not deserve blame for her sting, though she kills with it, because it is given her by nature, as little do I deserve reprehension for being handsome; for beauty, in a modest woman, is like fire, or a sharp sword at a distance: neither doth the one burn, nor the other wound, those that come not too near them. Honour and virtue are ornaments of the soul; without which, the body, though it be really beautiful, ought not to be thought so. Now, if modesty be one of the virtues which most adorns and beautifies both body and mind, why should she who is loved for being beautiful, part with it to gratify the desires of him who, merely for his own pleasure, endeavours to destroy it? I was born free; and that I might live free, I chose the solitude of these fields. The trees on these mountains are my companions; the clear waters of the brooks are my mirrors: to the trees and the waters I devote my meditations and my beauty. I am fire at a distance, and a sword afar off. Those whom my person has enamoured, my words have undeceived; and, if love be nourished by hopes, as I gave none to Chrysostom, nor gratified those of any one else, surely it may be said that his own obstinacy, rather than my cruelty, destroyed him. If it be objected to me that his intentions were honourable, and that therefore I ought to have complied with them, I answer that when, in this very place where his grave is now digging, he made known to me his favourable sentiments, I told him that it was my resolution to live in perpetual solitude, and that the earth alone should enjoy the fruit of my seclusion, and the spoils of my beauty; and if he, notwithstanding all this frankness, would obstinately persevere against hope, and sail against the wind, is it surprising that he should be overwhelmed in the gulf of his own folly? If I had held him in suspense, I had been false: if I had complied with him, I had acted contrary to my better purposes and resolutions. He persisted, although undeceived; he despaired, without being hated. Consider now, whether it be reasonable to lay the blame of his sufferings upon me. Let him who is deceived, complain; let him to whom faith is broken, despair; let him whom I shall encourage, presume; and let him vaunt whom I shall admit: but let me not be called cruel or murderous by those whom I neither promise, deceive, encourage, nor admit. Heaven has not yet ordained that I should love by destiny; and from loving by choice I desire to be excused. Let every one of those who solicit me, profit by this general declaration; and be it understood henceforward, that, if any one dies for me, he dies not through jealousy or disdain; for she who loves none can make none jealous, and sincerity ought not to pass for disdain. Let him who calls me savage and a basilisk, shun me as a mischievous and evil thing; let him who calls me ungrateful, not serve me; him who thinks me cruel, not follow me: for this savage, this basilisk, this ungrateful, this cruel thing, will never either seek, serve, or follow them. If Chrysostom's impatience and presumptuous passion killed him, why should my modest conduct and reserve be blamed? If I preserve my purity unspotted among these trees, why should he desire me to lose it among men? I possess, as you all know, wealth of my own, and do not covet more. My condition is free, and I am not inclined to subject myself to restraint. I neither love nor hate anybody. I neither deceive this man, nor lay snares for that. I neither cajole one, nor divert myself with another. The modest conversation of the shepherdesses of these villages, and the care of my goats, are my entertainment. My desires are bounded within these mountains; and, if my thoughts extend beyond them, it is to contemplate the beauty of heaven—steps by which the soul ascends to its original abode.' Here she ceased, and, without waiting for a reply, retired into the most inaccessible part of the neighbouring mountain, leaving all who were present equally surprised at her beauty and good sense."

PLATE II.—DON QUIXOTE AT THE INN, AFTER HIS ENCOUNTER WITH
THE YANGUESES.

"LOOKING at Don Quixote laid across the ass, the inn-keeper inquired of Sancho what ailed him? Sancho answered him that it was nothing but a fall from a rock, by which his ribs were somewhat bruised. The inn-keeper had a wife of a disposition uncommon among those of the like occupation; for she was naturally charitable, and felt for the misfortunes of her neighbours: so that she immediately prepared to relieve Don Quixote, and made her daughter, a very comely young maiden, assist in the cure of her guest. There was also a servant in the inn, an Asturian wench, broad-faced, flat-headed, with a little nose, one eye squinting, and the other not much better. It is true, the elegance of her form made amends for other defects. She was not seven hands high; and her shoulders, which burdened her a little too much, made her look down to the ground more than she would willingly have done. This agreeable lass now assisted the damsel to prepare for Don Quixote a very sorry bed in a garret, which gave evident tokens of having formerly served many years as a hay-loft. In this room lodged also a carrier, whose bed was at a little distance from that of our knight; and though it was composed of pannels, and other trappings of his mules, it had much the advantage over that of Don Quixote, which consisted of four not very smooth boards, upon two unequal tressels, and a mattress no thicker than a quilt, and full of knobs, which from their hardness might have been taken for pebbles, had not the wool appeared through some fractures; with two sheets like the leather of an old target, and a rug, the threads of which you might count if you chose, without losing one of the number.

"In this wretched bed was Don Quixote laid; after which the hostess and her daughter plastered him from head to foot; Maritornes (for so the Asturian wench was called) at the same time holding the light. And, as the hostess was thus employed, perceiving Don Quixote to be mauled in every part, she said that his bruises seemed the effect of hard drubbing, rather than of a fall. 'Not a drubbing,' said Sancho; 'but the knobs and sharp points of the rock, every one of which has left its mark: and, now I think of it,' added he, 'pray contrive to spare a morsel of that tow, as somebody may find it useful—indeed, I suspect that my sides would be glad of a little of it.' 'What, you have had a fall too, have you?' said the hostess. 'No,' replied Sancho, 'not a fall, but a fright, on seeing my master tumble, which so affected my whole body that I feel as if I had received a thousand blows myself.' 'That may very well be,' said the damsel; 'for I have often dreamed that I was falling down from some high tower, and could never come to the ground; and, when I awoke, I have found myself as much bruised and battered as if I had really fallen.' 'But here is the point, mistress,' answered Sancho Panza—'that I, without dreaming at all, and more awake than I am now, find myself with almost as many bruises as my master, 'Don Quixote.' 'What do you say is the name of this gentleman?' quoth the Asturian. 'Don Quixote de la Mancha,' answered Sancho Panza; 'he is a knight-errant, and one of the best and most valiant that has been seen for this long time in the world.' 'What is a knight-errant?' said the wench. 'Are you such a novice as not to know that?' answered Sancho Panza. 'You must know, then, that a knight-errant is a thing that, in two words, is cudgelled and made an emperor; to-day he is the most unfortunate wretch in the world; and to-morrow will have two or three crowns of kingdoms to give to his squire.' 'How comes it then to pass that you, being squire to this worthy gentleman,' said the hostess, 'have not yet, as it seems, got so much as an earldom?' 'It is early day yet,' answered Sancho, 'for it is but a month since we set out in quest of adventures, and hitherto we have met with none that deserve the name. And sometimes we look for one thing, and find another. But the truth is, if my master, Don Quixote, recovers of this wound or fall, and I am not disabled thereby, I would not truck my hopes for the best title in Spain.'

"To all this conversation Don Quixote had listened very attentively; and now, raising himself up in the bed as well as he could, and taking the hand of his hostess, he said to her: 'Believe me, beauteous lady, you may esteem yourself fortunate in having entertained me in this your castle, being such a person that, if I say little of myself, it is because, as the proverb declares, self-praise depreciates: but my squire will inform you who I am. I only say, that I shall retain the service you have done me eternally engraven on my memory, and be grateful to you as long as my life shall endure. And, had it pleased the high heavens that Love had not held me so enthralled and subject to his laws, and to the eyes of that beautiful ingrate whose name I silently pronounce, those of this lovely virgin had become enslavers of my liberty.'

"The hostess, her daughter, and the good Maritornes, stood confounded at this harangue of our knight-errant, which they understood just as much as if he had spoken Greek, although they guessed that it all tended to compliments and offers of service; and, not being accustomed to such kind of language, they gazed at him with surprise, and thought him another sort of man than those now in fashion; and, after thanking him, in their inn-like phrase, for his offers, they left him. The Asturian Maritornes next doctored Sancho, who stood in no less need of plasters than his master."





The Inn keepers Wife & Daughter taking care of the Don after being beaten & bruised.
Vol. I Book 3rd Chap. 2nd
A Fac. Similis of Hogarths own Engraving.





Don Quixote releases the Gallej Slaves.
Vol. I. Book 3rd Chap. 8th
F. To. Amelio & Co. Engraving.

PLATE III.—DON QUIXOTE RELEASING THE GALLEY-SLAVES.

“‘WHAT is the title of your book?’ demanded Don Quixote. ‘*The Life of Gines de Passamonte*,’ replied Gines himself. ‘And is it finished?’ quoth Don Quixote. ‘How can it be finished?’ answered he, ‘since my life is not yet finished? What is written relates everything from my cradle to the moment of being sent this last time to the galleys.’ ‘Then you have been there before?’ said Don Quixote. ‘Four years, the other time,’ replied Gines, ‘to serve God and the king; and I know already the relish of the biscuit and lash: nor does it grieve me much to go to them again, since I shall there have an opportunity of finishing my book; for I have a great many things to say, and in the galleys of Spain there is leisure enough; though I shall not want much for what I have to write, because I have it by heart.’ ‘You seem to be an ingenious fellow,’ said Don Quixote. ‘And an unfortunate one,’ answered Gines: ‘but misfortunes always persecute genius.’ ‘Persecute villany,’ said the commissary. ‘I have already desired you, signor commissary,’ answered Passamonte, ‘to go fair and softly; for your superiors did not give you that staff to misuse us poor wretches here, but to conduct us whither his majesty commands. Now, by the life of——I say no more; but the spots which were contracted in the inn may perhaps one day come out in the bucking; and let every one hold his tongue, live well, and speak better: now let us march on, for we have had enough of this.’

“The commissary lifted up his staff to strike Passamonte, in return for his threats; but Don Quixote interposed, and desired that he would not ill-treat him, since it was but fair that he who had his hands so tied up should have his tongue a little at liberty. Then turning about to the whole string, he said, ‘From all you have told me, dearest brethren! I clearly gather that, although it be only the punishment of your crimes, you do not much relish what you are to suffer, and that you go to it with ill-will, and much against your inclination; and that, probably, the pusillanimity of him who was put to the torture, this man’s want of money, and the other’s want of friends, and, in short, the biassed sentence of the judge, may have been the cause of your not meeting with that justice to which you have a right. Now, this being the case, as I am strongly persuaded it is, my mind prompts and even compels me to manifest in you the purpose for which heaven cast me into the world, and ordained me to profess the order of chivalry, which I do profess, and the vow I thereby made to succour the needy, and those oppressed by the powerful. Conscious, however, that it is the part of prudence not to do by force that which may be done by fair means, I will entreat these gentlemen, your guard and the commissary, that they will be pleased to loose and let you go in peace, since there are people enough to serve the king from better motives; for it seems to me a hard case to make slaves of those whom God and nature made free. Besides, gentlemen guards,’ added Don Quixote, ‘these poor men have committed no offence against you: let every one answer for his sins in the other world: there is a God in heaven who fails not to chastise the wicked, and reward the good; neither doth it become honourable men to be the executioners of others, when they have no interest in the matter. I request this of you in a calm and gentle manner, that I may have cause to thank you for your compliance; but, if you do it not willingly, this lance and this sword, with the vigour of my arm, shall compel you to it.’ ‘This is pleasant fooling,’ answered the commissary. ‘An admirable conceit he has hit upon at last! He would have us let the king’s prisoners go—as if we had authority to set them free, or he to command us to do it! Go on your way, signor, and adjust the basin on your noddle, and do not go feeling about for three legs to a cat.’ ‘You are a cat, and a rat, and a rascal to boot!’ answered Don Quixote: and thereupon, with a word and a blow, he attacked him so suddenly that, before he could stand upon his defence, he threw him to the ground, much wounded with a thrust of the lance; and it happened, luckily for Don Quixote, that this was one of the two who carried firelocks. The rest of the guards were astonished and confounded at the unexpected encounter; but, recovering themselves, those on horseback drew their swords, and those on foot took their javelins, and advanced upon Don Quixote, who waited for them with much calmness; and doubtless it had gone ill with him if the galley-slaves had not seized the opportunity now offered to them of recovering their liberty, by breaking the chains by which they were linked together. The confusion was such, that the guards, now endeavouring to prevent the slaves from getting loose, and now engaging with Don Quixote, did nothing to any purpose. Sancho, for his part, assisted in releasing Gines de Passamonte, who was the first that leaped free and unfettered upon the plain; and, attacking the fallen commissary, he took away his sword and gun, which, by levelling first at one, and then at another, without discharging it, he cleared the field of all the guard, who fled no less from Passamonte’s gun than from the shower of stones which the slaves, now at liberty, poured upon them.”

PLATE IV.—DON QUIXOTE AND THE KNIGHT OF THE ROCK.

"SCARCELY had Don Quixote heard the knight mention a book of chivalry, than he said: 'Had you told me, sir, at the beginning of your history, that the Lady Lucinda was fond of reading books of chivalry, no more would have been necessary to convince me of the sublimity of her understanding; for it could never have been so excellent as you have described it had she wanted a relish for such savoury reading; so that, with respect to me, it is needless to waste more words in displaying her beauty, worth, and understanding, since from only knowing her taste, I pronounce her to be the most beautiful and the most ingenious woman in the world. And I wish, sir, that, together with *Amadis de Gaul*, you had sent her the good *Don Rugel of Greece*; for I know that the Lady Lucinda will be highly delighted with Daraida and Garaya, and the wit of the shepherd Darinel; also with those admirable verses of his *Bucolics*, which he sung and repeated with so much grace, wit, and freedom. But this fault may be amended, and reparation made, as soon as ever you will be pleased, sir, to come with me to our town, where I can furnish you with more than three hundred books that are the delight of my soul, and the entertainment of my life. Yet it now occurs to me I have not one of them left—thanks to the malice of wicked and envious enchanters! Pardon me, sir, for having broken my promise by this interruption; but when I hear of matters appertaining to knights-errant and chivalry, I can as well forbear talking of them as the beams of the sun can cease to give heat, or those of the moon to moisten. Pray, therefore, excuse me, and proceed; for that is of most importance to us at present.'

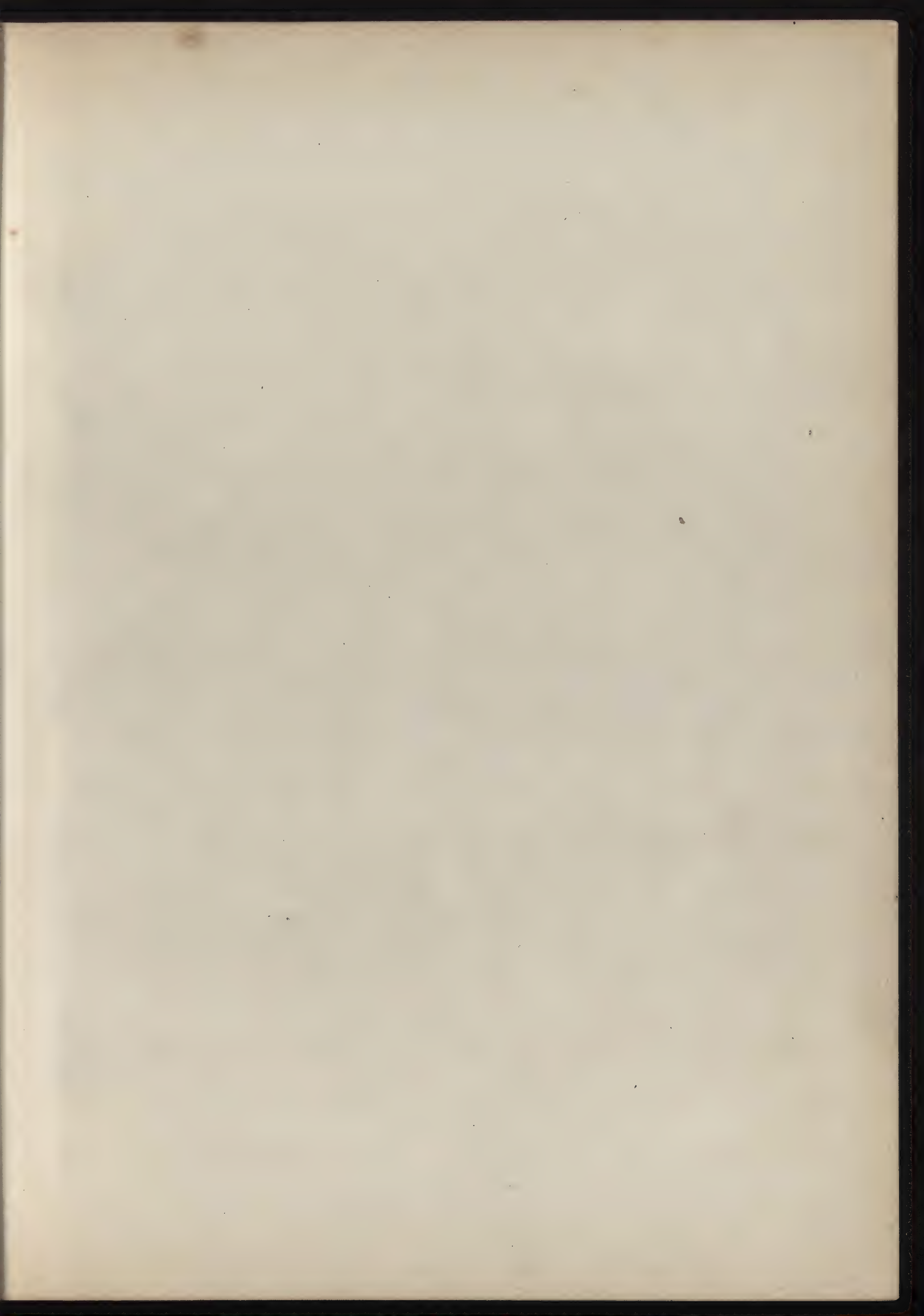
"While Don Quixote was saying all this, Cardenio hung down his head upon his breast, apparently in profound thought; and although Don Quixote twice desired him to continue his story, he neither lifted up his head nor answered a word. But after some time he raised it, and said: 'I cannot get it out of my mind, nor can any one persuade me—indeed he must be a blockhead who understands or believes otherwise—but that Master Elisabat, that wicked rogue, lay with Queen Madasima.' 'It is false, I swear,' answered Don Quixote, in great wrath; 'it is extreme malice, or rather villany, to say so. Queen Madasima was a very noble lady, and it is not to be presumed that so high a princess should associate with a quack; and whoever asserts that she did, lies like a very rascal, and I will make him know it, on foot or on horseback, armed or unarmed, by night or by day, or how he pleases.' Cardenio sat looking at him very attentively; and, the mad fit being now upon him, he was in no condition to prosecute his story; neither would Don Quixote have heard him, so much was he irritated by what he had heard of Madasima; and strange it was to see him take her part with as much earnestness as if she had been his true and natural mistress—such was the effect of those cursed books!

"Cardenio, being now mad, and hearing himself called liar and villain, with other opprobrious names, did not like the jest; and, catching at a stone that lay close by him, he threw it with such violence at Don Quixote's breast, that it threw him on his back. Sancho Panza, seeing his master treated in this manner, attacked the madman with his clenched fist; and the ragged knight received him in such sort, that with one blow he laid him at his feet, and then trampled upon him to his heart's content. The goatherd, who endeavoured to defend him, fared little better; and when the madman had sufficiently vented his fury upon them all, he left them, and quietly retired to his rocky haunts among the mountains. Sancho got up in a rage to find himself so roughly handled, and so undeservedly withal, and was proceeding to take revenge on the goatherd, telling him the fault was his, for not having given them warning that this man was subject to these mad fits; for had they known it they might have been upon their guard. The goatherd answered that he had given them notice of it, and that, if they had not attended to it, the fault was not his. Sancho Panza replied, the goatherd rejoined; and the replies and rejoinders ended in taking each other by the beard, and coming to such blows that, if Don Quixote had not interposed, they would have demolished each other. But Sancho still kept fast hold of the goatherd, and said, 'Let me alone, sir knight of the sorrowful figure; for this fellow being a bumpkin like myself, and not a knight, I may very safely revenge myself by fighting with him hand to hand, like a man of honour.' 'True,' said Don Quixote, 'but I know that he is not to blame for what has happened.' Hereupon they were pacified; and Don Quixote again inquired of the goatherd whether it were possible to find out Cardenio; for he had a vehement desire to learn the end of his story. The goatherd told him, as before, that he did not exactly know his haunts, but that, if he waited some time about that part, he would not fail to meet him, either in or out of his senses."



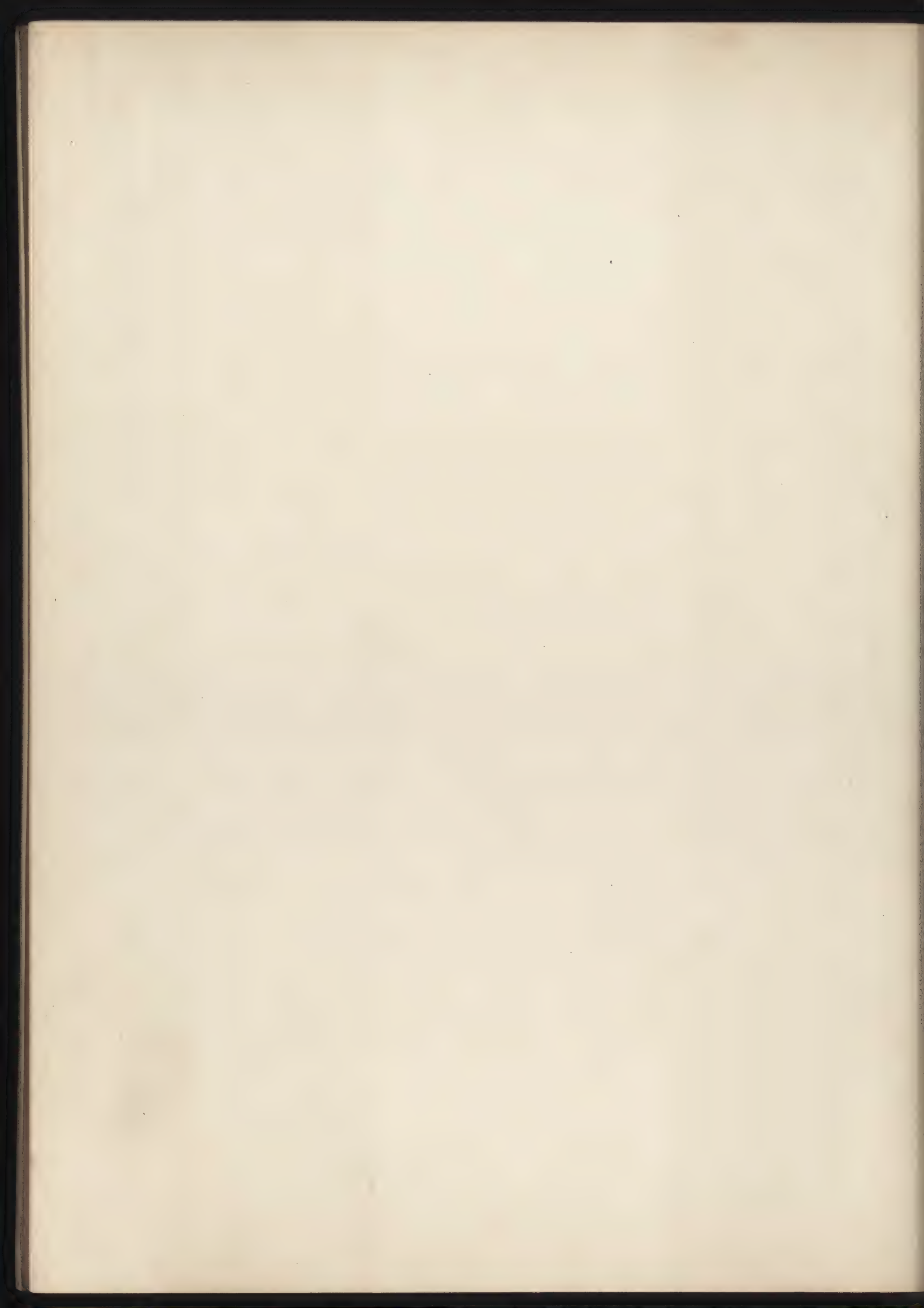


The unfortunate Knight of the Rock meeting Don Quixote!
Book 3rd Chap 9th
A Fac Similie of Hogarth's own Engraving.





Don Quixote seizes the Barber's Basin for Mambrino's Helmet
Book 3rd Chap. 1st
A. Fac. Simile of Hogarth's own Engraving.







The Curate & Barber disguising themselves to convey Don Quixote Home.
Book 3rd Chap. 13
A. The Curate & Barber. A. Hogarth's own Engraving.



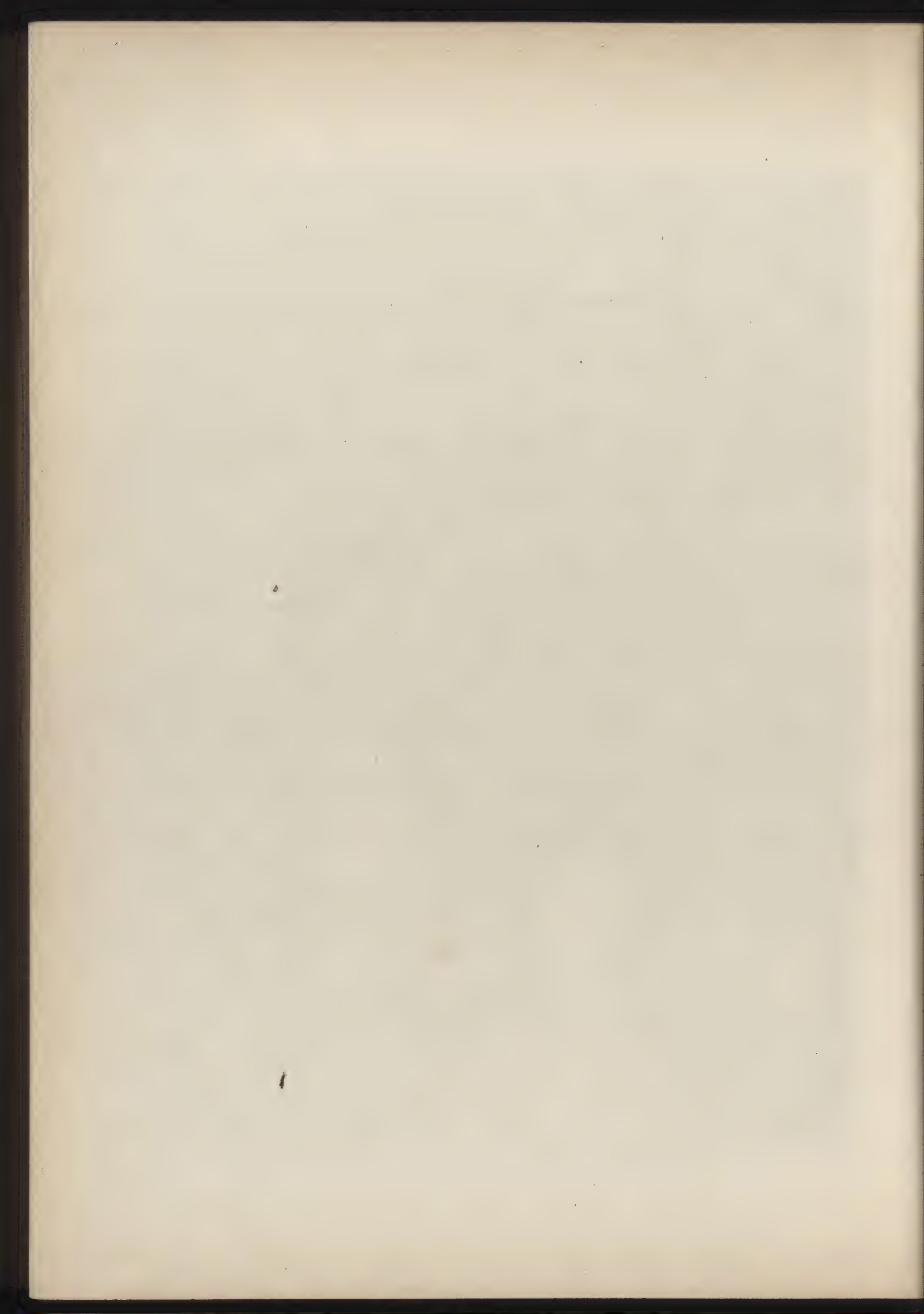


PLATE V.—DON QUIXOTE AND MAMBRINO'S HELMET.

"Now the truth of the matter, concerning the helmet, the steed, and the knight which Don Quixote saw, was this:—There were two villages in that neighbourhood—one of them so small that it had neither shop nor barber, but the other adjoining to it had both; therefore the barber of the larger served also the less, wherein one customer now wanted to be let blood, and another to be shaved; to perform which, the barber was now on his way, carrying with him his brass basin; and it so happened, that while upon the road it began to rain, and, to save his hat, which was a new one, he clapped the basin on his head, which, being lately scoured, was seen glittering at the distance of half a league; and he rode on a grey ass, as Sancho had affirmed. Thus Don Quixote took the barber for a knight, his ass for a dapple-grey steed, and his basin for a golden helmet; for whatever he saw was quickly adapted to his knightly extravagances: and when the poor knight drew near, without staying to reason the case with him, he advanced at Rozinante's best speed, and couched his lance, intending to run him through and through; but, when close upon him, without checking the fury of his career, he cried out, 'Defend thyself, caitiff! or instantly surrender what is justly my due.' The barber, so unexpectedly seeing this phantom advancing upon him, had no other way to avoid the thrust of the lance than to slip down from the ass; and, no sooner had he touched the ground, than leaping up nimbler than a roebuck, he scampered over the plain with such speed that the wind could not overtake him. The basin he left on the ground, with which Don Quixote was satisfied, observing that the pagan had acted discreetly, and in imitation of the beaver, which, when closely pursued by the hunters, tears off with his teeth that which it knows by instinct to be the object of pursuit. He ordered Sancho to take up the helmet; who, holding it in his hand, said, 'Before God, the basin is a special one, and is well worth a piece of eight, if it is worth a farthing.' He then gave it to his master, who immediately placed it upon his head, turning it round in search of the vizor; but not finding it, he said, 'Doubtless the pagan for whom this famous helmet was originally forged must have had a prodigious head—the worst of it is, that one-half is wanting.' When Sancho heard the basin called a helmet, he could not forbear laughing; which, however, he instantly checked, on recollecting his master's late cholera. 'What dost thou laugh at, Sancho?' said Don Quixote. 'I am laughing,' answered he, 'to think what a huge head the pagan had who owned that helmet, which is for all the world just like a barber's basin.' 'Knowest thou, Sancho, what I conceive to be the case? This famous piece, this enchanted helmet, by some strange accident, must have fallen into the possession of one who, ignorant of its true value as a helmet, and seeing it to be of the purest gold, hath inconsiderately melted down the one-half for lucre's sake, and of the other half made this, which, as thou sayest, doth indeed look like a barber's basin: but to me, who know what it really is, its transformation is of no importance, for I will have it so repaired in the first town where there is a smith, that it shall not be surpassed, nor even equalled, by that which the god of smiths himself made and forged for the god of battles. In the meantime I will wear it as I best can, for something is better than nothing; and it will be sufficient to defend me from stones.'"

PLATE VI.—THE CURATE AND THE BARBER DISGUIISING THEMSELVES TO CONVEY DON QUIXOTE HOME.

"The barber liked the priest's contrivance so well, that they immediately began to carry it into execution. They borrowed a petticoat and head-dress from the landlady, leaving in pawn for them a new cassock belonging to the priest; and the barber made himself a huge beard of the tail of a pied ox, in which the innkeeper used to hang his comb. The hostess having asked them for what purpose they wanted those things, the priest gave her a brief account of Don Quixote's insanity, and the necessity of that disguise, to draw him from his present retreat. The host and hostess immediately conjectured that this was the same person who had once been their guest—the maker of the balsam, and the master of the blanketed squire—and they related to the priest what had passed between them, without omitting what Sancho had been so careful to conceal. In the meantime, the landlady equipped the priest to admiration. She put on him a cloth petticoat, laid thick with stripes of black velvet, each the breadth of a span, all pricked and slashed, and a corset of green velvet, bordered with white satin, which, together with the petticoat, must have been made in the days of King Bambo. The priest would not consent to wear a woman's head-dress, but put on a little quilted cap, which he used as a night-cap, and bound one of his garters of black taffeta about his head, and with the other made a kind of veil, which covered his face and beard very comfortably. He then pulled his hat over his face; which was so large that it served him for an umbrella; and wrapping his cloak around him, he got upon his mule sideways like a woman. The barber mounted also, with a beard that reached to his girdle—of a colour between sorrel and white, being, as before said, made of the tail of a pied ox. They took leave of all, not excepting the good Maritornes, who promised, though a sinner, to pray over an entire rosary, that God might give them good success in so arduous and Christian a business as that which they had undertaken."

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

HOGARTH PAINTING THE COMIC MUSE.

IN 1758, Hogarth published a second portrait of himself—a full length—painting the Comic Muse, inscribed, “W. Hogarth, Serjeant Painter to his Majesty; engraved by W. Hogarth.” This being a mistake of the writing-engraver, the painter altered it to “The face engraved by W. Hogarth.” In a third impression, “The face engraved by W. Hogarth” is omitted. In a fourth state, the words, “Serjeant Painter, &c.,” are scratched over with the graver. The present state—“the face retouched.” Comedy also has the face and mask marked with black; and on the pillar is written, “Comedy, 1764.” No other inscription beneath the print than, “W. Hogarth, 1764.”

THE CHORUS.

REHEARSAL OF THE ORATORIO OF “JUDITH.”

“O cara, cara! silence all that train,
Joy to great chaos! let division reign.”

THE oratorio of *Judith*, Mr. Ireland observes, was written by Esquire William Huggins, honoured by the music of William de Fesch, aided by new painted scenery and *magnifique* decoration, and, in the year 1733, brought upon the stage. As de Fesch* was a German and a genius, we may fairly presume it was well set; and there was at that time, as at this, a sort of musical mania, that paid much greater attention to sounds than to sense: notwithstanding all these points in her favour, when the Jewish heroine had made her theatrical *debut*, and so effectually smote Holofernes,

“As to sever
His head from his great trunk for ever and for ever,”

the audience compelled her to make her exit. To set aside this partial and unjust decree, Mr. Huggins appealed to the public, and printed his oratorio. Though it was adorned with a frontispiece designed by Hogarth, and engraved by Vandergucht, the world could not be compelled to read, and the unhappy writer had no other resource than the consolatory reflection that his work was superlatively excellent; but unluckily printed in a tasteless age—a comfortable and solacing self-consciousness, which hath, I verily believe, prevented many a great genius from becoming his own executioner.

To paint a sound is impossible; but as far as art can go towards it, Hogarth has gone in this print. The tenor, treble, and bass of these ear-piercing choristers are so decisively discriminated, that we all but hear them. The principal figure, whose head, hands, and feet are in equal agitation, has very properly tied on his spectacles; it would have been prudent to have tied on his periwig also, for by the energy of his action he has shaken it from his head, and, absorbed in an eager attention to true time, is totally unconscious of his loss.

* He was a respectable performer on the violin, some years chapel-master at Antwerp, and several seasons leader of the band at Marylebone Gardens. He published a collection of musical compositions, to which was annexed a portrait of himself, characterised by three lines of Milton:—

“Thou honour’dst verse, and verse must lend her wing
To honour thee, the priest of Phœbus’ quire,
That tun’st her happiest lines in hymn or song.”

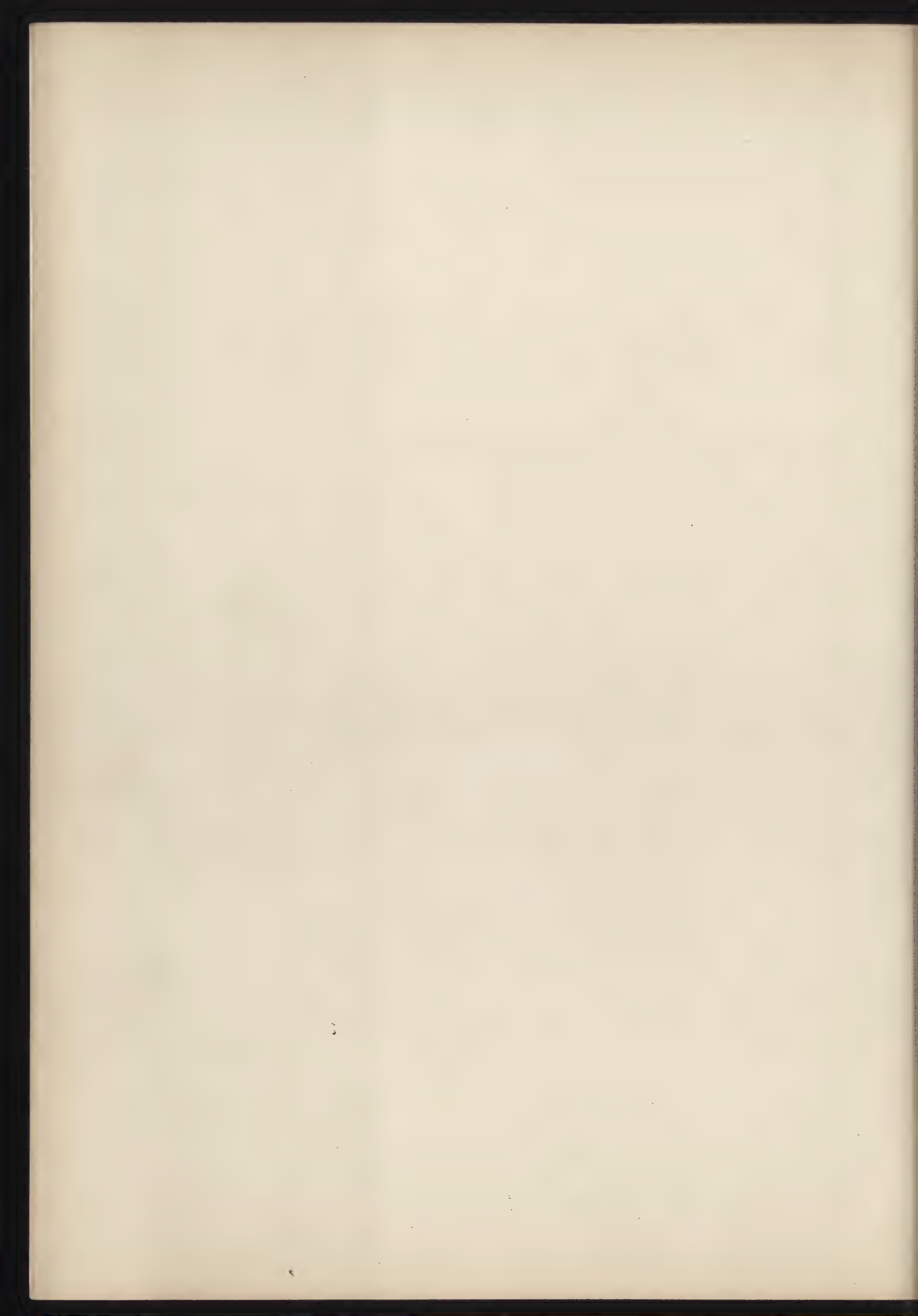
De Fesch died in 1750, aged seventy years, and gives one additional name to a catalogue I have somewhere seen, of very old professors of music; who, saith my author, “generally live unto a greater age than persons in any other way of life, from their souls being so attuned unto harmony, that they enjoy a perpetual peace of mind.” It has been observed, and I believe justly, that thinking is a great enemy to longevity, and that, consequently, they who think least will be likely to live longest. The quantity of thought necessary to make an adept in this divine science, must be determined by those who have studied it.—It would seem by this remark, that Mr. Ireland was not aware, that to acquire proficiency in the divine science to which he so pleasantly alludes, requires great application and study.







W. Hogarth

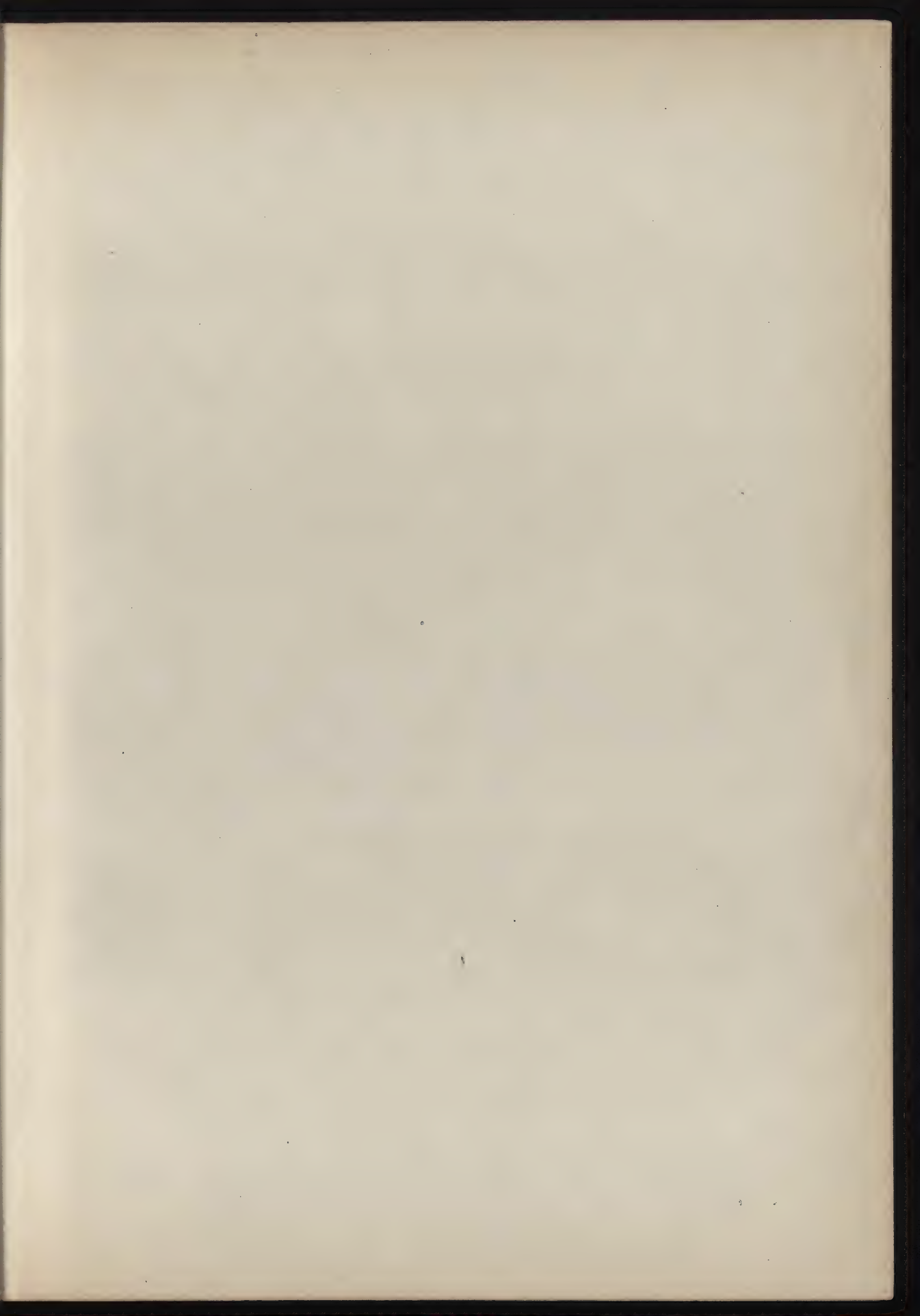


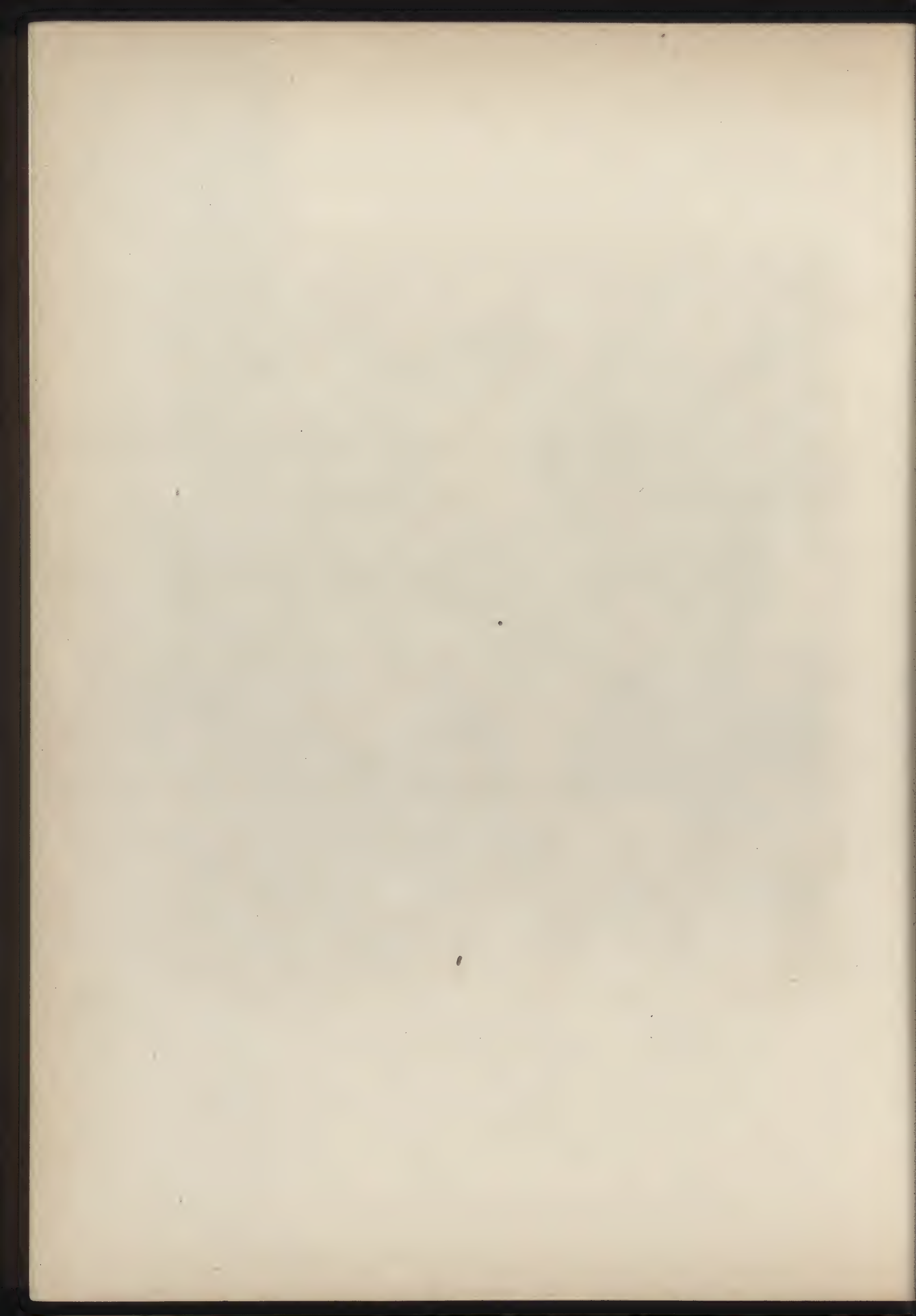




THE CHORUS.

A Fac-simile of Hogarth's own Engraving.

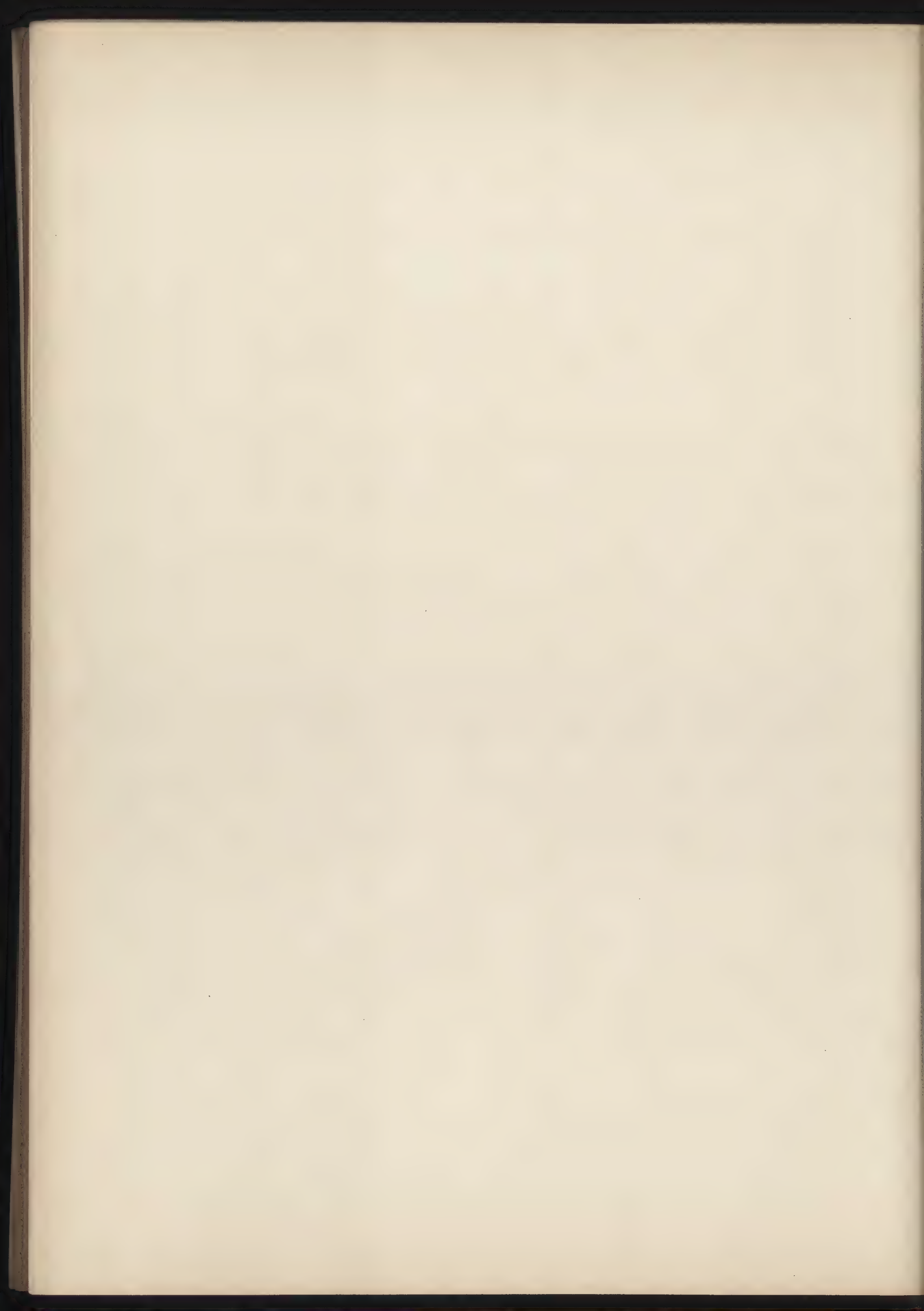






THE LAUGHING AUDIENCE.

A Fac-Simile of Hogarth's own Engraving



A gentleman—pardon me, I meant a singer—in a bag-wig, immediately beneath the uplifted hand of the former figure, I suspect to be of foreign growth. He has the engaging air of an importation from Italy.

The little figure in the sinister corner, is, it seems, intended for a Mr. Tothall, a woollen-draper, who lived in Tavistock Court, and was Hogarth's intimate friend.

The name of the performer on his right hand,

———“ Whose growling bass
Would drown the clarion of the baying ass,”

I cannot learn, nor do I think that this group were meant for particular portraits, but a general representation of the violent distortions into which these crotchet-mongers draw their features on such solemn occasions.

Even the head of the bass-viol has air and character; by the band under the chin, it gives some idea of a professor, or what is, I think, called a Mus. D.

The words now singing, “The world shall bow to the Assyrian throne,” are extracted from Mr. Huggins' oratorio; the etching is in a most masterly style, and was originally given as a subscription ticket to the “Modern Midnight Conversation.”

I have seen a small political print on Sir Robert Walpole's administration, entitled, “Excise, a new Ballad Opera,” of which this was unquestionably the basis. Beneath it is the following learned and poetical motto:—

“*Experto crede Roberto.*”

“Mind how each hireling songster tunes his throat,
And the vile knight beats time to every note;
So Nero sung while Rome was all in flames,
But time shall brand with infamy their names.”

THE LAUGHING AUDIENCE.

“Let him laugh now, who never laugh'd before;
And he who always laugh'd, laugh now the more.”

“FROM the first print that Hogarth engraved, to the last that he published, I do not think,” says Mr. Ireland, “there is one in which character is more displayed than in this very spirited little etching. It is much superior to the more delicate engravings from his designs by other artists, and I prefer it to those that were still higher finished by his own burin.

“The prim coxcomb, with an enormous bag, whose favours, like those of Hercules between Virtue and Vice, are contended for by two rival orange girls, gives an admirable idea of the dress of the day; when, if we may judge from this print, our grave forefathers, defying Nature, and despising convenience, had a much higher rank in the temple of Folly than was then attained by their ladies. It must be acknowledged that, since that period, the softer sex have asserted their natural rights; and, snatching the wreath of fashion from the brow of presuming man, have tortured it into such forms that, were it possible—which *certes* it is not—to disguise a beauteous face!—But to the highest behest of Fashion all must bow.

“Governed by this idol, our beau has a cuff that, for a modern fop, would furnish fronts for a waistcoat, and a family fire-screen might be made of his enormous bag. His bare and shrivelled neck has a close resemblance to that of a half-starved greyhound; and his face, figure, and air, form a fine contrast to the easy and *degagée* assurance of the Grisette whom he addresses.

“The opposite figure, nearly as grotesque, though not quite so formal as its companion, presses its left hand upon its breast, in the style of protestation; and, eagerly contemplating the superabundant charms of a beauty of Rubens' school, presents her with a pinch of comfort. Every muscle, every line of his countenance, is acted upon by affectation and grimace, and his queue bears some resemblance to an ear-trumpet.

“The total inattention of these three polite persons to the business of the stage, which at this moment almost convulses the children of Nature who are seated in the pit, is highly descriptive of that refined apathy which characterises our people of fashion, and raises them above those mean passions that agitate the groundlings.

“One gentleman, indeed, is as affectedly unaffected as a man of the first world. By his saturnine cast of face, and contracted brow, he is evidently a profound critic, and much too wise to laugh. He must indisputably be a very great critic; for, like Voltaire's *Poëccourante*, nothing can please him; and while those around open every avenue of their minds to mirth, and are willing to be delighted, though they do not well know why, he analyses the drama by the laws of Aristotle, and finding those laws are violated, determines that the author ought to be hissed, instead of being applauded. This it is to be so excellent a judge; this it is which gives a critic that

exalted gratification which can never be attained by the illiterate—the supreme power of pointing out faults, where others discern nothing but beauties; and preserving a rigid inflexibility of muscle, while the sides of the vulgar herd are shaking with laughter. These merry mortals, thinking with Plato that it is no proof of a good stomach to nauseate every aliment presented to them, do not inquire too nicely into causes, but, giving full scope to their risibility, display a set of features more highly ludicrous than I ever saw in any other print. It is to be regretted that the artist has not given us some clue by which we might have known what was the play which so much delighted his audience: I should conjecture that it was either one of Shakespeare's comedies, or a modern tragedy. Sentimental comedy was not the fashion of that day.

"The three sedate musicians in the orchestra, totally engrossed by minims and crotchets, are an admirable contrast to the company in the pit.

THE BENCH.

CHARACTER, CARICATURA, AND OUTRÉ.

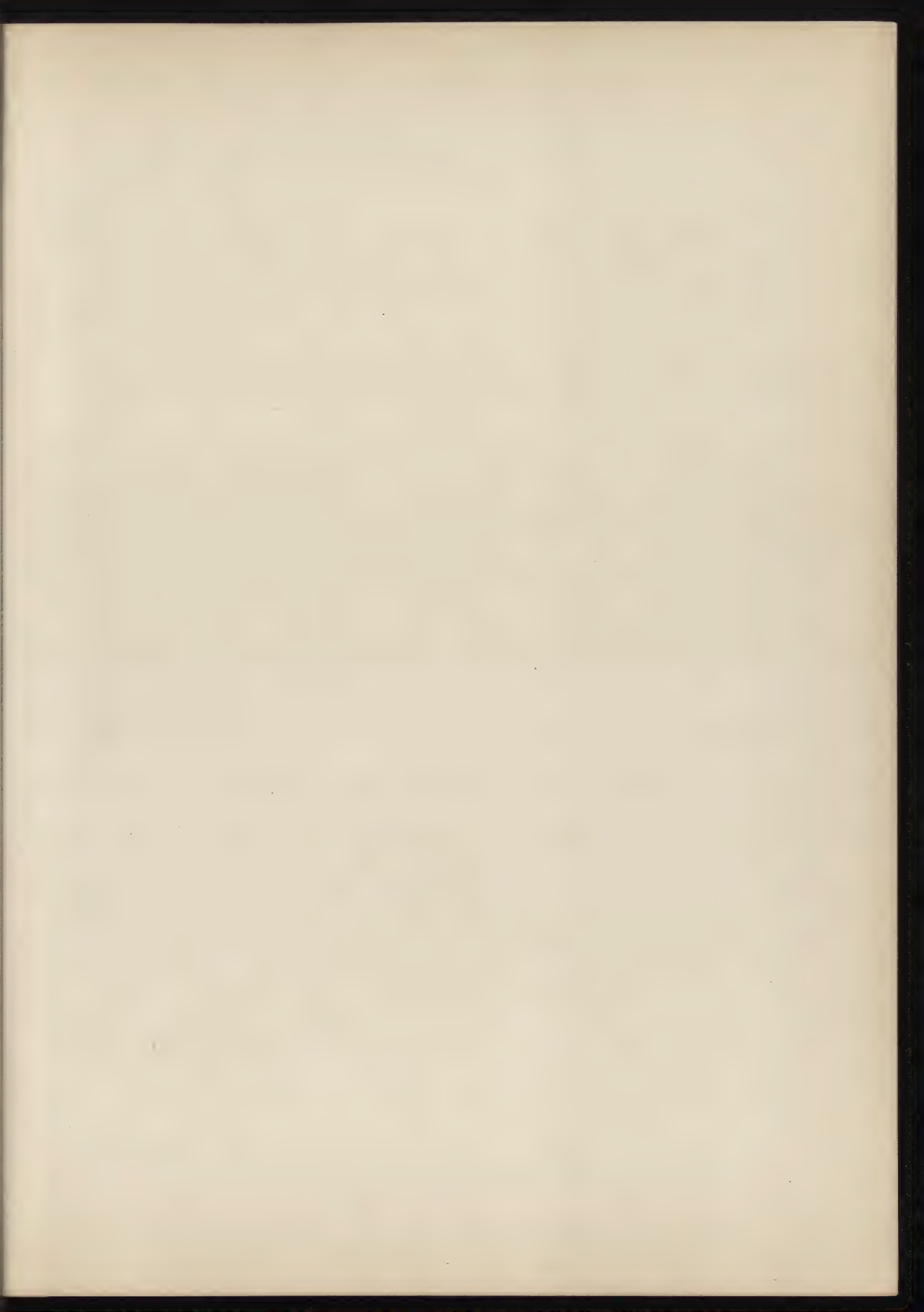
It having been universally acknowledged that Mr. Hogarth was one of the most ingenious painters of his age, and a man possessed of a vast store of humour, which he has sufficiently shown and displayed in his numerous productions; the general approbation his works receive, is not to be wondered at. But, as owing to the false notions of the public, not thoroughly acquainted with the true art of painting, he has been often called a *caricaturer*—when, in reality, *caricatura* was no part of his profession, he being a true copier of Nature—to set this matter right, and give the world a just definition of the words, *character*, *caricatura*, and *outré*, in which humorous painting principally consists, and to show their difference of meaning, he, in the year 1758, published this print; but, as it did not quite answer his purpose, giving an illustration of the word *character* only, he added, in the year 1764, the group of heads above, which he never lived to finish, though he worked upon it the day before his death. The lines between inverted commas are our author's own words, and are engraved at the bottom of the plate.

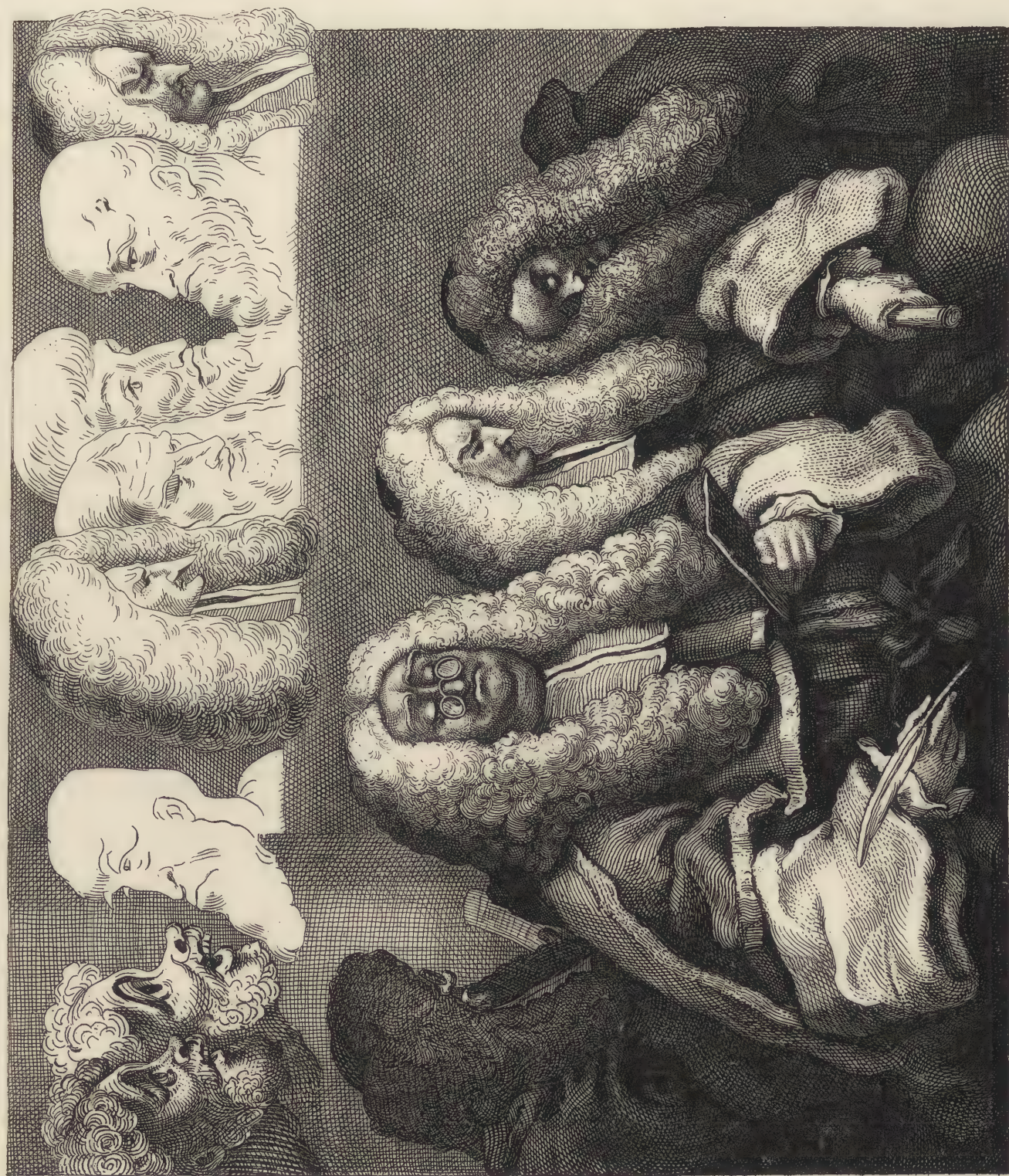
"There are hardly any two things more essentially different than *character* and *caricatura*; nevertheless, they are usually confounded, and mistaken for each other; on which account this explanation is attempted.

"It has ever been allowed, that when a *character* is strongly marked in the living face, it may be considered as an index of the mind; to express which, with any degree of justness, in painting, requires the utmost efforts of a great master. Now that which has of late years got the name of *caricatura*, is, or ought to be, totally divested of every stroke that hath a tendency to good drawing; it may be said to be a species of lines that are produced rather by the hand of chance than of skill; for the early scrawlings of a child, which do but barely hint the idea of a human face, will always be found to be like some person or other, and will often form such a comical resemblance, as, in all probability, the most eminent *caricaturers* of these times will not be able to equal with design; because their ideas of objects are so much more perfect than children's, that they will, unavoidably, introduce some kind of drawing; for all the humorous effects of the fashionable manner of *caricaturing*, chiefly depend on the surprise we are under at finding ourselves caught with any sort of similitude in objects absolutely remote in their kind. Let it be observed, the more remote in their nature, the greater is the excellence of these pieces. As a proof of this, I remember a famous *caricatura* of a certain Italian singer, that struck at first sight, which consisted only of a straight perpendicular stroke, with a dot over. As to the French word *outré*, it is different from the rest, and signifies nothing more than the exaggerated outlines of a figure, all the parts of which may be, in other respects, a perfect and true picture of nature. A giant or a dwarf may be called a common man, *outré*. So any part, as a nose or a leg, made bigger or less than it ought to be, is that part, *outré*; which is all that is to be understood by this word, injudiciously used to the prejudice of *character*."—*Analysis of Beauty*, chap. vi.

To prevent these distinctions being looked upon as dry and unentertaining, our author has, in this group of faces, ridiculed the want of capacity among some of our judges, or dispensers of the law, whose shallow discernment, natural disposition, or wilful inattention, is here perfectly described in their faces. One is amusing himself, in the course of the trial, with other business; another, in all the pride of self-importance, is examining a former deposition, wholly inattentive to that before him; the next is busied in thoughts quite foreign to the subject; and the senses of the last are locked fast in sleep.

The four sages on the Bench, are intended for Lord Chief Justice Sir John Willes, the principal figure; on his right hand, Sir Edward Clive; and on his left, Mr. Justice Bathurst, and the Hon. William Noel.





H. H. 1741

A Fine Sample of Hogarth's own Engraving, intended to show the difference between the original and the copy.







Engraved by W. B. Dewar

CONSULTATION OF PHYSICIANS

De Tunc Tunc ipe Hypocritarum Ingenium.

CONSULTATION OF PHYSICIANS—THE UNDERTAKERS' ARMS.

THIS plate is designed, with much humour, according to the rules of heraldry, and is called "The Undertakers' Arms," to show us the connexion between death and the quack doctor; as are also those cross-bones on the outside of the escutcheon. When an undertaker is in want of business, he cannot better apply than to some of those gentlemen of the faculty, who are, for the most part, so charitably disposed, as to supply the necessities of these sable death-hunters, and keep them from starving in a healthy time. By the tenor of this piece, Mr. Hogarth would intimate the general ignorance of such of the medical tribe, and teach us that they possess little more knowledge than their voluminous wigs and golden-headed canes. They are represented in deep consultation upon the contents of an urinal. Our artist's own illustration of this coat of arms, as he calls it, is as follows:—"The company of undertakers beareth, sable, an urinal, proper between twelve quack heads of the second, and twelve cane heads, or, consultant. On a chief, *Nebula*, ermine, one complete doctor, issuant, checkie, sustaining in his right hand a baton of the second. On the dexter and sinister sides, two demi-doctors, issuant of the second, and two cane heads, issuant of the third; the first having one eye, couchant, towards the dexter side of the escutcheon; the second faced, per pale, proper, and gules guardant. With this motto, *Et plurima mortis imago*. The general image of death."

It has been said of the ancients, that they began by attempting to make physic a science, and failed: of the moderns, that they began by attempting to make it a trade, and succeeded. This company are moderns to a man, and, if we may judge of their capacities by their countenances, are, indeed, a most sapient society. Their practice is very extensive, and they go about, taking guineas—

"Far as the weekly bills can reach around,
From Kent Street end, to fam'd St. Giles's pound."

Many of them are unquestionably portraits; but as these grave and sage descendants of Galen are long since gone to that place where they before sent their patients, we are unable to ascertain any of them, except the three who are, for distinction, placed in the chief, or most honourable part of the escutcheon. Those who, from their exalted situation, we may naturally conclude the most distinguished and sagacious leeches of their day, have marks too obtrusive to be mistaken. He towards the dexter side of the escutcheon is determined, by an eye in the head of his cane, to be the all-accomplished Chevalier Taylor, in whose marvellous and surprising history, written by his own hand, and published in 1761, is recorded such events, relative to himself and others, as have excited more astonishment than that incomparable romance, *Don Belianis of Greece*, the *Arabian Nights*, or Sir John Mandeville's *Travels*.

The centre figure, arrayed in a harlequin jacket, with a bone, or what the painter denominates a baton, in the right hand, is generally considered as designed for Mrs. Mapp, a masculine woman, daughter to one Wallin, a bone-setter, at Hindon, in Wiltshire. This female Thalestris, incompatible as it may seem with her sex, adopted her father's profession; travelled about the country, calling herself Crazy Sally; and, like another Hercules, did wonders by strength of arm.

On the sinister side is Dr. Ward, generally called Spot Ward, from his left cheek being marked with a claret colour. This gentleman was of a respectable family, and, though not highly educated, had talents very superior to either of his coadjutors.

For the chief, this must suffice: as for the twelve quack heads, and twelve cane heads, or, consultant, united with the cross-bones at the corners, they have a most-mortuary appearance, and do indeed convey a general image of death.

In the time of Lucian, a philosopher was distinguished by three things—his avarice, his impudence, and his beard. In the time of Hogarth, medicine was a mystery; and there were three things which distinguished the physician—his gravity, his cane-head, and his periwig. With these leading requisites, this venerable party are most amply gifted. To specify every character is not necessary; but the upper figure on the dexter side, with a wig like a weeping willow, should not be overlooked. His lemon-like aspect must curdle the blood of all his patients. In the countenances of his brethren there is no want of acids; but, however sour, each individual was in his day—

"A doctor of renown,
To none but such as rust in health unknown;
And, save or slay, this privilege they claim—
Or death, or life, the bright reward's the same."

THE LECTURE.

DATUR VACUUM.

"No wonder that science, and learning profound,
In Oxford and Cambridge so greatly abound,
When so many take thither a little each day,
And we see very few who bring any away."

I WAS once told by a fellow of a college, says Mr. Ireland, that he disliked Hogarth, because he had in this print ridiculed one of the Universities. I endeavoured to defend the artist, by suggesting that this was not intended as a picture of what Oxford is now; but of what it was in days long past: that it was a kind of general satire with which no one should be offended, &c., &c. His reply was too memorable to be forgotten. "Sir, the Theatre, the Bench, the College of Physicians, and the Foot Guards, are fair objects of satire; but those venerable characters who have devoted their whole lives to feeding the lamp of learning with hallowed oil, are too sacred to be the sport of an uneducated painter. Their unremitting industry embraced the whole circle of the sciences, and in their logical disputations they displayed an acuteness that their followers must contemplate with astonishment. The present state of Oxford it is not necessary for me to analyse, as you contend that the satire is not directed against that."

In answer to this observation, which was uttered with becoming gravity, a gentleman present remarked as follows:—"For some of the ancient customs of this seminary of learning I have much respect, but as to their dry treatises on logic, immaterial dissertations on materiality, and abstruse investigations of useless subjects, they are mere literary legerdemain. Their disputations being usually built on an undefinable chimera, are solved by a paradox. Instead of exercising their power of reason, they exert their powers of sophistry, and divide and subdivide every subject with such casuistical minuteness, that those who are not convinced, are almost invariably confounded. This custom, it must be granted, is not quite so prevalent as it once was: a general spirit of reform is rapidly diffusing itself; and though I have heard cold-blooded declaimers assert, that these shades of science have become the retreats of ignorance, and the haunts of dissipation, I consider them as the great schools of urbanity, and favourite seats of the *belles-lettres*. By the *belles-lettres*, I mean history, biography, and poetry; that all these are universally cultivated, I can exemplify by the manner in which a highly accomplished young man, who is considered as a model by his fellow-collegians, divides his hours.

"At breakfast I found him studying the marvellous and eventful history of Baron Munchausen; a work whose periods are equally free from the long-winded obscurity of Tacitus, and the asthmatic terseness of Sallust. While his hair was dressing, he enlarged his imagination and improved his morals by studying Doctor What's-his-name's abridgment of *Chesterfield's Principles of Politeness*. To furnish himself with biographical information, and add to his stock of useful anecdote, he studied the lives of the Highwaymen; in which he found many opportunities of exercising his genius and judgment, in drawing parallels between the virtues and exploits of these modern worthies, and those dignified, and almost deified ancient heroes whose deeds are recorded in Plutarch and Nepos. With poetical studies he is furnished by the English operas, which, added to the prologues, epilogues, and odes of the day, afford him higher entertainment than he could find in Homer or Virgil: he has not stored his memory with many epigrams, but of puns has a plentiful stock, and in *conundra* is a wholesale dealer. At the same college I know a most striking contrast; whose reading"—But, as his opponent would hear no more, my advocate dropped the subject; and I will follow his example.

It seems probable, that when the artist engraved this print, he had only a general reference to an university lecture; the words *datur vacuum* were an after-thought. Some prints are without the inscription, and in some of the early impressions it is written with a pen.

The scene is laid at Oxford, and the person reading, is universally admitted to be a Mr. Fisher, of Jesus College, *registrar* of the university, with whose consent this portrait was taken, and who lived until the 18th of March, 1761. That he should wish to have such a face handed down to posterity, in such company, is rather extraordinary, for all the band, except one man, have been steeped in the stream of stupidity. This gentleman has the profile of penetration; a projecting forehead, a Roman nose, thin lips, and a long, pointed chin. His eye is bent on vacancy: it is evidently directed to the moon-faced idiot that crowns the pyramid, at whose round head, contrasted by a cornered cap, he with difficulty suppresses a laugh. Three fellows on the right hand of this fat, contented, "first-born transmitter of a foolish face," have most degraded characters, and are much fitter for the stable than the college. If ever they read, it must be in Bracken's *Farriery*, or the *Country Gentleman's Recreation*. Two square-capped students a little beneath the top, one of whom is holding converse with an





THE LECTURE.

A Fac-simile of Hogarth's own Engraving.

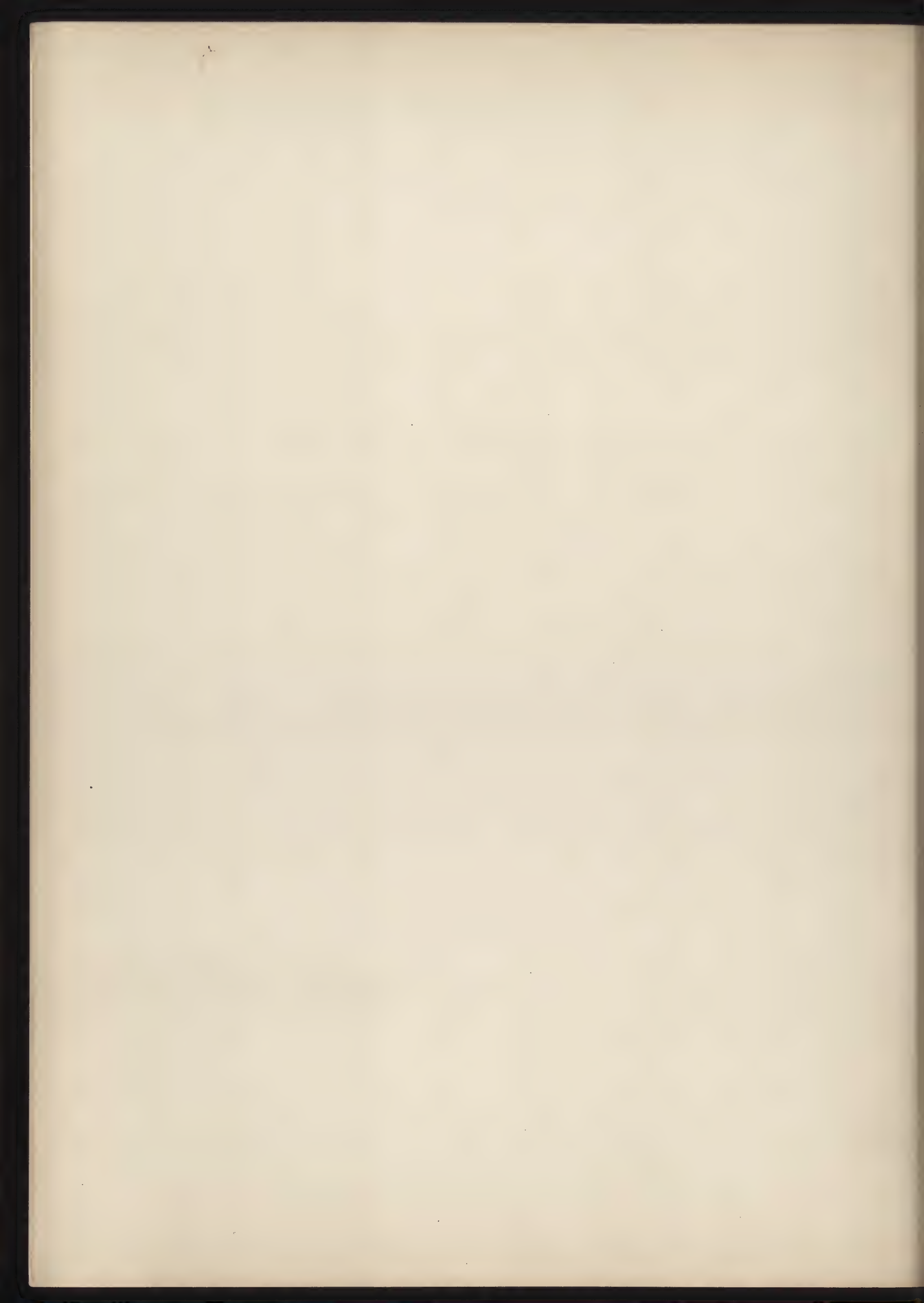


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adjoining profile, and the other lifting up his eyebrows, and staring without sight, have the same misfortune that attended our first James—their tongues are rather too large. A figure in the left-hand corner has shut his eyes to think; and having, in his attempt to separate a syllogism, placed the forefinger of his right hand upon his forehead, has fallen asleep. The professor, a little above the book, endeavours, by a projection of his under lip, to assume importance: such characters are not uncommon; they are more solicitous to look wise than to be so. Of Mr. Fisher it is not necessary to say much: he sat for his portrait, for the express purpose of having it inserted in "The Lecture!"—We want no other testimony of his talents.

THE FIVE ORDERS OF PERIWIGS.

PREVIOUS to this print being published, Mr. Stuart, generally denominated Athenian Stuart, advertised that he intended to publish, by subscription, a book entitled *The Antiquities of Athens*, measured and delineated by himself and Nicholas Revitt, painters and architects. The first volume of this excellent work was published in 1762; it received, and we may add it deserved, approbation from every man who had taste enough to relish those stupendous monuments of ancient art. To leave a trace behind was the object of Stuart's book; but Hogarth had so long accustomed himself to laugh at the grand gusto of the Grecian school, that he at length thought any plan which might damp the public ardour for antiquity would be a correction of national taste. With this view he published the print now under consideration; and if ridicule were a test of truth, it must have effected his purpose. Minute accuracy is the leading feature of Stuart's book;—minute accuracy is the leading point in Hogarth's satire.

The various orders of periwigs were supposed to have been worn at the coronation of George III.

The first he describes is the episcopal or parsonic, alluding to the Tuscan order, as being the most simple and solid, having but few ornaments, and being the most massive. These were such as were worn by the bishops.

The second is the old peerian or aldermanic, corresponding to the Doric, which consists of rather more ornaments than the Tuscan, whose frieze is divided by triglyphs and metopes. These were worn by the Aldermen of the City of London, two of whose little-meaning faces are exhibited to view. That remarkable five-tailed periwig on the right was worn by his lordship the Mayor, two of the tails of which hung down in half-curles before, the other three behind.

The Lexonic is the third, answering to that of the Ionic—a kind of mean proportional between the solid and delicate manner, adorned with volutes or spiral curls. These were such as were chiefly worn by the gentlemen of the law.

The next two, on the right, are of the fourth, called Queerinthian, or *queue-de-rénard* (that is, fox-tail), agreeably to the Corinthian, the richest and most delicate, adorned with fillets, and a number of volutes. These, in front, resemble the ears of the fox, or the wings of a pigeon, and were tied behind with great bunches of riband. They were worn by the major part of the nobility.

The other two are of the fifth and last order, called the Composite, or half-natural, correspondent to the Composite, or Roman, so called, because composed by the people of Rome out of the Corinthian and Ionic orders, as this is out of the Queerinthian and Lexonic, decorated with volutes, &c. This was worn by some of the nobility, as of higher and nobler institution.

The scale by which the measurement is made is of Athenian measure, and proportioned to a block, as we see on the left of this plate. It is thus divided in nodules, nasos, and minutes; every nodule being three nasos, each naso three minutes. As each of the capitals or periwigs are ruled, the curious examiner may easily prove their exactness by the application of a pair of dividers. If it should be asked, why this exactness?—the answer is obvious. As the degree of understanding is thought by some to be proportioned to the size of the wig, too great a niceness could not be observed.

The bottom part of this print represents the head of six ladies, from the lowest to the highest, according to the rank of precedence, the minor walking first; the faces of the whole were extremely well known. They were introduced here to show the various ways of dressing the female head. The Triglyph membretta, or drop-curl, was preserved throughout the whole, as conforming to some established order, the preservation of the uniformity of which partakes of the follies, as well as the dignities, of the nation.

GROUP OF HEADS,

INTENDED TO DISPLAY THE DIFFERENCE BETWIXT CHARACTER AND CARICATURE.

FIELDING, in his preface to *Joseph Andrews*, remarks,—“What caricature is in painting, burlesque is in writing; and in the same manner the comic writer and painter correlate to each other. But here I shall observe, that as in the former the painter seems to have the advantage; so it is in the latter infinitely on the side of the writer; for the monstrous is much easier to paint than describe; and the ridiculous to describe than paint. And though, perhaps, this latter species doth not in either science so strongly affect and agitate the muscles as the other, yet it will be owned, I believe, that a more rational and useful pleasure arises to us from it.

“He who should call the ingenious Hogarth a burlesque painter, would, in my opinion, do him very little honour; for sure it is much easier, much less the subject of admiration, to paint a man with a nose, or any other feature, of a monstrous size, or to expose him in some absurd or monstrous attitude, than to express the affections of men on canvas. It hath been thought a vast commendation of a painter to say, his figures seem to breathe; but surely it is a much greater and nobler applause, that they appear to think.”

This is Fielding's opinion, and the fiat of such a writer ought to have great weight, for his characters, and Hogarth's pictures, are drawn from the same source.

—“In Lairese,” says Lavater, “still more in Poussin, and most of all in Raphael, we find simplicity, greatness of conception, tranquillity, superiority, sublimity the most exalted! Raphael can never be enough studied, although he only exercised his mind on the rarest forms, the grandest traits of countenance.

“In Hogarth, alas! how little of the noble! how little of beauteous expression is to be found in this, [I had almost said, false prophet of beauty: but what an immense treasure of features; of meanness in excess, vulgarity the most disgusting, humour the most irresistible, and vice the most unmanly.”

In this rhapsody there is some truth; but the philosopher of Zurich should have recollected, that Hogarth could not be expected to attain what he never attempted. Sublimity exalted, simplicity angelic, and the ideal grandeur of superior beings, he left to those who delineated subjects which demanded such characters; and contented himself with representing Nature—not as it ought to be, but as he found it. “That he had little reverence for the dreams of those who portrayed imaginary beings,” says Mr. Ireland, “I have had occasion to remark; but that he respected their waking thoughts, is evinced in this print; where the heads of three figures, from Raphael's Cartoons, are introduced under the article “character,” in opposition to the fantastic caricatures of Cavalier Chezze, Annibal Caracci, and Leonardo da Vinci; the last of whom I am very sorry to see so classed; for to his anatomical knowledge the late Dr. Hunter gave the strongest testimony, by declaring his intention to publish a volume illustrated by the designs of this artist, as anatomical studies.

“I have often seen three engravings from the same picture, by an Italian, an English, and a French artist, which, with a tolerable correctness of outline, have, in their general character, a dissimilarity that is astonishing. Each engraver gives his national air. The three heads from Raphael, at the bottom of this print, are etched by Hogarth, and sufficiently marked to determine the master from whence they are copied; but their grandeur, elevation, and simplicity is totally evaporated.

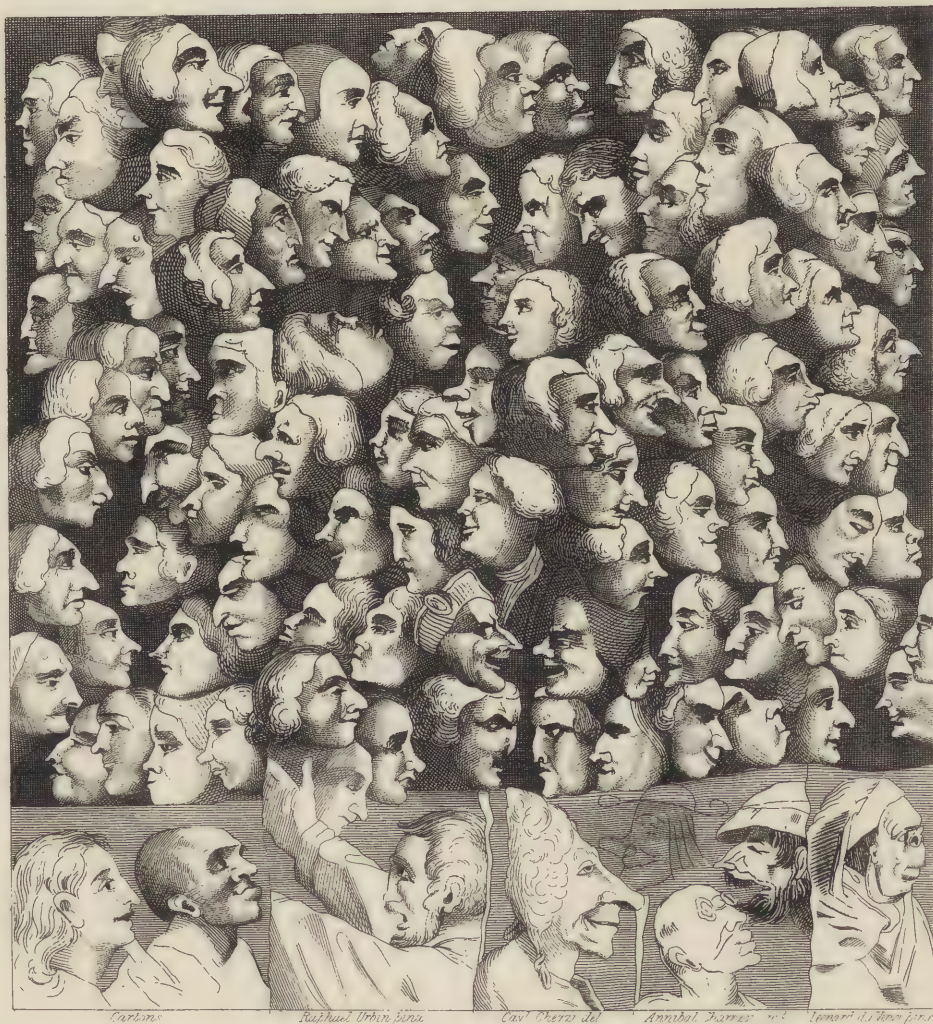
“With angels, apostles, and saints, he was not happy. In the group placed above them he has been more successful. Hogarth was less of a mannerist than almost any other artist; for though there are above a hundred profiles, I discover no copy from another painter—no repetition of his own works; they are all delineated from nature; and the most careless observer must discover many resemblances: to the physiognomist they are an inexhaustible study.”

This print was given as a subscription ticket to the six plates of “Marriage-à-la-Mode.”

ANALYSIS OF BEAUTY.—PLATE I.

OUR artist, in his own portrait, engraved as a frontispiece to his works in 1745, having drawn a serpentine line on a painter's palette, and denominated it *the line of beauty*, found himself frequently involved in disputes, and called upon to explain the qualities of this line; he therefore determined to commence another; and, in 1753, published a treatise, entitled *The Analysis of Beauty*, in order to show that the line of beauty is serpentine; as well as to fix the fluctuating ideas of taste, by establishing a standard of beauty. “In Plate I., fig. 19,” observes Mr. Nichols, “the fat personage, dressed in a Roman habit, and elevated on a pedestal, was designed, as Hogarth himself acknowledged, for a ridicule on Quin in the character of *Coriolanus*. Essex, the dancing-master, is also

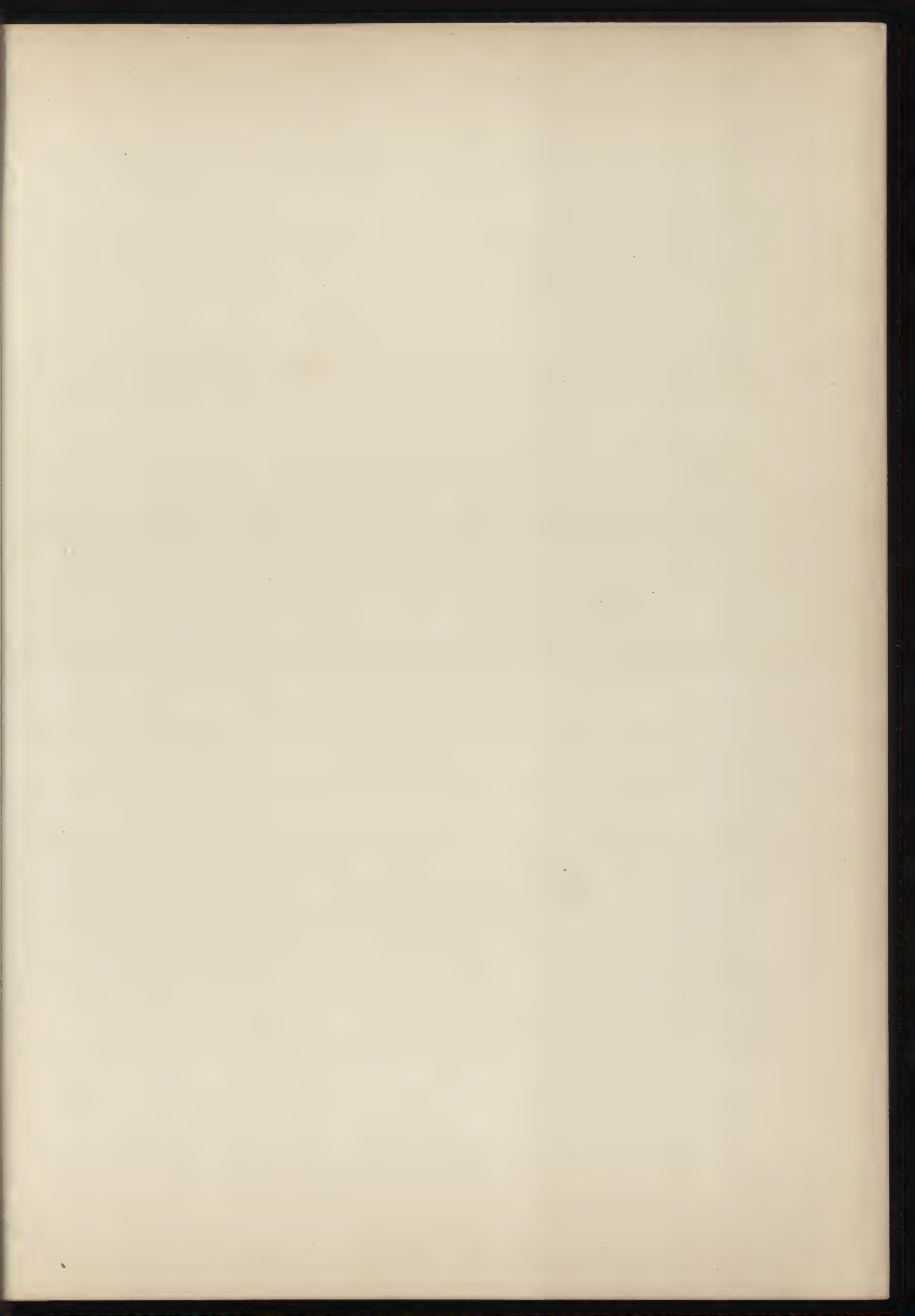




3 CHARACTERS.

4 CARICATURES.

Engraved from the Original of Wm. Hogarth.





ANALYSIS OF BEAUTY.

Engraved from the Original by Miss A. South.





represented in the act of endeavouring to reduce the graceful attitude of Antinous to modern stiffness. Fig. 20 was likewise meant for the celebrated Desnoyer, dancing in a grand ballet."

ANALYSIS OF BEAUTY.—PLATE II.

"Though rosy youth embloom the sprightly fair,
And beauty mould her with a lover's care;
If motion to the form denies a grace,
Vain is the beauty that adorns the face."

THIS design was made about the year 1728, and is said to be a grotesque representation of the Wanstead assembly, and contains portraits of the first Earl Tilney, his countess, &c. In the tall young lady, he has evidently aimed at Milton's description of motion—smooth, sliding without step; but her air is affected. Her noble partner was intended for a portrait of George III., then Prince of Wales. It might be a just representation of the Wanstead belles and beaux; but since that period we have had so many ship-loads of grace imported from the continent, and such numbers of well-educated gentlemen, who have exerted their talent in perfecting the divine art of dancing, that this picture would not do for the present day.

The fatigued figures that labour through the dance, Mr. Hogarth thus explains:—

OF ATTITUDE.

"Such dispositions of the body and limbs as appear most graceful when seen at rest, depend upon gentle winding contrasts, mostly governed by the precise serpentine line, which, in attitudes of authority, are more extended and spreading than ordinary, but reduced somewhat below the medium of grace, in those of negligence and ease; and as much exaggerated in insolent and proud carriage, or distortions of pain, as lessened and contracted into plain and parallel lines, to express meanness, awkwardness, and submission.

"The general idea of an action, as well as of an attitude, may be given with a pencil in very few lines. It is easy to conceive that the attitude of a person upon the cross may be fully signified by the true straight lines of the cross; so the extended manner of St. Andrew's crucifixion is wholly understood by the X-like cross.

"Thus, as two or three lines at first are sufficient to show the intention of an attitude, I will take this opportunity of presenting my reader with the sketch of a country dance, in the manner I began to set out the design. In order to show how few lines are necessary to express the first thoughts, as to different attitudes, see No. 71 (top of the plate), which describes, in some measure, the several figures and actions, mostly of the ridiculous kind, that are represented in the chief part of it.

"The most amiable person may deform his general appearance by throwing his body and limbs into plain lines; but such lines appear in a still more disagreeable light in people of a particular make; I have, therefore, chosen such figures as I thought would agree best with my first score of lines, No. 71.

"The two parts of curves, next to 71, served for the figures of the old woman and her partner, at the farther end of the room. The curve and two straight lines at right angles, gave the hint for the fat man's sprawling posture. I next resolved to keep a figure within the bound of a circle, which produced the upper part of the fat woman between the fat man and the awkward one in the bag-wig, for whom I had made a sort of an X. The prim lady his partner, in the riding habit, by perking back her elbows, as they call it, from the waist upwards, made a tolerable D, with a straight line under it, to signify the scanty stiffness of her petticoat; and the Z stood for the angular position the body makes with the legs and thighs of the affected fellow in the tie-wig; the upper part of his plump partner was confined to an O; and this, changed into a P, served as a hint for the straight lines behind. The uniform diamond of a card was filled up by the flying dress, &c., of the little capering figure in the Spencer wig; whilst a double L marked the parallel position of his poking partner's hands and arms: and, lastly, the two waving lines were drawn for the more genteel turns of the two figures at the hither end."

Such is the author's alphabetical analysis of his serpentine system, which some of our readers may possibly think borders on the visionary: certain it is, that however he may have failed in his two specimens of grace, those of awkwardness are carried as far as they could have been in a Russian dance, when Peter the Great ordained that no lady of any age should presume to get intoxicated before nine o'clock.

TIME SMOKING A PICTURE.

THIS animated print was Hogarth's subscription ticket for "Sigismonda," and is a satire on connoisseurs. It represents Time, seated on a mutilated statue, and smoking a landscape, through which he has driven a scythe to manifest its antiquity, not only by sombre cloudy tints, but also by a decayed canvas. "From a contempt," says Mr. Walpole, "of the ignorant *virtuosi* of the age, and from indignation at the impudent tricks of picture-dealers, whom he saw continually recommending and vending vile copies to bubble collectors, and from never having studied, indeed having seen few good pictures of the great Italian masters, he persuaded himself that the praises bestowed on those glorious works were nothing but the effects of prejudice. He talked this language until he believed it; and, after having asserted as true, that time gives a mellowness to colours, and improves them, he not only denied the proposition, but maintained that pictures only grew black, and worse by age, not distinguishing between the degrees in which the proposition might be true or false." It must, however, be generally admitted that Hogarth has admirably illustrated his own doctrine, and given a greater point to his burlesque, by introducing the fragments of a statue, under which is written —

'As statues moulder into worth.'—P. W.

The large jar, labelled "Varnish," is characteristic.

THE BATTLE OF THE PICTURES.

IN this plate, which was intended as an admission to bid for our artist's works at an auction, is written, "The bearer hereof is entitled (if he thinks proper) to be a bidder for Mr. Hogarth's pictures, which are to be sold on the last day of this month [February, 1744-'5]."

In one corner of this very ludicrous print, Hogarth has represented an auction-room, on the top of which is a weathercock, in allusion, perhaps, to Cock, the auctioneer. Inside of the four initials for north, east, west, and south, we have P, U, F, S, which, with a little allowance for bad spelling, must pass for puffs! At the door stands a porter, who, from the length of his staff, may be the high constable of the old school, and gentleman usher to the modern connoisseurs. As an attractive show-board, we have a highly-finished Flemish head, in one of those ponderous carved and gilt frames, that give the miniatures inserted in them the appearance of a glow-worm in a gravel-pit. A catalogue and a carpet (properly enough called the flags of distress) are now the signs of a sale; but here, at the end of a long pole, we have an unfurled standard, emblazoned with that oracular talisman of an auction-room, the fate-deciding hammer. Beneath is a picture of St. Andrew on the cross, with an immense number of fac-similes, each inscribed "Ditto." Apollo, who is flaying Marsyas, has no mark of a deity, except the rays which beam from his head; he is placed under a projecting branch, and, we may truly say, the tree shadows what it ought to support. The coolness of poor Marsyas is perfectly philosophical; he endures torture with the apathy of a Stoic. The third tier is made up by a herd of Jupiters and Europas, of which interesting subject, as well as the foregoing, there are dittos *ad infinitum*. These invaluable tableaux being unquestionably painted by the great Italian masters, is a proof of their unremitting industry; their labours evade calculation! for had they acquired the polygraphic art of striking off pictures with the facility that printers roll off copper-plates, and each of them attained the age of Methuselah, they could not have painted all that are exhibited under their names. Nothing is therefore left us to suppose, but that many of these undoubted originals were painted by some of their disciples. Such is the collection of fac-similes. The other pictures are drawn up in battle-array: we will begin with that of "St. Francis," the corner of which is, in a most unpropitious way, driven through Hogarth's "Morning." The third painting of the "Harlot's Progress" suffers equal degradation from a weeping "Madonna;" while the splendid saloon of the repentant pair in "Marriage-à-la-Mode" is broken by the "Aldobrandini Marriage." Thus far is rather in favour of the ancients; but the aerial combat has a different termination; for, by theriotous scene in the "Rake's Progress," a hole is made in Titian's "Feast of Olympus;" and a "Bacchanalian," by Rubens, shares the same fate from the "Modern Midnight Conversation." The figures are etched with great spirit, and have strong character. In ridicule of the preference given to old pictures, Hogarth exercised not only his pencil, but his pen.

THE WEIGHING-HOUSE.

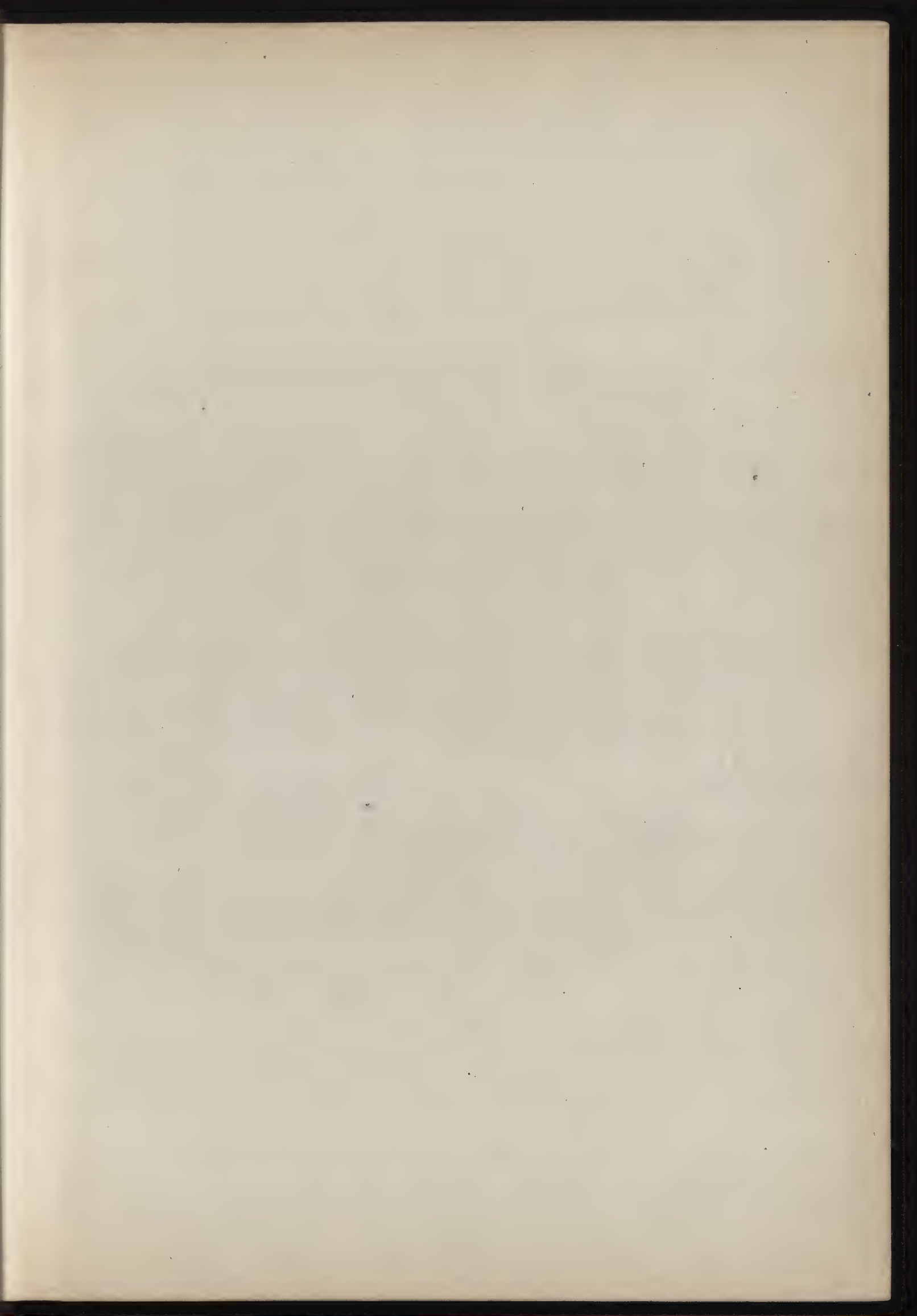
THIS print was designed by Hogarth, and engraved by Sullivan, to illustrate a humorous pamphlet, which was published early in 1763, by the Rev. Mr. Clubbe, Rector of Whatfield, and Vicar of Debenham, under the title





TO NATURE AND YOUR SELF APPEAL.

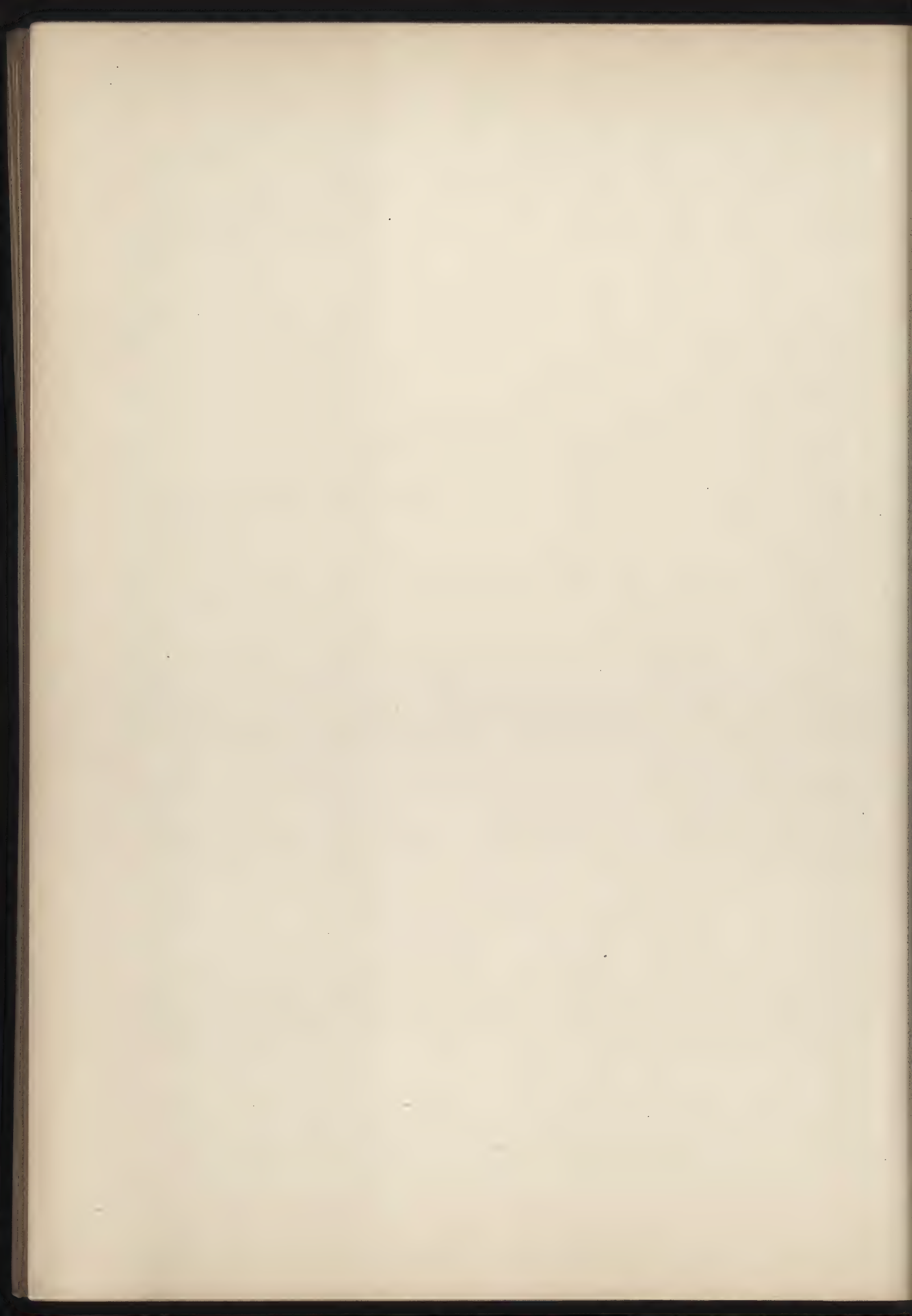
NOR LEARN OF OTHERS WHAT TO FEEL. ANON



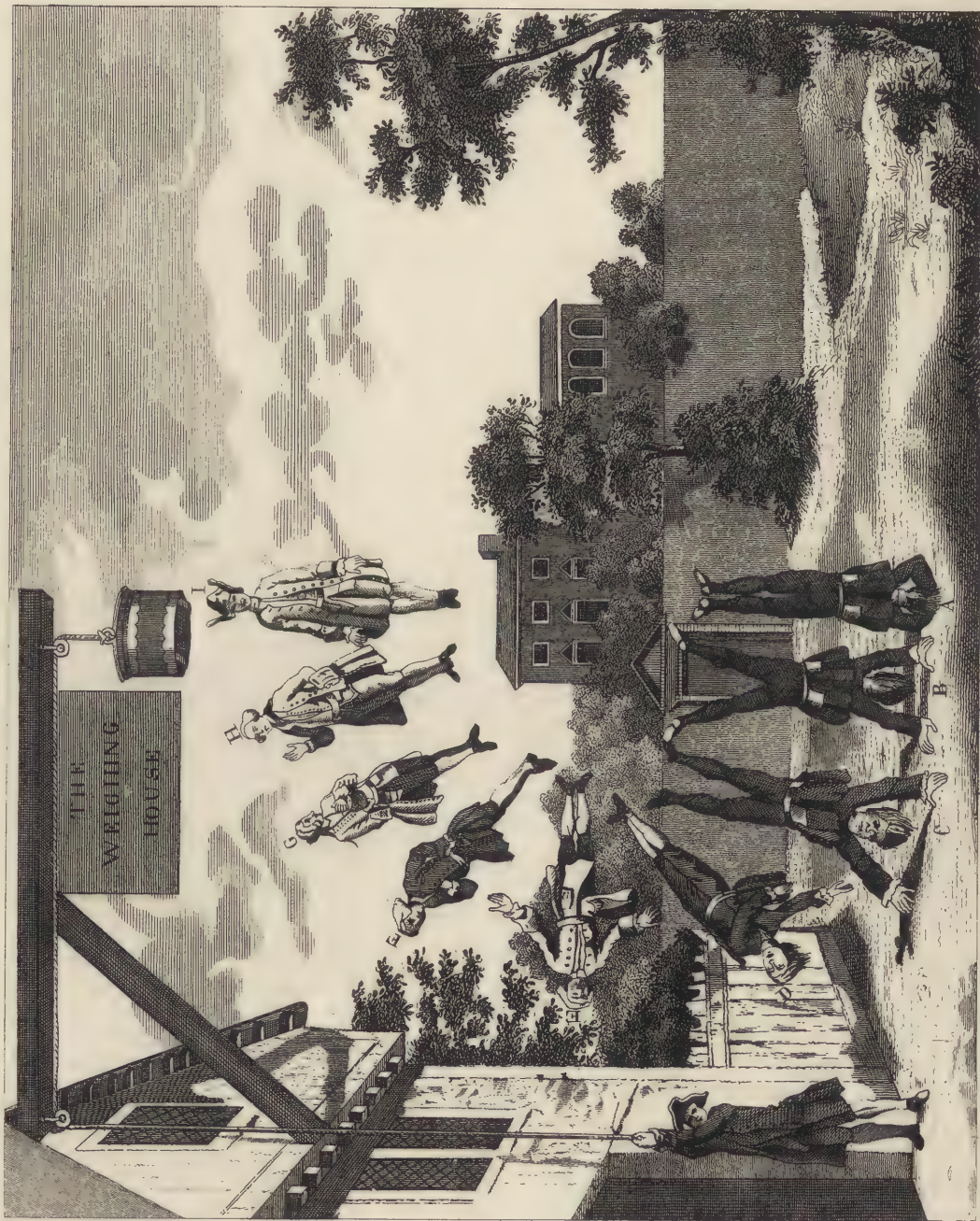


THE BATTLE OF THE PICTURES.

From the Original by Wm. Hogarth







Absolute Gravity B Conatus against absolute Gravity C Practical Gravity D Comparative Gravity E Horizontal or good sense.
 F Wit G Comparative Leviety or Coarseness H partial Leviety or pert Fool I absolute Leviety or Stark Fool.

Engraved from the original of Wm. A. D.







An Embroidered Print on the South Sea Bubble.

of *Physiognomy*: being a Sketch of a larger Work upon the same Plan; wherein the different Tempers, Passions, and Manners of Men, will be particularly considered. In return for the compliment paid to the author by this design, the pamphlet was thus very handsomely inscribed:—

“To WILLIAM HOGARTH, Esq.

“SIR,

“The author begs leave, with the greatest respect, to put the following performance into your hands, some parts of which, he flatters himself, may amuse you; and the dullest, he hopes, will at least lull you to rest—a favourable circumstance that attends few pamphlets; for how many have we in the compass of a year, that, like the clickings of a spider behind the wainscot, neither keep us quite awake, nor let us sleep sound!

“His pretensions—which must also be his apology for taking the liberty—he derives from the nature of his subject; for (though at an immense distance in the execution) he fancies he bears some kind of relation to you in his design, which is to ridicule those characters that more serious admonitions cannot amend.

“How happy you are in your portraits of folly, all, but the subjects of them, confess; and your more moral pieces, none but the abandoned disapprove. We cannot, perhaps, point to the very man or woman who has been saved from ruin by them; yet we may fairly conclude, from their general tendency, many have; for such cautionary exhibitions correct without the harshness of reproof, and are felt and remembered when rigid dogmatizings are rejected and forgotten.

“‘Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.’

“Your ‘Harlot’s and Rake’s Progress’ strike the mind with horror and detestation! Every scene, but the first, of Innocence, is an alarming representation of the fatal consequences of immorality and profuseness! You very justly give them not a moment of true and rational enjoyment. And herein you excel the very ingenious author of the *Beggar’s Opera*, who suffers his profligate crew to be happy too long, and takes them off at last without leaving behind sufficient abhorrence among the spectators.

“Your yet more serious pieces are elevated and sublimed into a beauty of holiness, fit for the sacred places of their destination.

“Your pieces of mere amusement are so natural and striking, that a man cannot look at them without fancying himself one of the company: he forgets they are pictures, and rushes into their diversions as in real life.

“In truth, Sir, you have found out the philosopher’s wished-for key to every man’s breast, or you have, by some means or other, found a way to break open the lock. Zopyrus could hit off (if it was his own sagacity) a failing or two in a modest philosopher, who was ready to confess before he was accused; but you have brought to public view the lurking wickedness of man’s heart, intrenched in hardness and obstinacy, and enveloped in the sanctimonious veil of studied and deep-covered hypocrisy.

“While you, Sir, live, which the author hopes will be many years, he thinks to postpone the commencement of his scheme of weighing men’s understandings, passions, &c.; for no man would slowly trace, by a mechanical apparatus, what you can instantaneously discover by intuition.

“The author begs to be considered as one among your many, many thousand admirers; and to subscribe himself, Sir, your devoted and most obedient humble servant,

“N. N.”

EMBLEMATIC PRINT OF THE “SOUTH SEA.”

THIS emblematic print on the “South Sea,” by Hogarth, represents persons riding on wooden horses, the devil cutting fortune in collops, a man broken on the wheel, &c. The following verses are descriptive of the subjects delineated in it:—

“ See here the causes why in London
So many men are made and undone;
That arts and honest trading drop,
To swarm about the Devil’s shop (A),
Who cuts out (B) Fortune’s golden haunches,
Trapping their souls with lots and chances,
Sharing ’em from blue garters down
To all blue aprons in the town.
Here all Religions flock together,
Like tame and wild fowl of a feather,

Leaving their strife, religious bustle,
 Kneel down to play at pitch and hustle (C):
 Thus when the shepherds are at play,
 Their flocks must surely go astray;
 The woeful cause that in these times
 (E) Honour and (D) Honesty are crimes
 That publicly are punished by
 (G) Self-Interest and (F) Villany;
 So much for money's magic power,
 Guess at the rest, you find out more."

"It may be observed," says Mr. Nichols, "that London always affords a set of itinerant poets, whose office it is to furnish inscriptions for satirical engravings. I lately overheard one of these unfortunate sons of the Muse making a bargain with his employer. 'Your print,' says he, 'is a taking one; and why won't you go to the price of a half-crown epigram?' From such hireling Bards, I suppose, our artist purchased not a few of the wretched rhymes under his early performances; unless he himself be considered as the author of them."

THE LOTTERY.

THE following explanation was engraved under the original:—"1. Upon the pedestal, National Credit, leaning on a pillar, supported by Justice. 2. Apollo showing Britannia a picture, representing the Earth receiving enriching showers drawn from herself (an emblem of State Lotteries). 3. Fortune drawing the blanks and prizes. 4. Wantonness drawing y^e numbers. 5. Before the pedestal, Suspense, turned to and fro by Hope and Fear. 6. On one hand, Good Luck, being elevated, is seized by Pleasure and Folly—Fame persuading him to raise sinking Virtue, Arts, &c. 7. On the other hand, Misfortune, oppressed by Grief—Minerva, supporting him, points to the sweets of Industry. 8. Sloth hiding his head in y^e curtain. 9. On the other side, Avarice hugging his money. 10. Fraud tempting Despair with money at a trap-door in the pedestal."

Had not Hogarth on this occasion condescended to explain his own meaning, it must have remained in several places inexplicable.

THE INHABITANTS OF THE MOON; OR, ROYALTY, EPISCOPACY, AND LAW.

Some of the principal inhabitants of y^e Moon, as they were perfectly discovered by a telescope brought to y^e greatest perfection since y^e last eclipse, exactly engraved from the objects, whereby y^e curious may guess at their religion, manners, &c.

ABOUT the year 1750 (if we may judge by the wigs and style of dress) appeared the original of this severe satire on Royalty, Episcopacy, and Law.

The scene is supposed to be in the clouds, where, on a platform, the principal characters are seated. The head of the Monarch is either a crown-piece or a guinea. The collar of Esses is ludicrously changed to a string of bubbles; his breast is decorated with a pointed star; and on the top of the globe and sceptre is a crescent, alluding to his lunar situation. Beneath his throne is a circle, perhaps intended as an emblem of perpetuity.

The satire on Episcopacy is still more strongly pointed. The face of the Bishop is formed of a Jew's harp, which may probably allude to his religious tenets having arisen out of the doctrines of Judaism. He is pulling a bell-rope that is fastened to the Bible, which serves as a lever to act upon a machine. The lower part is a mill, but the upper part a steeple, having a vane at the top of it, and a bell, plainly seen in the act of ringing or working—intimating, that by this instrument he works out of the church these good things, without which he would set little value upon his spiritualities: this treasure falls into a coffer, sarcastically marked as his own by the armorial bearings—a knife and a fork, with the mitre added as a crest. Beneath the Episcopal robe peeps a cloven foot; and, if we may judge by the weathercock, the motion of the pump is in some degree acted upon by the King, in whose quarter the wind seems to set.

The head of Law appears to be made of a large mallet or wedge. To this metaphor we can give no explanation; nor is the enormous size of the sword, which seems to betray more than common justice, an allusion so clearly understood as some other parts of the design. The composition of the courtiers who attend Monarchy, &c., is well conceived, and marks the contempt our artist entertained for the dangles in that situation. By the letters that appear marked in several parts of this print, it may be presumed that a full explanation of it was intended to have been given. The sagacity of the present day will, however, we conceive, render any further elucidation of this point unnecessary, as the artist's meaning is pretty clearly explained without those references.





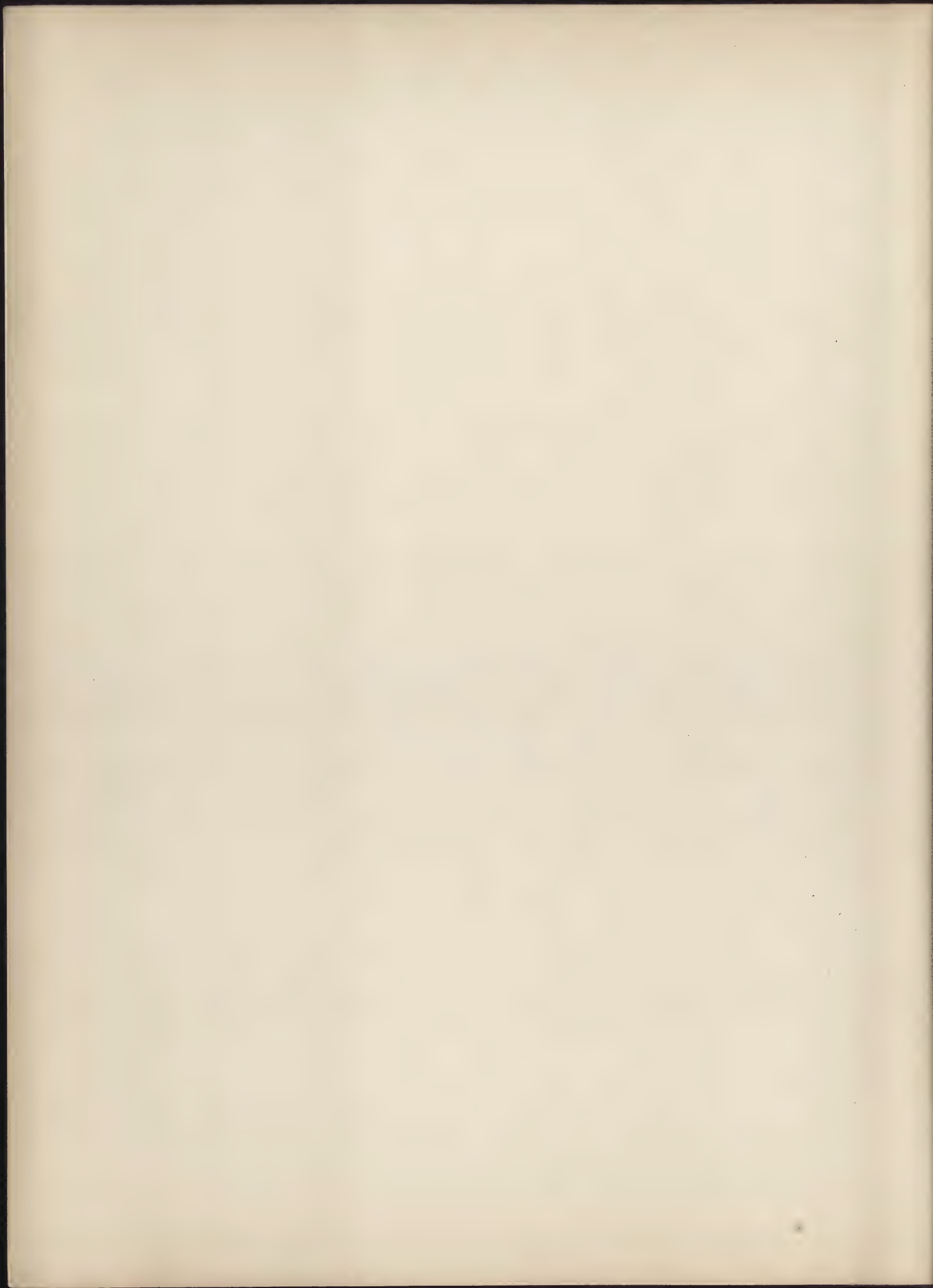
THE LOTTERY



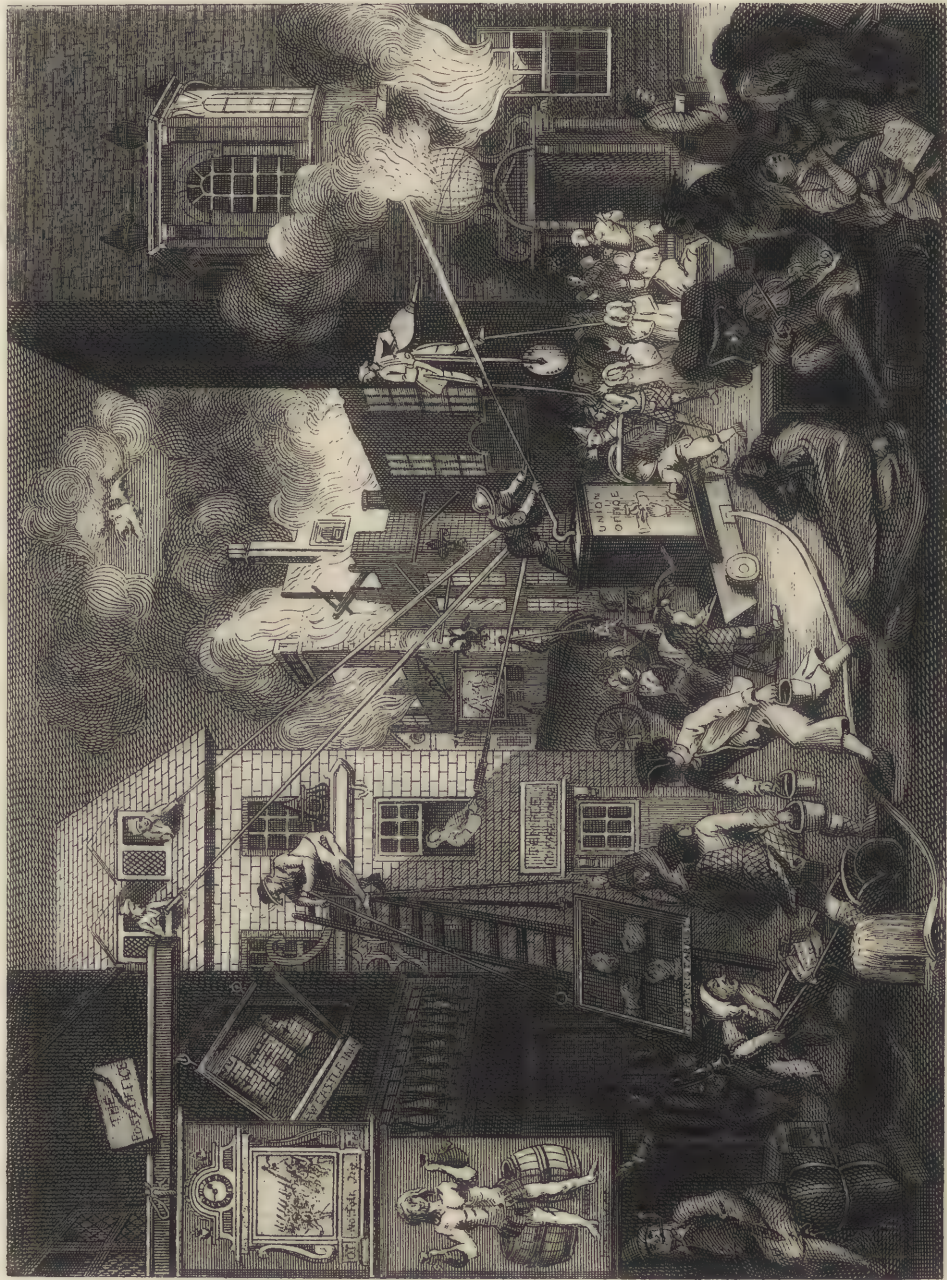


ROYALTY, EPISCOPACY & LAW.

SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL INHABITANTS OF Y^E MOON, AS THEY WERE PERFECTLY DISCOVER'D
 BY A TELESCOPE BROUGHT TO Y^E GREATEST PERFECTION, SINCE Y^E LAST ECLIPSE, EXACTLY
 IN FEVER 16 M THE 10TH WENT BY Y^E MOON, AND Y^E MOON WAS FOUND TO BE A







THE BOSTON OFFICE

Engraved from the Original of H. J. Cooper.







THE GYMNASIUM.

Engraved from the Original of M. J. J. J. J.



THE TIMES.—PLATE I.

PREVIOUSLY to the publication of this print, Mr. Wilkes, who was then at Aylesbury, was informed that it was political; and that Lord Temple, Mr. Pitt, Mr. Churchill, and himself, were the leading characters held up to ridicule. Under the impression which this intelligence conveyed, he sent Mr. Hogarth a remonstrance, stating the ungenerous tendency of such a proceeding, which would be more glaringly unfriendly, as the two last-mentioned gentlemen and the artist had always lived upon terms of strict intimacy. This produced a reply, in which Mr. Hogarth asserted that neither Mr. Wilkes nor Mr. Churchill were introduced, but Lord Temple and Mr. Pitt were; and that the print should be published in a few days. To this it was answered, that Mr. Wilkes would hardly deem it worth while to notice any reflections on himself; but if his friends were attacked, it would wound him in the most sensible part, and, as well as he was able, he should revenge their cause. This was a direct declaration of war—the black flag was hoisted on both sides. The print, however, was soon afterwards published, and, on the Saturday following, in No. 17 of the *North Briton*, a most unmerciful attack was commenced on our artist. But to detail the particulars of this attack is not now our province; we shall, therefore, proceed to the print before us.

In this plate, the globe, which must here be considered as the world, though it appears to be no more than a tavern sign, is represented on fire; and Mr. Pitt, exalted on stilts, which are held by the surrounding multitude, blowing up the flames with a large pair of bellows; his attendants are composed of butchers, with marrow-bones and cleavers, a hallooing mob armed with clubs, and a trio of London Aldermen in the act of adoration. From the neck of this idol of the populace is suspended a Cheshire cheese, with “£3,000” on it. This alludes to what he said in Parliament, that he would sooner live on a Cheshire cheese and a shoulder of mutton, than submit to the enemies of Great Britain. Lord Bute, attended by English soldiers, sailors, and highlanders, manages an engine for extinguishing the flames, but is impeded by the Duke of Newcastle, with a wheelbarrow full of *Monitors* and *North Britons*, for the purpose of feeding the blaze. The respectable body under Mr. Pitt are the Aldermen of London, worshipping the idol they had set up; whilst the musical King of Prussia, who alone is sure to gain by the war, is amusing himself with a violin amongst his miserable countrywomen. The picture of the Indian alludes to the advocates for retaining our West Indian conquests, which it was said would only increase excess and debauchery. The breaking down of the Newcastle arms, and the drawing up the patriotic ones, refer to the resignation of the noble Duke, and the appointment of his successor. The Dutchman smoking his pipe, and a Fox peeping out behind him and awaiting the issue; the waggon with the treasures of the Hermione; the unnecessary march of the militia, signified by the Norfolk jig; the dove with the olive branch, and the miseries of war—are sufficiently intelligible, and need no explanation.

The first impressions of the original of this print may be known by the following distinction:—The smoke just over the dove is left white; and the whole of the composition has a brilliancy and clearness not to be found in the copies worked off after the plate was re-touched.

THE TIMES.—PLATE II.

By his first print of “The Times,” our artist, observes Mr. Ireland, roused two very formidable adversaries; and they treated him with as much ceremony as two deputies from the Bow Street magistrates would an incendiary or an assassin. They did not consider him as a man whose conduct it was needful to investigate, or whose opinions it was necessary to confute; but as a criminal whose aggravated crimes had outraged every law of society, and whom they would therefore drag to the place of execution. To defend himself from these furious assailants, he had no shield but a copper-plate—no weapons but a pencil and a burin. The use he made of them may be seen in the two last prints; but, though this print was engraved during the time of the contest, it was not published while he lived. Whether a sudden change in politics, a supposed ambiguity in part of his design, or the advice of judicious or timid friends, induced him to suppress his work, cannot now be ascertained; but whatever were the reasons, his widow’s respect for his memory induced her to adopt the same conduct. She retained a reverence for even the dust of her husband, and dreaded its being raked from the sepulchre where he had quietly been immured, mixed with the poisonous aconite of party, and by sacrilegious hands cast into the agitated cauldron of politics. If we add to this the specimen of political candour which she had experienced in her own person, can we wonder that she cautiously avoided whatever could be tortured into a provocation to the renewal of hostilities? From these considerations, she never suffered more than one impression to be taken, and that was struck off at the earnest request of Lord Exeter.

In withholding this plate from the public, she acted prudently; in attempting to describe it, we should be thought to act otherwise. To enter into a discrimination of characters who now live, or step upon ashes which are not yet cold, is liable to invidious construction.

The judicious Mr. Ireland also observes of this plate—"That though several of the figures are marked in a style so obtrusive that they cannot be mistaken, there are others where I can only guess at the originals. From those who were engaged in the politics of that day, I have sought information, but their communications have been neither important nor consistent with each other; they generally ended in an acknowledgment, 'that in thirty years they had forgotten much that they once knew, and which, if now recollected, would materially elucidate.' To this was added, what I am compelled to admit, that parts of the print are obscure."

The exact time when this print was engraved is not positively ascertained; but it is conjectured to have been some time in the year 1762. A small part of the sky was left unfinished, and in that state still remains.

FALSE PERSPECTIVE.

EARLY in the year 1753, Hogarth presented to his friend, Mr. Joshua Kirby, this whimsical, satirical design, which arose from the mistakes of Sir Edward Walpole, who was learning to draw, without being taught perspective: an anecdote recorded by Mr. Steevens, on Sir Edward's own authority.

To point out, in a strong light, the errors which would be likely to happen from want of acquaintance with those principles, Hogarth's design was produced.

A traveller is represented on an eminence, lighting his pipe from a candle presented to him by a woman from a window at least half a mile off. We are also astonished at the representation near it of a crow seated on the bough of a tree, without incommoding, by its weight, the tender sprouts issuing from its branches; and our astonishment increases when we recollect that this tree, if weighed in the balance with the bird, would hardly be found to preponderate. The tree on which the feathered animal is so securely stationed, is, however, of a much greater height and magnitude than those which are nearer, and which gradually diminish as they approach the foreground. The sheep, taking an example from the tree, are very large at a distance, and regularly become less by their proximity, the nearest being almost invisible. Both ends of the church, as well as the top and the whole of one side, are clearly seen. To take the view which Hogarth has drawn, we must, at the same time, be above, at each end, and in front of the church; but he does not favour us with a sight of the road on the bridge, which the vessel seems determined to sail over; while the waggon and horses appear floating on the other side. A fellow in a boat, nearly under the bridge, is attempting to shoot a swan on the other side of it; though, as he is placed, he cannot possibly have a view of it. The waggon and horses, which are supposed to be on the bridge, are more distant than the trees which grow on the farther side.

Many other absurdities are visible in this curious perspective view, which cannot escape observation; such as the sign-post extending to a house at the distance of half a mile, and the remote row of trees concealing part of the nearer sign of the half-moon; the angler's line interfering with another belonging to his patient brother, though at a considerable distance from each other—the tops and bottoms of the burrels being equally visible.

The favour of this communication was gratefully acknowledged by Kirby, who, in 1754, prefixed it to Dr. Brook Taylor's *Method of Perspective made Easy, both in Theory and Practice*; with a dedication to Hogarth, who subsequently furnished him with a serious design for it.

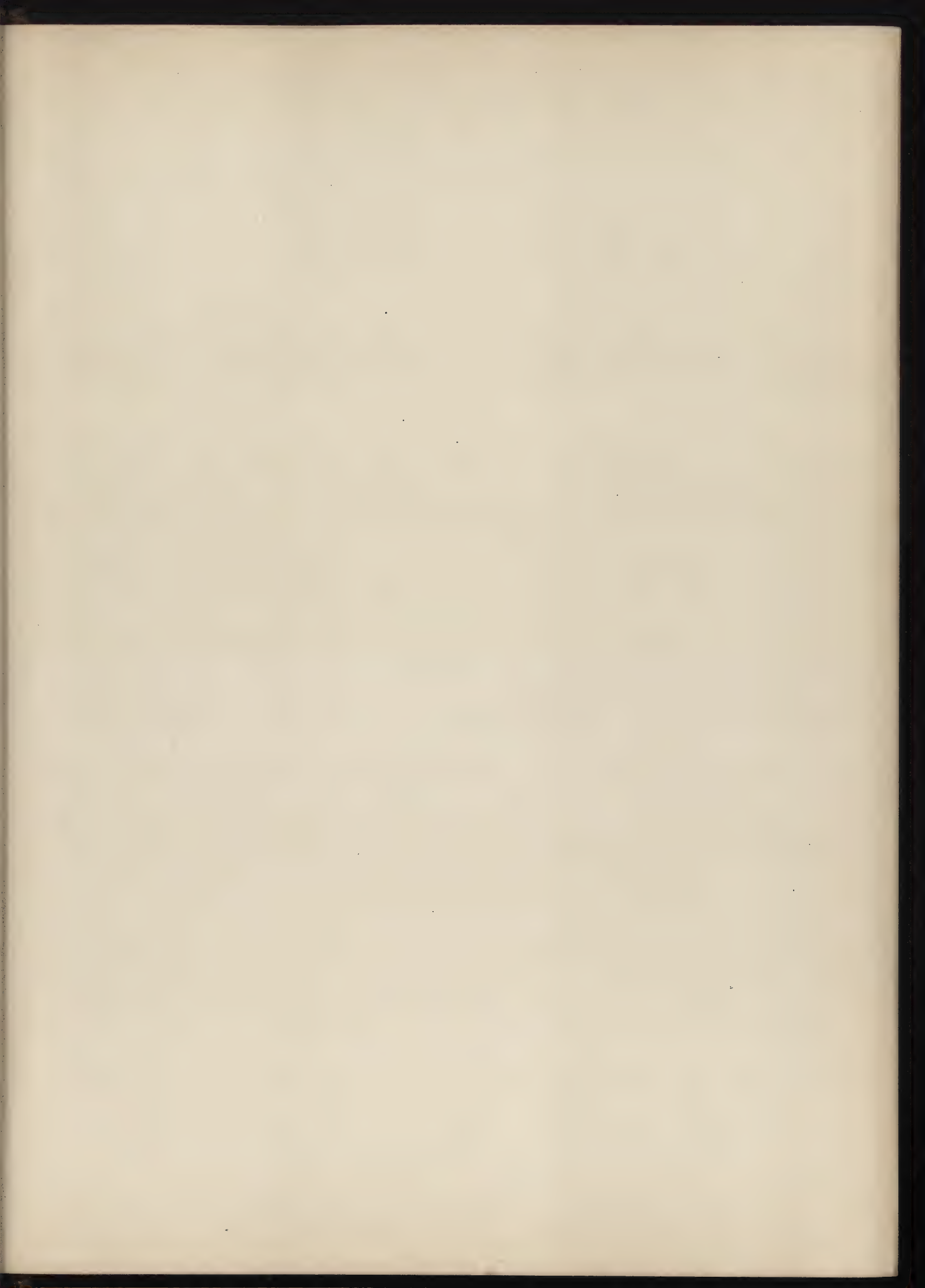
SANCHO STARVED BY HIS PHYSICIAN.

It has been sometimes thought that Sancho was the artist's favourite character. He is here represented as governor of Barataria, and seated in the spacious hall of a sumptuous palace, surrounded with all the pompous parade of high rank, and encircled by numerous attendants. A band of musicians, in an adjoining gallery, strike up a symphony to gratify his ear; and a table is spread with every dainty, to feast his eye and fret his soul; for, however magnificent the appendages of this mock-monarch, the instant he attempts to taste the solid comforts of government, the loaves and fishes evade his grasp, are touched by the black rod, and vanish!

"In plenty starving, tantalised in state——"

he curses the gaudy and unsubstantial pageant, vows vengeance on the doctor, and swears that he will offer up him and every physical impostor in the island, as a sacrifice to his injured and insulted appetite.

Hogarth has here caught the true spirit of the author, and given to this scene the genuine humour of Cervantes. The rising choler of our governor is admirably contrasted by the assumed gravity of Doctor Pedro





W. Eggar, Engr.

J. Moore, Sculp.

WHICH IS DRAWN, WITH AN THE PRINCIPLES OF PERSPECTIVE,
 WILL BE MADE TO MUCH ADVANTAGE AS ARE SHOWN IN THIS PRINT







SANCHO STARVED BY HIS PHYSICIAN.

ENGRAVED BY J. MOORE.

From the original of W. H. H. H.







FRONTISPIECE TO THE ARTIST CATALOGUE.

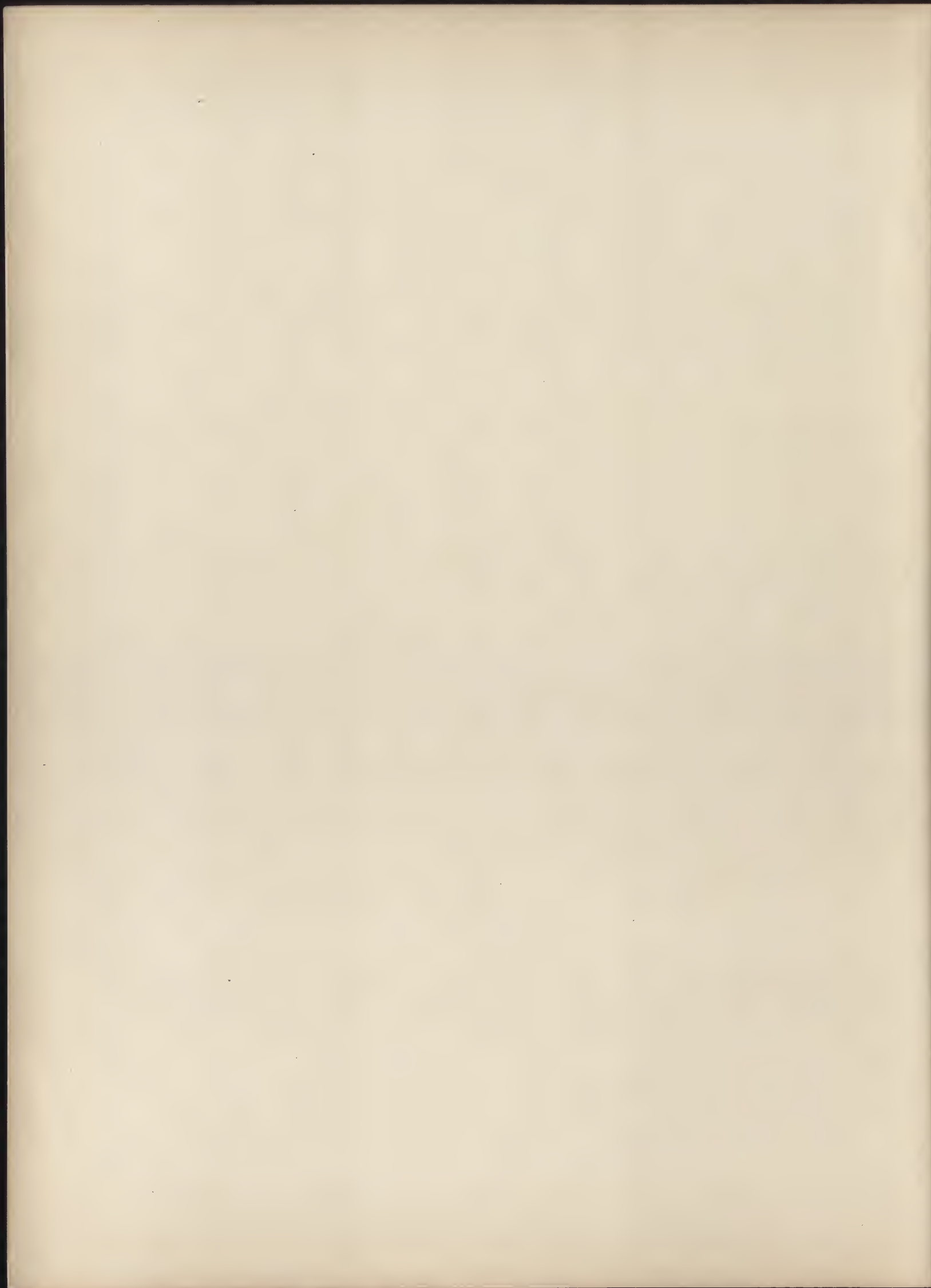




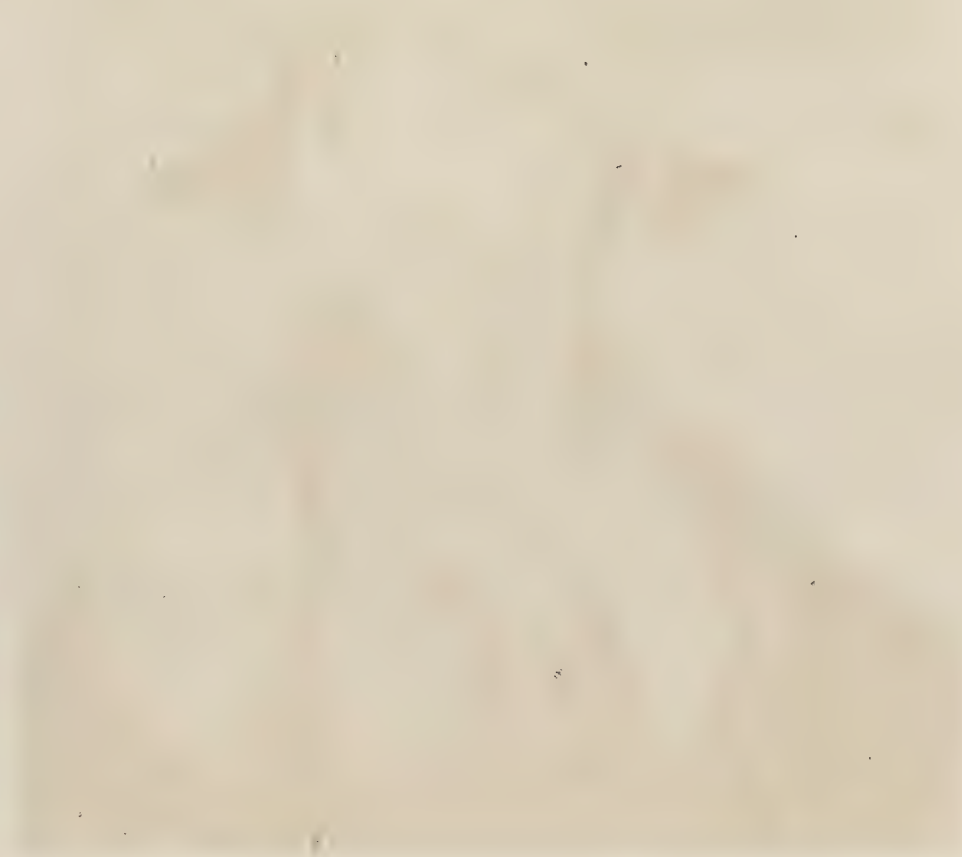


TAIL-PIECE TO THE ARTISTS CATALOGUE 1761

Engraved by J. More, from the Original by W. Verelst.









THE SHRIMP GIRL.

Engraved by J. Moore, from the Original of Haydon.

Rezio. The starch and serious solemnity of a straight-haired student, who officiates as chaplain, is well opposed by the broad grin of a curly-pated blackamoor. The suppressed laughter of a man who holds a napkin to his mouth, forms a good antithesis to the open chuckle of a fat cook. Sancho's two pages bear a strong resemblance to the little punch-maker in the "Election Feast;" and, though well conceived, might have had more variety: they present a front and back view of the same figure. To two females on the viceroy's right hand there may be a similar objection.

FRONTISPIECE AND TAIL-PIECE TO THE ARTISTS' CATALOGUE, 1761.

THESE two Prints were designed by Hogarth, and engraved by Mr. Charles Grignion, for the *Artists' Catalogue of Pictures*, exhibited at Spring Gardens, 1761; and so great was the demand for the catalogues with these illustrations, that the two plates were soon worn down, and Mr. Grignion was employed to engrave others from the same drawings, of which the Prints here represented are faithful copies.

FRONTISPIECE.

Erected in the cleft of a rock, we have here a building, intended for a reservoir of water; and by the bust of his late Majesty being placed in a niche of an arch, which is lined with a shell and surmounted by a crown, we must suppose it a royal reservoir. The mouth of a mask of the British lion is made the water-spout for conveying a stream into a garden-pot, which a figure of Britannia holds in her right hand, and, with her spear in the left, is employed in watering three young trees, the trunks of which are entwined together, and inscribed, "Painting—Sculpture—Architecture." These promising saplings are planted upon a gentle declivity; Painting is on the highest ground, and Sculpture on the lowest. It is worthy of remark, that the fructifying stream which issues from the watering-pot, falls short of the surface on which is planted the tree inscribed Painting, and goes beyond the root of that termed Sculpture; so that Architecture, which is much the loftiest and most healthy tree, will have the principal benefit of the water. If the tree Painting is attentively inspected, it will be found stunted in its growth, withered at the top, and blest with only one flourishing branch; which, if viewed with an eye to what the artist has previously written, seems intended for portrait-painting. The tree, which is the symbol for Sculpture, appears to bend, and withdraw itself from the reservoir: one branch from the centre of the trunk is probably funereal, and intended to intimate sepulchral monuments. The top being out of sight, is left to the imagination.

TAIL-PIECE.

As a contrast to Britannia nurturing the trees that are introduced in the last print, a travelling monkey, in full dress, is in this industriously watering three withered and sapless stems of what might once have been flowering shrubs, and are inscribed "Exotics." These wretched remnants of things which were, are carefully placed in labelled flower-pots: on the first is written, "*obit*, 1502;" on the second, "*obit*, 1600;" and on the third, "*obit*, 1606." Still adhering to the hieroglyphics in his frontispiece, Hogarth introduces these three dwarfish importations of decayed nature, to indicate the state of those old damaged pictures which are venerated merely for their antiquity, and exalted above all modern publications, from the name of a great master, rather than any intrinsic merit. To heighten the ridicule, he has given his monkey a magnifying glass, that will draw forth hidden beauties, which to common optics are invisible.

THE SHRIMP GIRL.

EVIDENTLY this is a portrait taken from the life, and published, as the data informs us, in 1782, from the original sketch in oil. The original engraving, after Hogarth's own transcript, was engraved by Bartolozzi, and was considered a very clever performance, evincing the spirit and brilliancy characteristic of Hogarth's work.

We can add still warmer encomiums on this almost boundlessly beautiful piece of artistic workmanship and finish. It has not the tenderness, grace, and refinement that would attach to a like creation by Guido; but it has vitality—a living splendour beaming within it, and emanating from it: it is so thoroughly English, that it is as a child of Hogarth's own begetting. It has a frank, open, ingenuous expression; and is at the same time, saucy, arch, and modest. It is *riant*, radiant, *ridant*; and another triumphant exponent of the rare and almost matchless beauty of Hogarth's women. The "Shrimp Girl" must herself have been a *rara avis*, externally, far superior to her own condition; though that, as a criterion, is neither "here nor there." It is said that the fish-wives of Newhaven (near Leith) are a fine race of women; and they are known to be distinct and apart from all

others, as a class. There are no fairer women under heaven than the white-handed, hard-working lasses of Lancashire, appropriately called "Witches;" while the men are a lank, slab-sided, gawky, and very awkward race to meddle with. The "Shrimp Girl" is a splendid specimen of her class; and we would walk a mile any day to look upon so beautiful and so honest a face.

SIGISMONDA

—————"Let the picture rust,
Perhaps time's price-enhancing dust,—
As statues moulder into earth,
When I'm no more, may mark its worth;
And future connoisseurs may rise,
Honest as ours, and full as wise,
To puff the piece, and painter too,
And make me then what Guido's now."

HOGARTH'S EPISTLE.

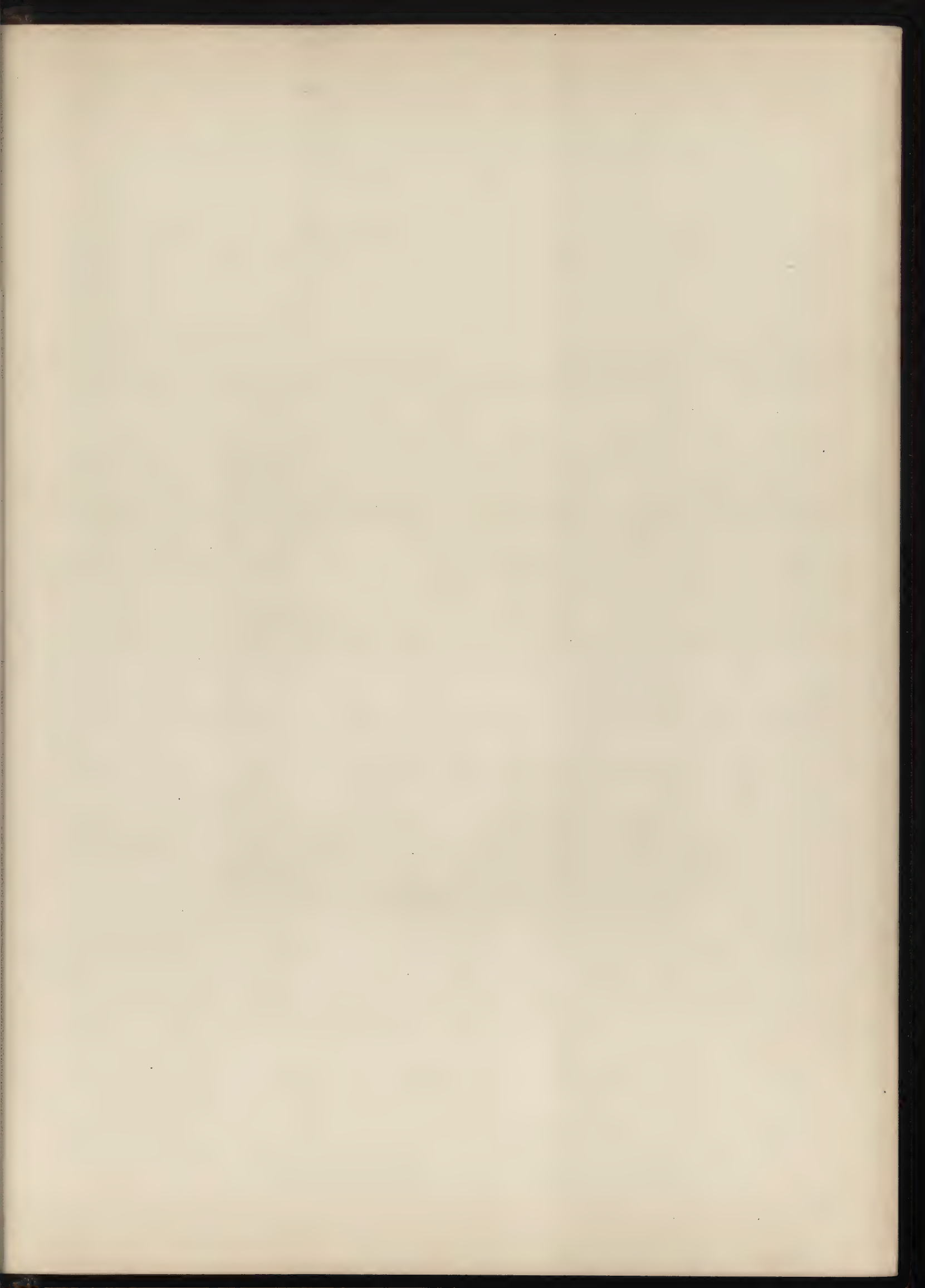
A COMPETITION with either Guido or Furino, would, to any modern painter, be an enterprise of danger: to Hogarth it was more peculiarly so, from the public justly conceiving that the representation of elevated distress was not his *forte*, and his being surrounded by a host of foes, who either dreaded satire, or envied genius. The connoisseurs, considering the challenge as too insolent to be forgiven, determined to decry his picture before it appeared. The painters rejoiced in his attempting what was likely to end in disgrace; and to satisfy those who had formed their ideas of "Sigismonda" upon the inspired page of Dryden, was no easy task.

The bard has consecrated the character; and his heroine glitters with a brightness that cannot be transferred to the canvas. Mr. Walpole's description, though equally radiant, is too various for the utmost powers of the pencil.

Hogarth's "Sigismonda," as this gentleman poetically expresses it, "has none of the sober grief—no dignity of suppressed anguish—no involuntary tear—no settled meditation on the fate she meant to meet—no amorous warmth turned holy by despair; in short, all is wanting that should have been there—all is there that such a story would have banished from a mind capable of conceiving such complicated woe: woe so sternly felt, and yet so tenderly." This glowing picture presents to the mind a being whose contending passions may be felt, but were not delineated even by Correggio. Had his tints been aided by the grace and greatness of Raphael, they must have failed.

The author of the *Mysterious Mother* sought for sublimity, where the artist strictly copied nature, which was invariably his archetype, but which the painter, who soars into fancy's fairy regions, must in a degree desert. Considered with this reference, though the picture has faults, Mr. Walpole's satire is surely too severe. It is built upon a comparison with works painted in a language of which Hogarth knew not the idiom—trying him before a tribunal whose authority he did not acknowledge; and from the picture having been in many respects altered after the critic saw it, some of the remarks become unfair. To the frequency of these alterations we may attribute many of the errors: the man who has not confidence in his own knowledge of the leading principles on which his work ought to be built, will not render it perfect by following the advice of his friends. Though Messrs. Wilkes and Churchill dragged his heroine to the altar of politics, and mangled her with a barbarity that can hardly be paralleled, except in the history of her husband, the artist retained his partiality; which seems to have increased in exact proportion to their abuse. The picture being thus contemplated through the medium of party prejudice, we cannot wonder that all its imperfections were exaggerated. The painted harlot of Babylon had not more opprobrious epithets from the first race of reformers, than the painted "Sigismonda" of Hogarth from the last race of patriots.

When a favourite child is chastised by its preceptor, a partial mother redoubles her caresses. Hogarth, estimating this picture by the labour he had bestowed upon it, was certain that the public were prejudiced, and requested, if his wife survived him, she would not sell it for less than five hundred pounds. Mrs. Hogarth acted in conformity to his wishes; but, after her death, the painting was purchased by Messrs. Boydell, and exhibited in the Shakespeare Gallery. The colouring, though not brilliant, is harmonious and natural: the attitude, drawing, &c., may be generally conceived by the print. I am much inclined to think, that if some of those who have been most severe in their censures, had consulted their own feelings, instead of depending upon connoisseurs, poor "Sigismonda" would have been in higher estimation. It has been said that the first sketch was made from Mrs. Hogarth, at the time she was weeping over the corse of her mother.





Engraved by J. B. Stone.

SICCUMONDA,

WITH THE HEART OF HER HUSBAND

From the Drama of the same name by J. B. Stone.

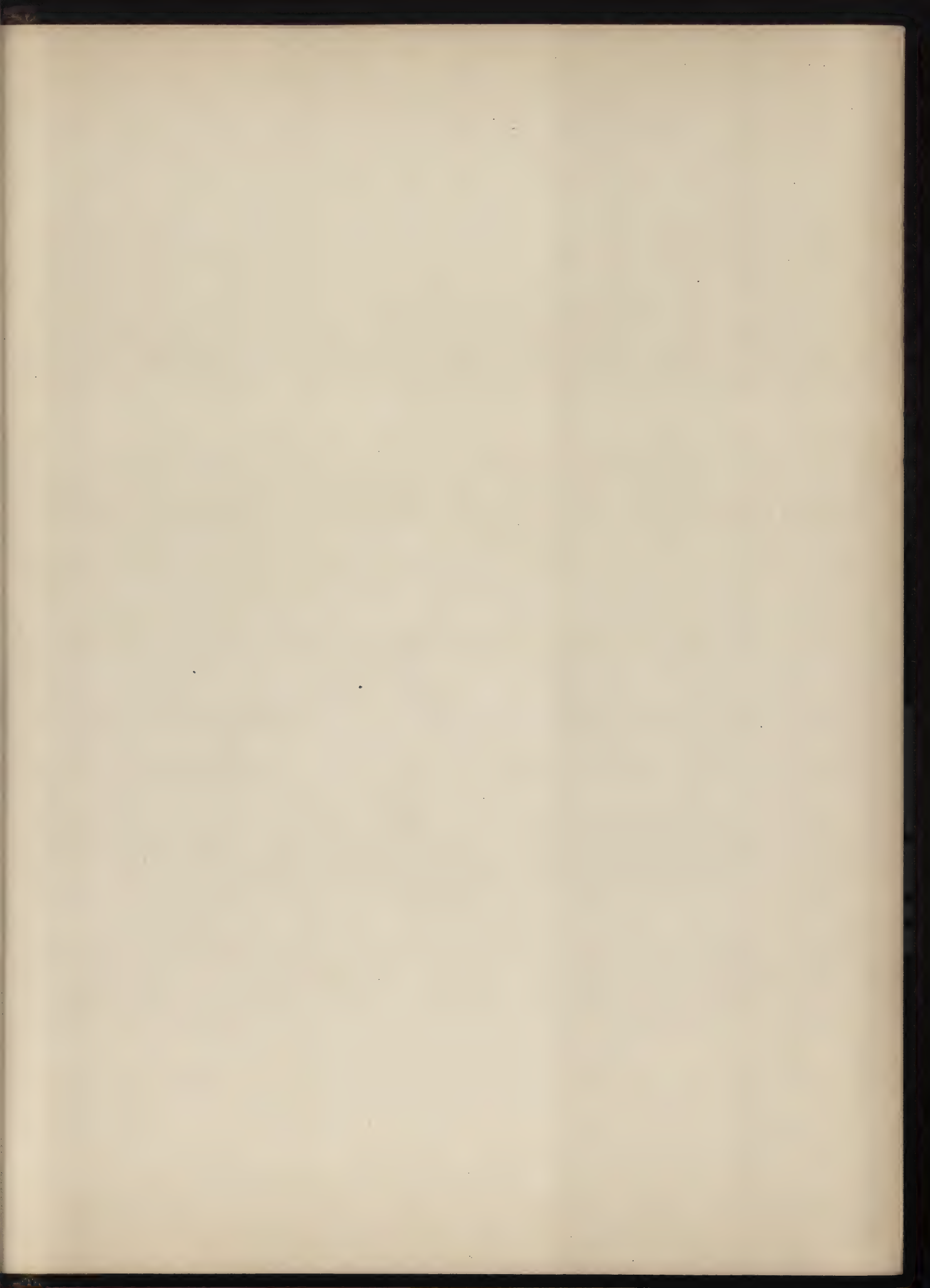






THE ARTS AND MUSES
BY J. H. B. 1840







THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

A SIR ROBERT WALPOLE'S ADMINISTRATION.

Engraved by J. Smith from a Picture by Sir J. Kneller and Sir G. Kneller

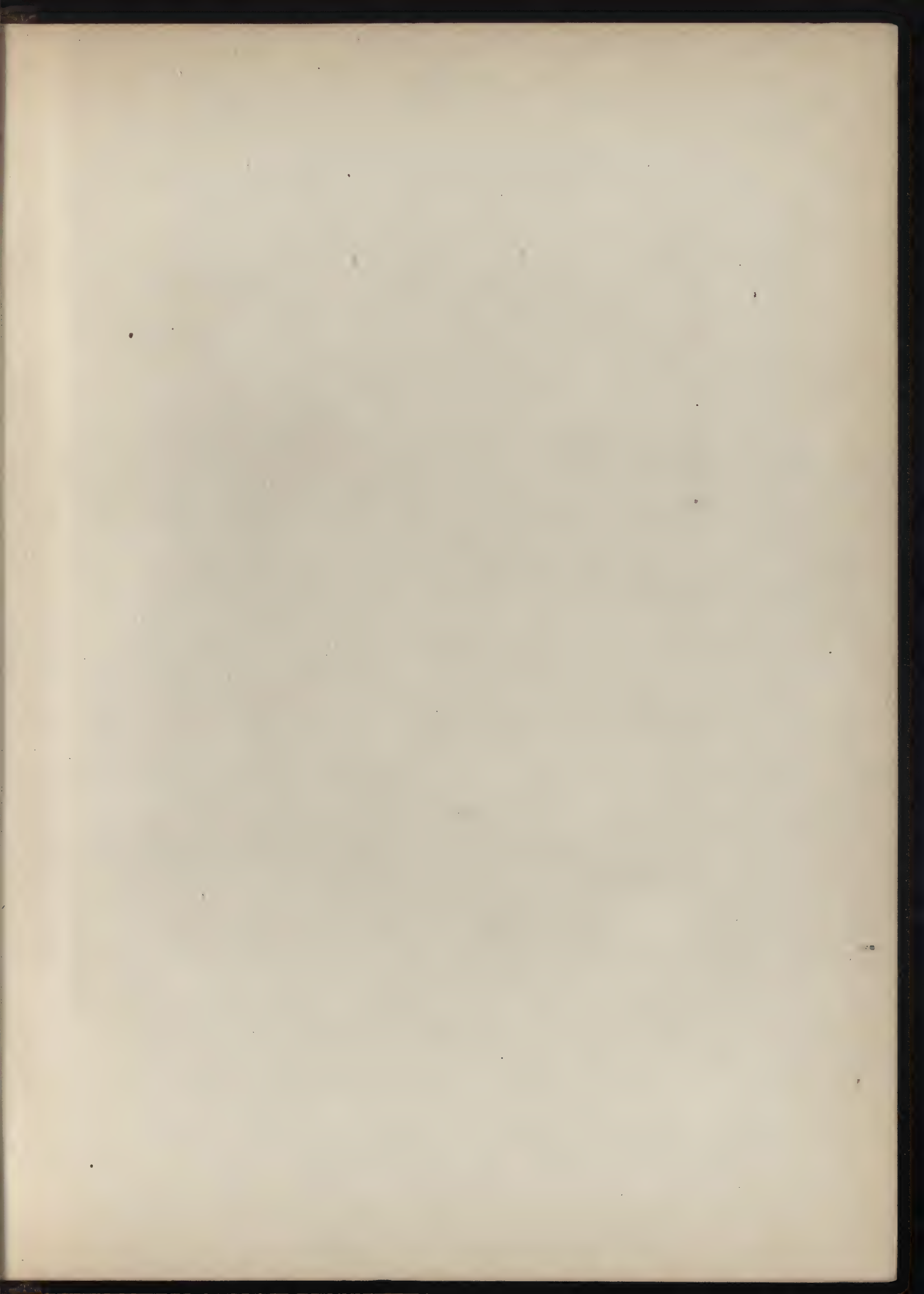






THE ROYAL MASQUERADE AT SOMERSET HOUSE.

Engraved from the Original of H. B. 100







KING HENRY VIII & ANNA BOLEYN.

Engraved from the Original of W. Agnew.

Hogarth once intended to have appealed from the critics' fiat to the world's opinion, and employed Mr. Basire to make an engraving, which was begun, but set aside for some other work, and never completed.

[Who and what "Sigismonda" was, may puzzle more than one reader who is curious to be better acquainted with the personage of this much-abused picture. In the *Decamerone* of Boccaccio (*Novella I., Giornata Quarta*), the story of Tancred and Sigismonda, together with the unfortunate love-passage of Guiscardo and the gentle lady, is set forth in all its due proportions; and to that I refer the reader for fuller information.—ED.]

HYMEN AND CUPID.

THIS plate, representing "Hymen and Cupid," with a view of a magnificent villa at a distance, was intended as a ticket for "Sigismonda," which Hogarth proposed to be raffled for. It is often marked with ink, £2 2s. The number of each ticket was to have been inserted on the scroll hanging down from the knee of the principal figure. Perhaps none of them were ever disposed of. This plate, however, must have been engraved about 1762 or 1763. Mr. Nichols observes, that had he not seen many copies of it marked by the hand of Hogarth, he should have supposed it to be only a ticket for a concert or music meeting.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THIS print of the "House of Commons" in Sir Robert Walpole's time, and which was recently destroyed by fire, is from an original picture painted by Hogarth and Sir James Thornhill, in the collection of Earl Onslow, and contains, besides many figures in the background, the following prominent portraits:—

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. Sir Robert Walpole. | 5. Colonel Onslow. |
| 2. The Right Hon. Arthur Onslow. | 6. Edward Stables, Esq., Clerk of the House of Commons |
| 3. Sidney Godolphin, Father of the House. | 7. Sir James Thornhill. |
| 4. Sir Joseph Jekyl. | 8. Mr. Aske, Clerk Assistant, H.C. |

THE ROYAL MASQUERADE AT SOMERSET HOUSE.

THIS very interesting scene, which occurred in 1755, is thus anticipated by Mr. Walpole, December 24th, 1754:—"The Russian ambassador is to give a masquerade for the birth of the little great prince (the Czar, Paul I.) The King lends him Somerset House: he wanted to borrow the palace over against me, and sent to ask it of the cardinal-nephew (Henry, Earl of Lincoln, nephew to the Duke of Newcastle, to whose title he succeeded), who replied, 'Not for half Russia.'"

The print abounds with portraits of personages of the first distinction; of whom several may be identified by the following extract from the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xxv., p. 89:—"The Russian ambassador gave a most magnificent ball at Somerset House. His Majesty came a little after eight o'clock, dressed in a black domino, tie-wig, and gold-laced hat. Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales was in a blue and silver robe, and her head highly ornamented with jewels. The Prince of Wales was in a pink and silver dress. Prince Edward in a pink satin waistcoat, with a belt adorned with diamonds. Princess Augusta in a rich gold stuff. The Duke of Cumberland was in a Turkish dress, with a large bunch of diamonds in his turban. A noble lady shone in the habit of a nymph, embroidered over with stars studded with brilliants to the amount of £100,000. In short, the dresses of the whole assembly were the richest that could possibly be devised upon such an occasion, and the whole entertainment, particularly the dessert, was the most elegant that expense could furnish. Few exhibitions of this kind have equalled it—none have excelled it. The number of persons present was upwards of one thousand."

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH AND ANNA BOLEYNE.

THIS plate has very idly been imagined to contain the portraits of Frederick, Prince of Wales, and Lady Vane; but the stature and faces both of the lady and Percy are totally unlike their supposed originals. Underneath, are the following verses by Allan Ramsay:—

"Here struts old pious Harry, once the great
Reformer of the English church and state:

'Twas thus he stood, when Anna Boleyn's charms
 Allured the amorous monarch to her arms;
 With his right hand he leads her as his own,
 To place this matchless beauty on his throne;
 Whilst Kate and Percy mourn their wretched fate,
 And view the royal pair with equal hate,
 Reflecting on the pomp of glittering crowns,
 And arbitrary power that knows no bounds.
 Whilst Wolsey, leaning on his throne of state,
 Through this unhappy charge foresees his fate,
 Contemplates wisely upon worldly things,
 The cheat of grandeur, and the faith of kings."

Ramsay seems to have been particularly attached to Hogarth. He subscribed for thirty copies of the large "Hudibras."

The original picture was at Vauxhall, in the portico of the old great room, on the right hand of the entry into the garden.

TRISTRAM SHANDY.

HOGARTH furnished two frontispieces for the very popular work of his friend Sterne: one in the early part of 1759, for the second volume; the other to illustrate the fourth volume, 1761.

The first of these is taken from the chapter in which Corporal Trim is represented reading a sermon to Tristram's father, Uncle Toby, and Dr. Slop—the latter is fallen asleep—and who was intended for Mr. John Burton, a physician of great eminence at York, well known as an able and industrious antiquary, and also as a sturdy Jacobite.

The second frontispiece represents the christening, so humorously described in the fourteenth chapter of the fourth volume of *Tristram Shandy*.

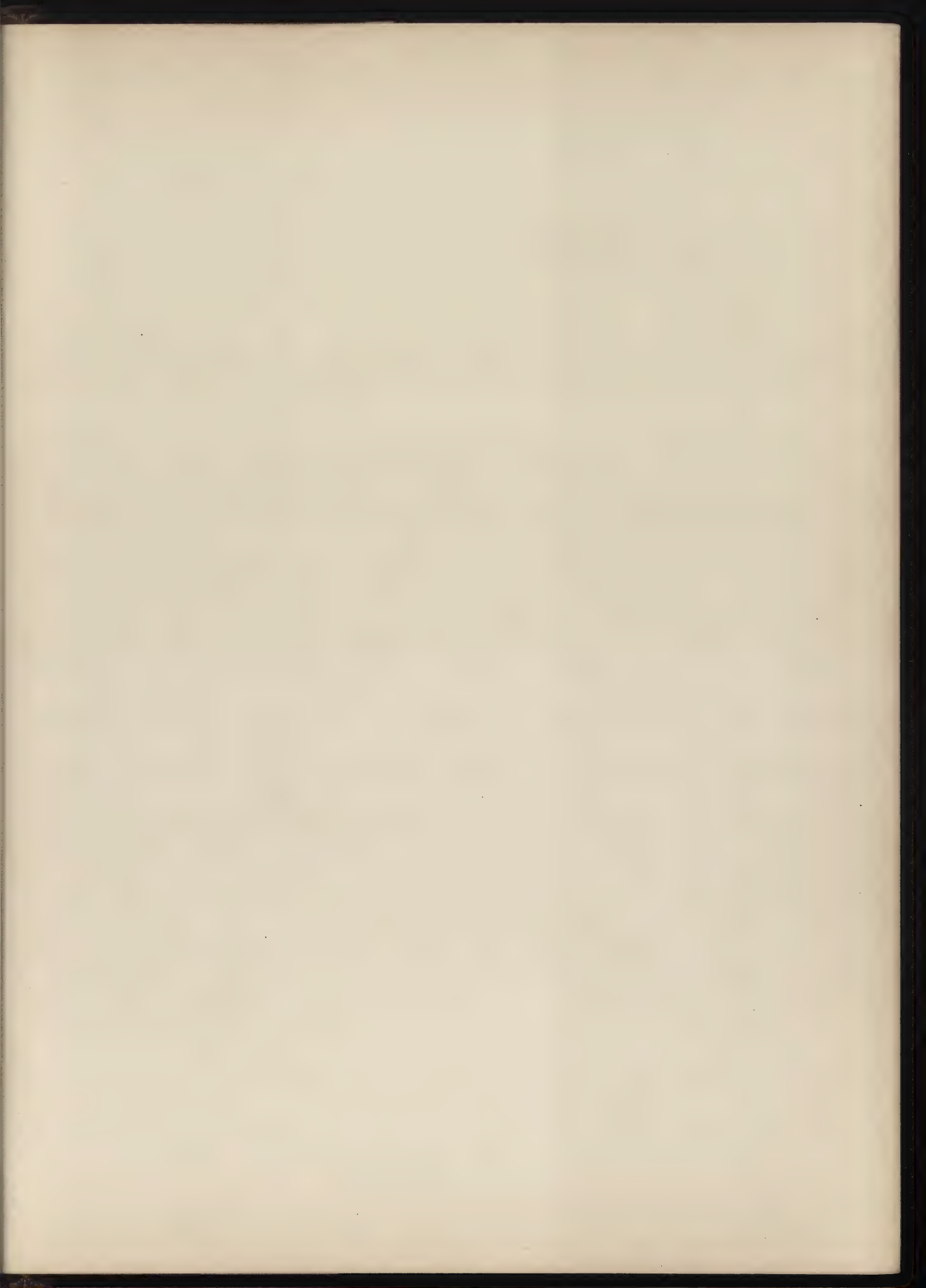
A WOMAN SWEARING HER CHILD TO A GRAVE CITIZEN.

"Here Justice triumphs in his elbow chair,
 And makes his market of the trading fair;
 His office shelves with parish laws are grac'd,
 But spelling-books and guides between 'em plac'd.
 Here pregnant madam screens the real sire,
 And falsely swears her bastard child, for hire,
 Upon a rich old lecher; who denies
 The fact, and vows the naughty hussy lies.
 His wife, enrag'd, exclaims against her spouse,
 And swears she'll be reveng'd upon his brows;
 The jade, the justice, and churchwardens agree,
 And force him to provide security."

THESE curious Rhymes, engraven under the original print, in some degree describe the ceremony it represents. The original picture, from which it is taken, was one of our artist's early productions.

Picart, in his fourth volume of *The Religious Ceremonies of all Nations*, has introduced a copy of this print, accompanied with the following explanation:—

"Many other customs might find a place here, and delight their readers by their comical singularity; but we dare not crowd in too great a number of those trifles, as not being properly religious ceremonies; which, therefore, till approved of by the church or the governor of it, prescribed by ecclesiastical laws or formularies, we shall omit, except two or three of the most remarkable. The first is, what the description here annexed calls the breeding-woman's oath—a custom not to be met with in other countries; which is so fantastical, or rather unjust, that it would be a prejudice to the laws of England, if we were to judge of their equity by that practice. Suppose one of these girls, who may be called amphibious (being neither wives nor virgins), is found to be with child. She does not, or will not pretend to know the father of the child. In order to free herself from the trouble of maintaining it when born, she looks out for some rich man, upon whom she intends to father it. Generally, they say, she pitches upon some good citizen, though she does not know him, or may be has never seen him. Then she goes before a justice of the peace—summons the pretended father to appear before him, and,

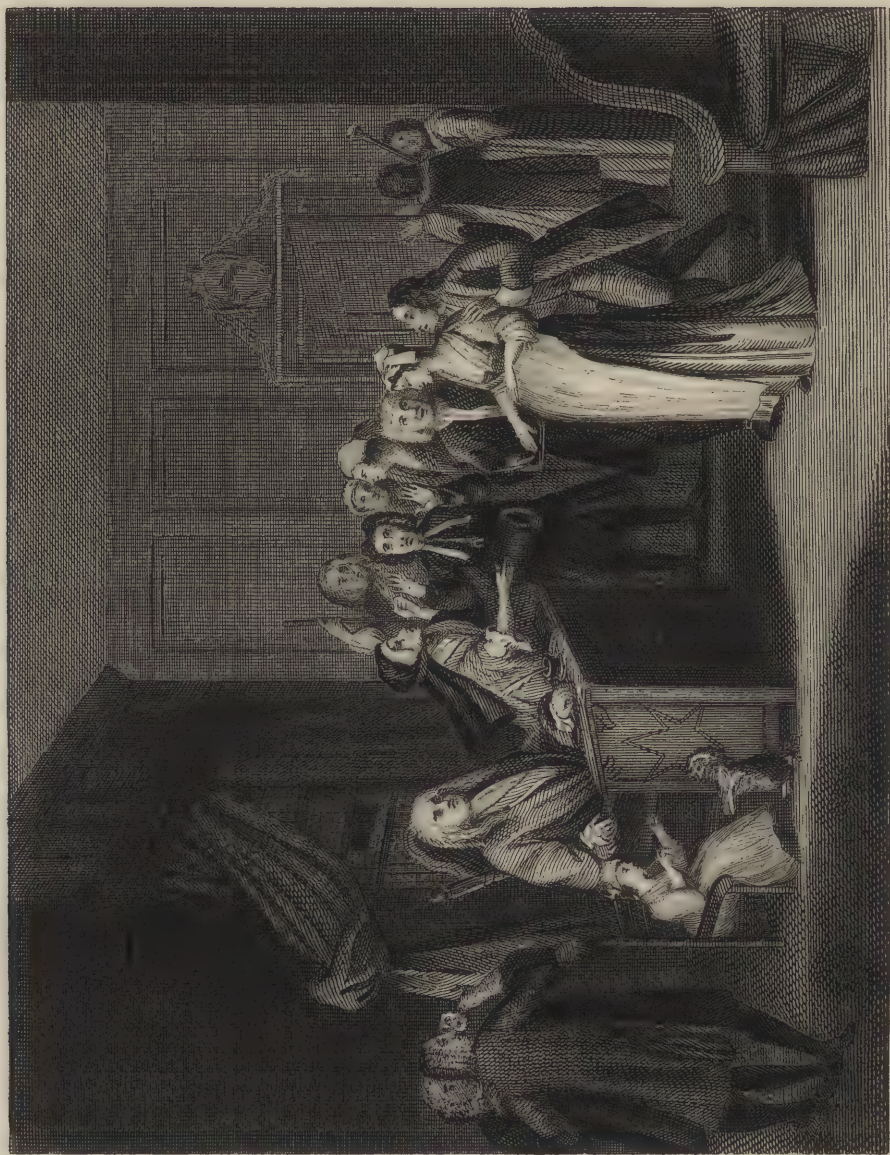




Scene from the novel of H. G. Wells







W. W. L. C. A. CHILD.



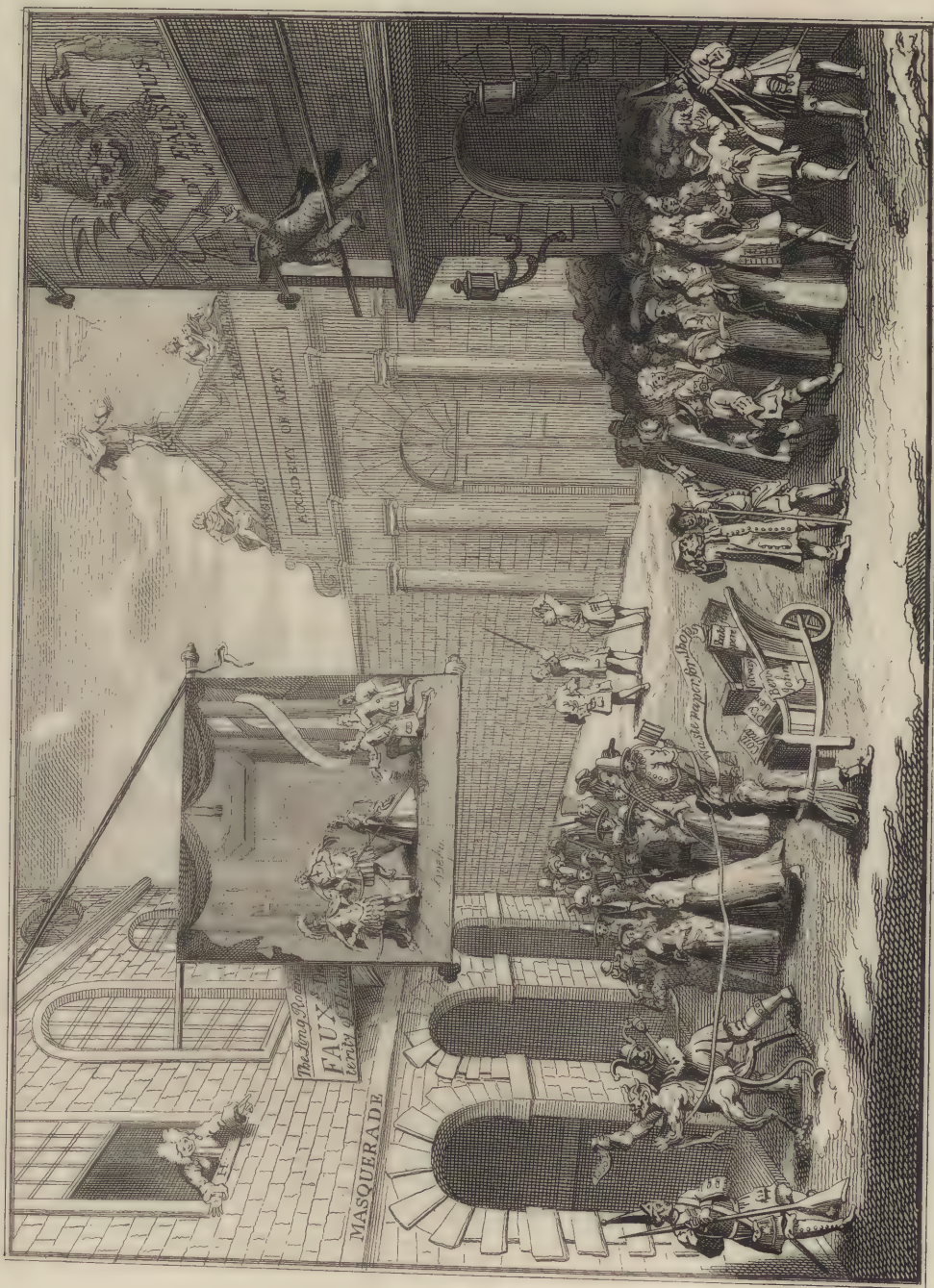


THE MASQUERADE TICKET.

Engraved from the request of Mr. W. W. W. W.







MASQUERADES AND OPERAS, BIRMINGHAM GATE.

A New Series of Views of the City of Birmingham.



in his presence, swears upon the Bible, which the clerk holds to her, that she owns and declares that such a one, whom she has summoned to appear, is the father of the child. How far the equivocal expression and restrictions of that oath may excuse her from perjury, let a good casuist be the judge. However, the man thus named and sworn to by this formality of law, is obliged to pay an arbitrary fine, and to agree upon a sum of money for the maintenance of the child."

LARGE MASQUERADE TICKET.

As the print called the "Masquerade Ticket" represents a large company eagerly pressing to the door of a masquerade, we have here the interior of the room, crowded with a countless number of grotesque characters.

The titular divinity of the gardens being considered as the god of their idolatry, his Term is entitled to the first notice. The arched niche in which it is placed is terminated by a goat's head, ornamented with a pair of branching antlers, and decorated with festooned curtains. Beneath is an altar, the base of which is relieved with rams' heads and flowers; and three pair of stags' horns are fixed to the top. As a companion to it, the united statues of a Venus and Cupid, both of them masked, are placed on the opposite side of the print. Cupid, who is a very well-drawn figure, has bent his bow to shoot at random; and Venus seems contemplating the rise and fall of the mercury in one of those instruments, which the reference informs us is to show the inclinations of all that approach it. The niche in which the Divinities are placed, is not only decorated with curtains, but crowned with cooing doves. An altar beneath has on it three or four bleeding hearts, which, being close to the blaze, are in the way of being broiled. On the base are queue-wigs, bag-wigs, &c.

The motley crew, who make up the crowd, it is not easy to describe, for every one present assumes a false character. Here we have priests of all persuasions—Brahmins, friars, drones, monks, and monkeys not a few. The figure of Time, with his scythe, eagerly pressing towards the altar with rams' heads, is arrested in his course by a sort of slaughterman, with a mask, shaven crown, and short apron, who violently grasps his wing with one hand, and with the other lifts up a hatchet, which, with fatal force, he aims at his head. For sanctuary, this feeble figure lays hold of one of the horns of the altar; but is frustrated in his attempt to reach the steps by a Bishop, who, with a sacrificing knife, coolly stabs him to the heart; while a monkey, in the habit of a chorister, holds a basin to catch the blood, the fumes of which he snuffs up with ineffable delight. This Mr. Ireland supposes to be a metaphorical view of a Prelate killing time at a masquerade. Next to this group is a Mother Shipton, hooking on the arms of a Clown; and near them a Harlequin, endeavouring to draw the attention of a graceful Columbine from a turbaned Turk, who attempts to seduce her from her party-coloured gallant. A female, with the mask of a monkey's head, salutes a man in a black veil; and while an old Capuchin, with the face of an ape, whispers soft things to a young girl, a fellow, something like the famed Siddy Doll, draws up her head-dress to a point like a fool's cap. A man in the right-hand corner, solicitous to give a glass of wine to one of the sisterhood, lifts up her veil for the purpose of her drinking it.

MASQUERADES AND OPERAS.—BURLINGTON GATE.

THIS print appeared in 1723. Of the three small figures in the centre, the middle one is Lord Burlington, a man of considerable taste in painting and architecture, but who ranked Mr. Kent—an indifferent artist—above his merit. On one side of the peer is Mr. Campbell, the architect; on the other, his lordship's postilion. On a show-cloth in this plate is supposed to be the portrait of King George II., who gave £1,000 towards the Masquerade; together with that of the Earl of Peterborough, who offers Cuzzoni, the Italian singer, £8,000, and she spurns at him. Mr. Heidegger, the regulator of the Masquerade, is also exhibited, looking out of a window, with the letter H under him.

The substance of the foregoing remarks is taken from a collection lately belonging to Captain Baillie, where it is said that they were furnished by an eminent connoisseur.

A board is likewise displayed, with the words, "Long Room. Fawks' dexterity of hand." It appears from the following advertisement, that this was a man of great consequence in his profession:—"Whereas the town hath been lately alarmed, that the famous Fawks was robbed and murdered, while returning from the Duchess of Buckingham's house, at Chelsea; which report being raised and printed by a person to gain money to himself, and prejudice the above-mentioned Mr. Fawks, whose unparalleled performance has gained him so much applause from the greatest of quality, and most curious observers—we think, both in justice to the injured gentleman, and for the satisfaction of his admirers, that we cannot please our readers better than to acquaint them he is alive, and will not only perform his usual surprising dexterity of hand, posture-master, and musical clock;—but, for the greater diversion of the quality and gentry, has agreed with the famous Powell, of Bath, for the season—who has the

largest, richest, and most natural figures, and the finest machines in England, and whose former performances in Covent Garden were so engaging to the town as to gain the approbation of the best judges—to show his puppet-plays along with him, beginning in the Christmas holidays next, at the Old Tennis Court, in James' Street, near the Haymarket, where any incredulous persons may be satisfied he has not left this world, if they please to believe their hands, though they can't believe their eyes."—"May 25," indeed, "1731, died Mr. Fawks, famous for his dexterity of hand, by which he had honestly acquired a fortune of £10,000, being no more than he really deserved for his great ingenuity, by which he had surpassed all that ever pretended to that art."

This satirical performance of Hogarth, however, was thought to be invented and drawn at the instigation of Sir James Thornhill, out of revenge, because Lord Burlington had preferred Mr. Kent before the baronet, to paint for the king at his palace at Kensington. *Dr. Faustus* was a pantomime performed to crowded houses throughout two seasons, to the utter neglect of plays, for which reason they were cried about in a wheel-barrow.

MOSES BEFORE PHARAOH'S DAUGHTER.

"And the child grew, and she brought him unto Pharaoh's daughter, and he became her son, and she called his name Moses."—Exodus, chap. ii., ver. 10.

AMONG the many benevolent institutions which do honour to this nation, the hospital for maintaining exposed and deserted infants may be ranked as one of the most humane and political. Let the austere enthusiast censure it as an encouragement to vice, and the rigid moralist declaim against giving sanction to profligacy, it is still a useful and a benevolent foundation.

To protect the helpless, give refuge to the innocent, and render that unoffending being a useful member of society, whose parents may be too indigent to give it proper sustenance, or wicked enough to destroy it, is fulfilling one great precept of religion, and must afford a pure and exalted gratification to every philanthropic mind.

That it is found necessary to restrict the plan, and confine the charity in such narrow limits, is much to be lamented. Compassion and policy demand that the doors should be open to every proper object.

With each infant was then sent some little memorial, by which it might be known at a future day. The following lines were written by an unfortunate widow, and pinned to the breast of a child who was received into the hospital:—

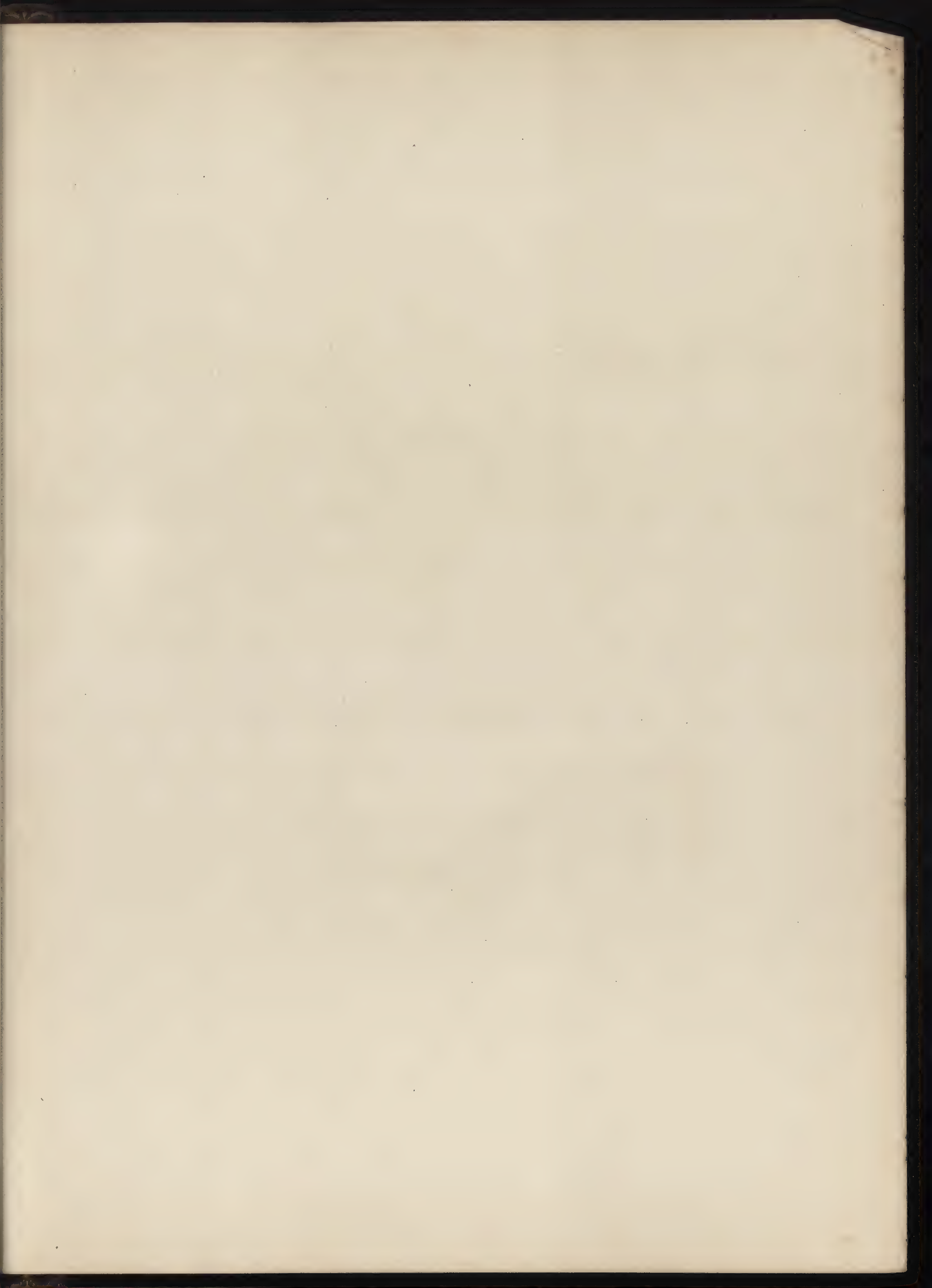
"Go, gentle babe, thy future life be spent
In virtuous purity and calm content;
Life's sunshine bless thee, and no anxious care
Sit on thy brow, and draw the falling tear;
Thy country's grateful servant may'st thou prove,
And all thy life be happiness and love."

Some fifteen or sixteen years ago, a person of respectable appearance went to the hospital, and requested to see the chapel, great room, &c. He then desired to speak with the treasurer, to whom he presented a ten-pound bank-note, expressing a wish that it might be recorded as a small but grateful memorial from the first orphan who was apprenticed by the charity: he added—"I was that orphan; and, in consequence of the education I here received, have had the power of acquiring an independence with integrity and honour."

To this asylum for deserted infancy Mr. Hogarth was one of the earliest benefactors; and to the institution he presented the picture from which this print is engraved; there is not, perhaps, in Holy Writ, another story so exactly suitable to the avowed purpose of the foundation.

The history of Moses being deserted by his mother, exposed among the bulrushes, and discovered and protected by the daughter of Pharaoh, is known to every one who has read the Bible: those who have not, may find it there recorded, with many other things well worthy their attention. At the point of time here taken, the child's mother, whom the princess considers as merely its nurse, has brought him to his patroness, and is receiving from the treasurer the wages of her services. The little foundling naturally clings to his nurse, though invited to leave her by the daughter of a monarch. The eyes of an attendant, and a whispering Ethiopian, convey an oblique suspicion that the child has a nearer affinity to their mistress than she chooses to acknowledge.

Considered as a whole, this picture has a more historic air than we often find in the works of Hogarth. The royal Egyptian is graceful, and in some degree elevated. The treasurer is marked with austere dignity, and the Jewess and child with nature. The scene is superb, and the distant prospect of pyramids, &c., highly picturesque, and appropriate to the country. To exhibit this scene, the artist has placed the groups at such a distance, that they crowd the corners, and leave the centre unoccupied. As the Greeks are said to have received the rudiments of art from Egypt, the line of beauty on the base of a pillar is properly introduced. A crocodile, creeping from under the stately chair, may be intended to mark the neighbourhood of the Nile, but is a poor and forced conceit.

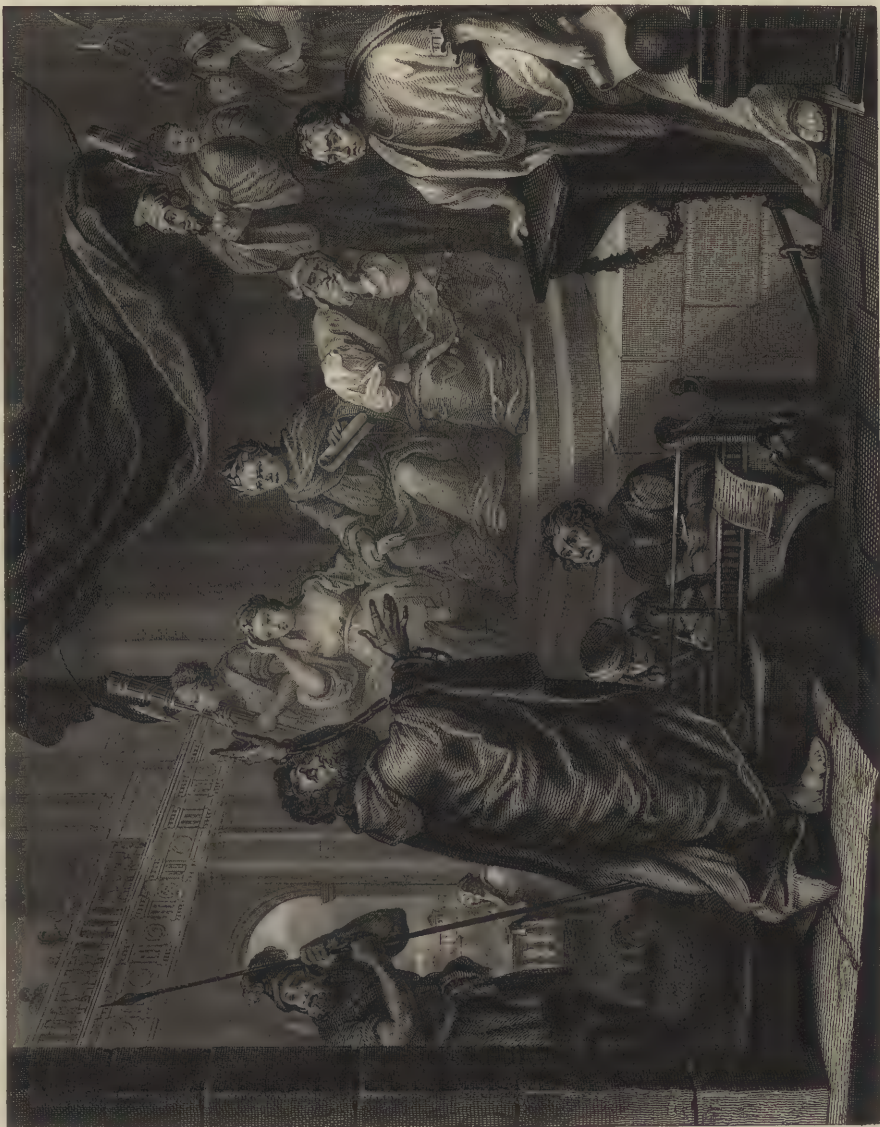




THE
WOMAN OF THE
TOWER



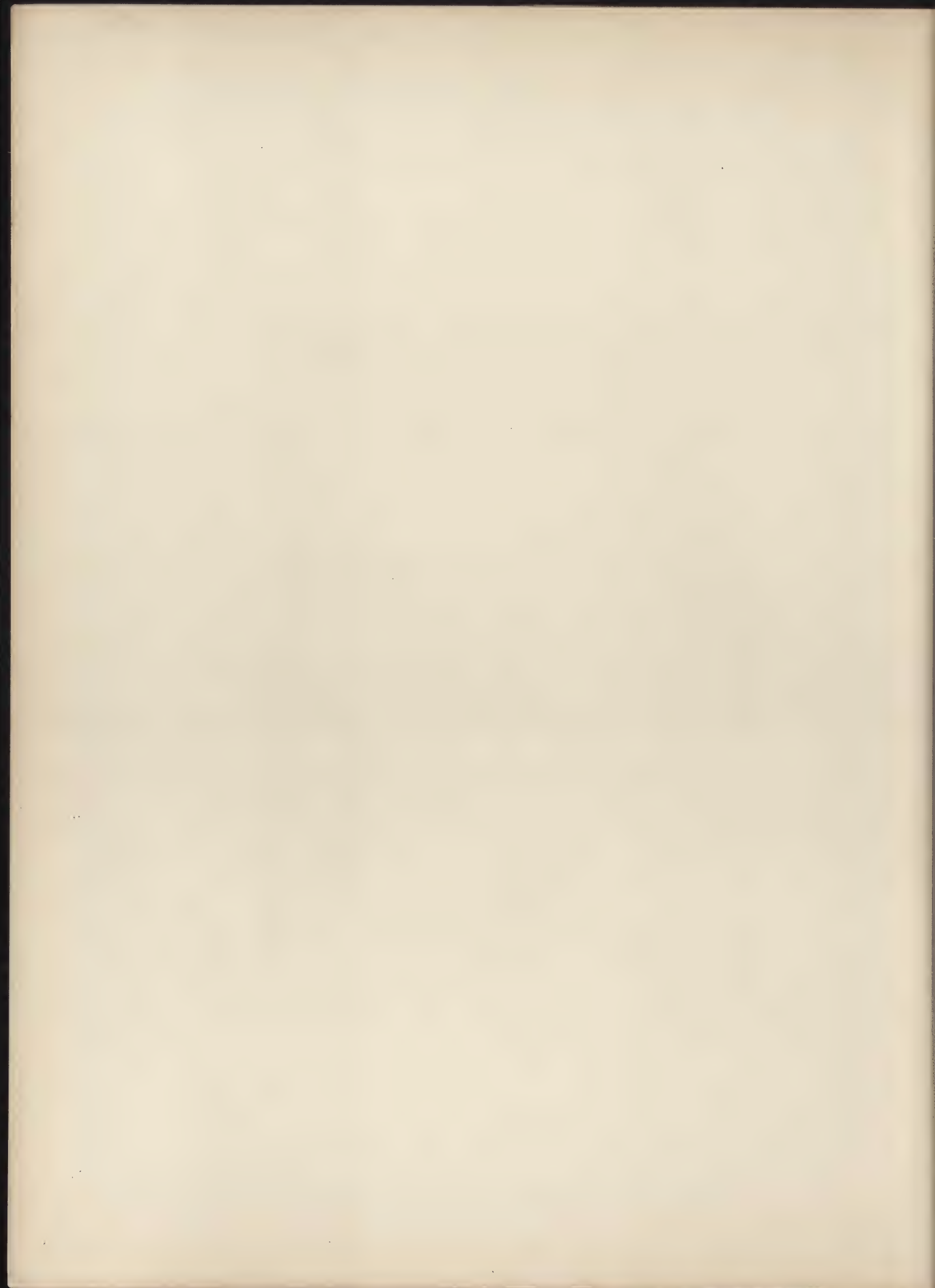


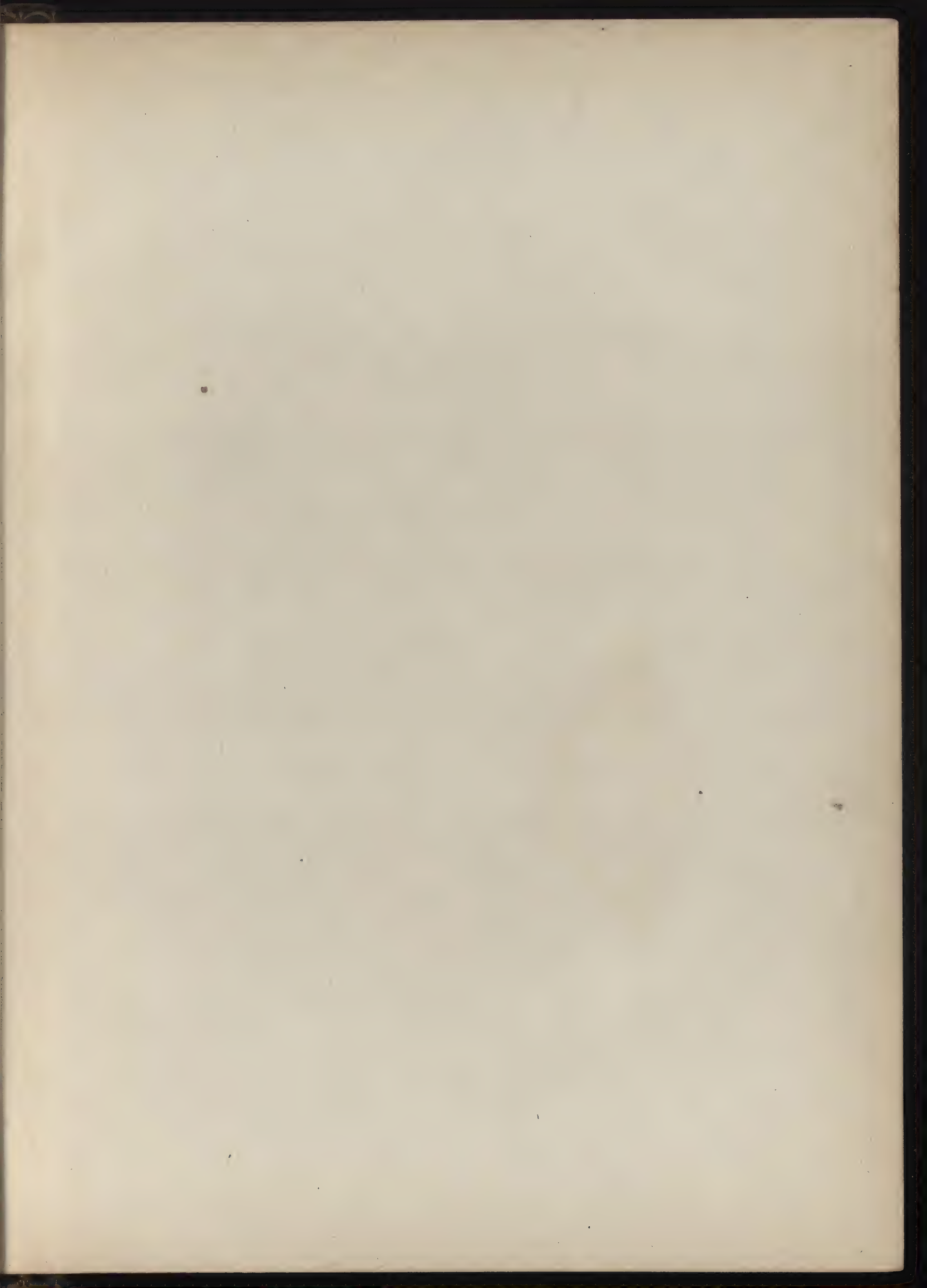


Engraved by W. Chevallier.

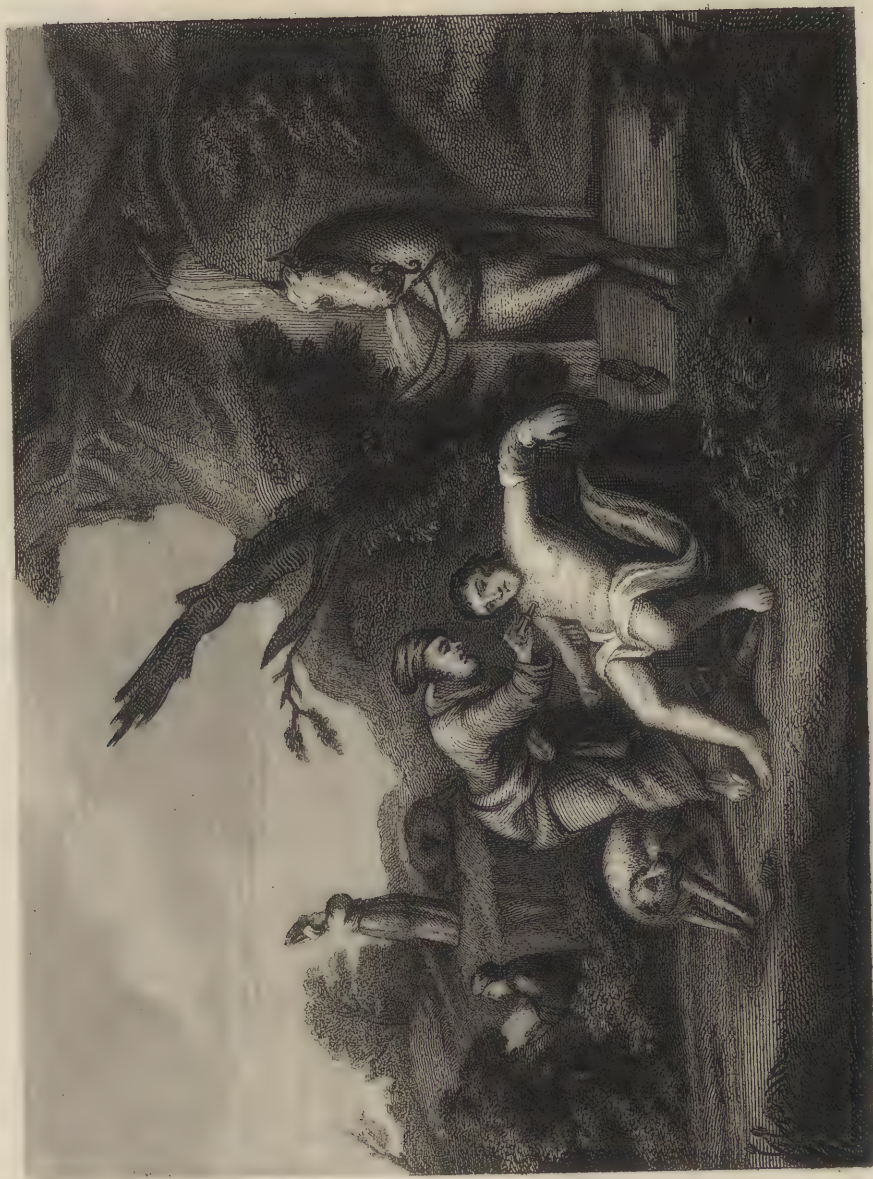
PAUL, BARNABY, & CO.

From the original picture by the artist.









THE JOSEPH AND POTIPHAR.

Engraved from the Original of M. Le Sueur.

PAUL BEFORE FELIX.

"And as he reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, Felix trembled."—Acts xxiv. 25.

THE subject of this plate is that of the preaching of St. Paul, when brought as a prisoner from Jerusalem to Cæsarea, and summoned to appear before Felix, the Governor of Judea, as we find it recorded in Holy Writ, to answer many misdemeanors maliciously alleged against him. This Felix was a favourite, a creature of Claudius Cæsar, then Emperor of Rome. He was sensual and avaricious, and exercised in Judea, where he was appointed Governor, a royal power, with a mercenary soul. When this is considered, the subjects on which the apostle spoke, appear to be chosen with great art and propriety, and calculated to rouse the person to whom they were addressed, from that state of insensibility into which he had been so long plunged. He treated of righteousness (that is, justice), temperance, and of judgment to come. The Christian religion being favourable to all men, St. Paul might have discoursed upon one of those points that would have flattered his ennobled hearer; he might have spoken of the greatness of sovereigns, and its relation to that of the Supreme Being; he might have said, "the magistrate carries not the sword in vain;" that God himself has told them "they are gods, and children of the Most High." But all this art was unknown to our apostle; he pierces the stubborn heart of Felix, penetrates the centre of his passions, finds a way to that conscience that had long been buried, and shakes the sinner in his greatest security. He preaches of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come. He preaches of righteousness: here he supported the rights of the widow and the orphan—made it appear that kings and magistrates are established to uphold the interests of the people, and not to follow their own caprices; that the end of sovereign power is, that all may be happy under the vigilance of one, and not that one should prey upon the substance of all; that abuse of power betrays a baseness of soul; and that it is an act of cruelty to oppress the wretched, who have nothing but their cries and tears to defend them. He preaches of temperance: here he set forth the disorders of luxury, and its inconsistency with Christianity. In short, he preaches of judgment to come; and it was this that gave weight to his ministry: he proved the truth of it, described the preparation, displayed its dreadful pomp, and made its awful sounds resound in the ears of Felix, who at that time knew no other god than an incestuous Jupiter, or a voluptuous Venus. He sets before the governor the great and the small—Felix, the favourite of Cæsar, and Paul before Felix;—he sets them before him, all summoned with, "Rise ye dead from your graves, and come to judgment." At this his mind is alarmed, his heart quakes, the roll drops from his trembling hand, his teeth chatter, his knees beat one against another, and his whole frame shudders. What a surprising sight is here!—The governor trembles, while the prisoner speaks with firmness! The latter, though in chains, makes his judge tremble! Behold the miraculous force of conscience! Take notice of the united attention of the whole court; and remark the effect in their faces! One is enraptured at his doctrine; a second receives the dreadful truths with salutary fear; a third is inwardly convicted; a fourth attends with eagerness to catch the heavenly accents from his tongue; and Tertullus ceases his accusation with disappointed amazement. With respect to Ananias, the high-priest, his eyes and position manifestly declare his abhorrence of the man—give us to understand that the apostle's words rankle in his heart, and that, though he secretly feels the power of conviction, still he cannot smother his professed hatred of the Christians.

The original painting, which has occasioned much difference of opinion as to its merits—having by some been as greatly overpraised as by others underrated—is in Lincoln's-Inn Hall, a place to which the subject is admirably adapted.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

THIS, and the following painting of the "Pool of Bethesda," decorate the staircase of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. The print from this painting was originally engraved by Ravenet and Delatre, 1772.

In the *Grub Street Journal* for July 14, 1737, appeared the following:—"Yesterday, the scaffolding was taken down from before the picture, 'The Good Samaritan,' painted by Mr. Hogarth, on the staircase of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, which is esteemed a very curious piece."

Hogarth paid his friend Lambert for painting the landscape in this picture, and afterwards cleaned the whole at his own expense—to the imaginary merits of his coadjutor. The *Annalist*, page 26, bears the following testimony:—"The sky always graduates one way or the other; and the rising or setting sun exhibits it in great perfection—the imitating of which was Claude Lorraine's peculiar excellence, and is now Mr. Lambert's."

THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

THIS print was engraved by Ravenet and Picot, in the same year with the "Good Samaritan." There was likewise a small print from this painting, executed by Ravenet in 1748. Mr. Walpole justly observes, that "the burlesque turn of our artist's mind mixed itself with his most serious compositions; and that in the 'Pool of Bethesda,' a servant of a rich ulcerated lady beats back a poor man (perhaps woman) who sought the same celestial remedy."

On the top of the staircase of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and just under the cornice, is the following inscription:—"The historical paintings of this staircase were painted and given by William Hogarth; and the ornamental paintings at his expense, A.D. 1736." Both pictures, which appear of an oblong square in the engravings from the originals, are surrounded by scroll work, which cuts off the corners of them, &c. All these ornaments, together with compartments carved at the bottom, were the work of Mr. Richards. The late Alderman Boydell had the latter engraved on separate plates, and appended to those above them, on which sufficient space had not been left. While these pictures were in progress, it was announced that, "among the Governors of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, was lately chosen Mr. William Hogarth, the celebrated painter, who, we are told, designs to paint the staircase of the said Hospital, and thereby become a benefactor to it by giving his labours gratis."

Hogarth requested that these pictures might never be varnished; they therefore appear to great disadvantage, the decorations about them having within these few years past been highly glazed.

The "Pool of Bethesda" has suffered much from the sun; and the "Good Samaritan," when cleaned, about the year 1780, was pressed so hard against the straining-frame, that several creases were made in the canvas.

THE FOUNDLINGS.

— "No Mother's care
Shielded our infant innocence with prayer;
No father's guardian hand our youth maintain'd,
Call'd forth our virtues, and from vice restrain'd;
But strangers, pitying strangers, hear our cry,
And with parental care each want supply."

PICART introduced into his work Hogarth's print of a woman swearing a child, and was pleased to call it a religious ceremony. Mr. Ireland observes, that in the print before us we have a scene which may properly be so denominated; for surely rescuing deserted, unoffending, and helpless innocence from destruction, providing an asylum for childhood, initiating youths in habits of industry, and rendering those whose parents were unable to protect them, useful members of society, is a religious, as well as a political, institution.

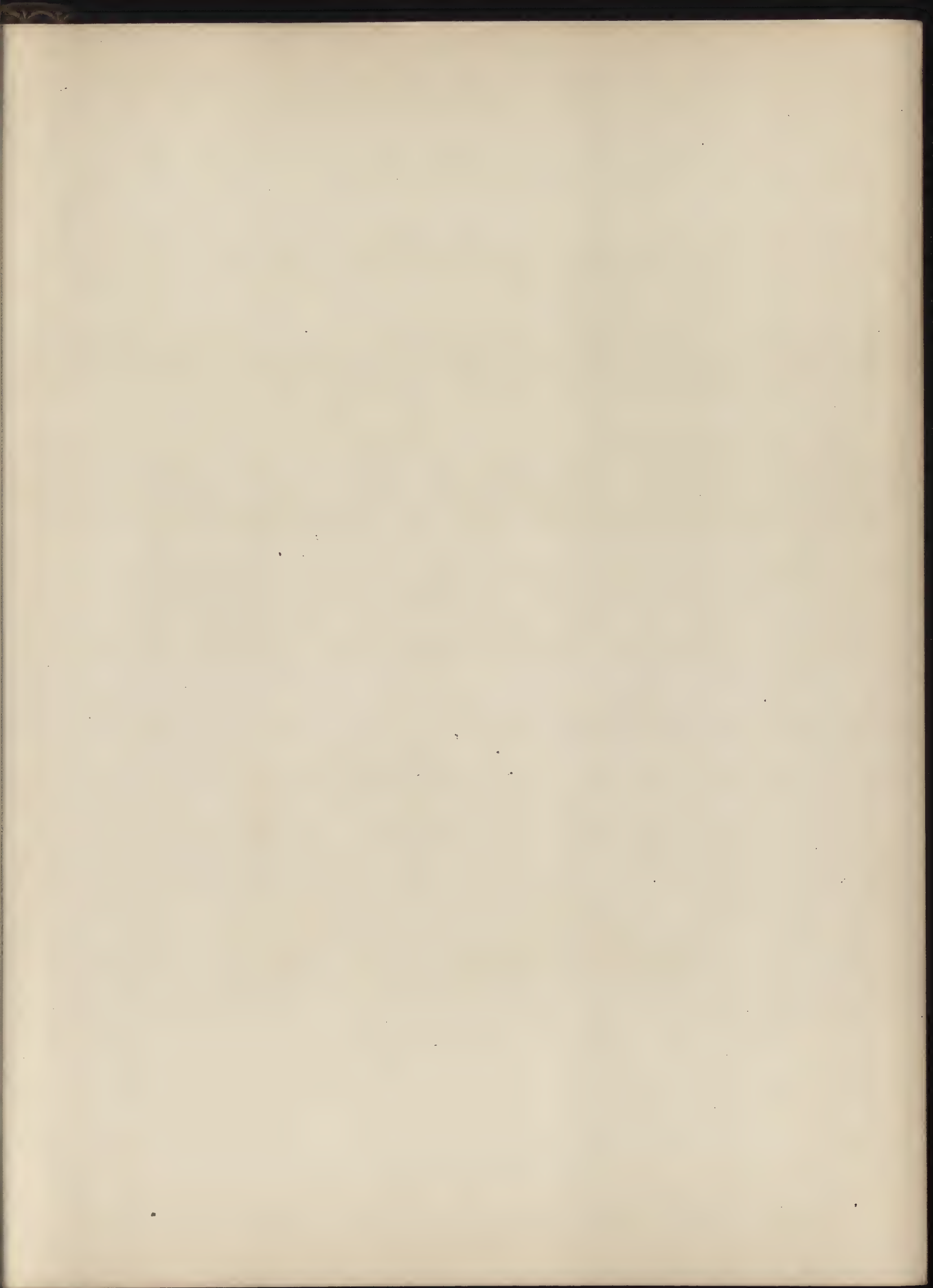
"Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
Perhaps the mother mourn'd her soldier slain,
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolv'd in dew,
The big drop mingling with the milk it drew;
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery, baptiz'd in tears."

Hogarth, by presenting some of his works to the Foundling Hospital, was, in fact, an early benefactor to the charity; he made the annexed design for the use of this institution. It was engraved by F. Morellon la Cave, as the head-piece to a power of attorney from the trustees of the charity, to those gentlemen who were appointed to receive subscriptions towards the building, &c.

The artist has made his old friend, Captain Coram, a principal figure; and as this excellent and venerable man was, in fact, the founder of the charity, it is with great propriety he is introduced. Before him the beadle of the hospital carries an infant, whose mother, having dropped a dagger, with which she might have been momentarily tempted to destroy her child, kneels at his feet; while he, with that benevolence with which his countenance was so eminently marked, bids her be comforted, for her babe will be nursed and protected.

On the dexter side of the print is a new-born infant, left close to a stream of water, which runs under the arch of a bridge. Near a gate, on a little eminence in the pathway above, a woman leaves another child to the casual care of the next person who passes by. In the distance is a village, with a church.

In the other corner are three boys, coming out of a door, with the king's arms over it: as emblems of their future employments, one of them poises a plummet; a second holds a trowel; and a third, whose mother is fondly





THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

Engraved from the Legend of W. H. H. H.







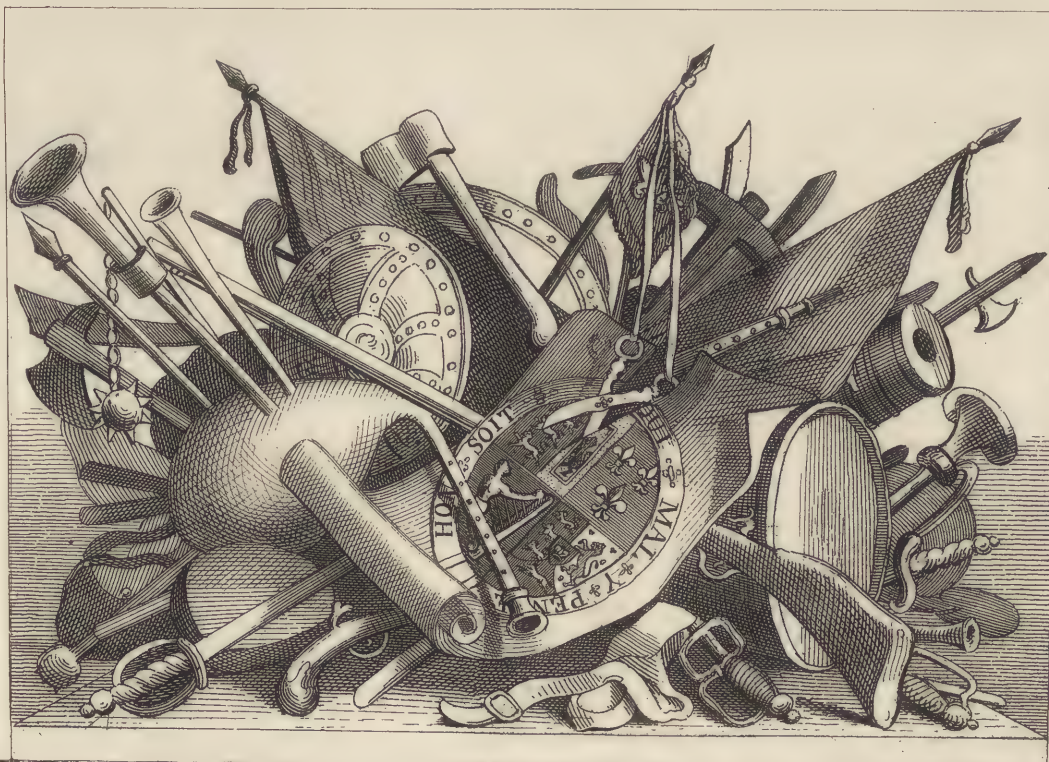
THE FOUNDLINGS.

Engraved by J. G. Smith from the original drawing by J. G. Smith.





CROWNS, MITRES, MACES, &c. &c.



THE RECEIPT PLATE FOR THE MARCH TO FINCHLEY.







THE ALTAR PIECE OF ST CLEMENTS DANES, STRAND.

A Fac Simile of Hogarth's own Engraving

pressing him to her bosom, has in his hand a card for combing wool. The next group, headed by a lad elevating a mathematical instrument, are in sailors' jackets and trowsers; those on their right hand, one of whom has a rake, are in the uniform of the school.

The attributes of the three little girls in the foreground—a spinning-wheel, sampler, and broom—indicate female industry and ingenuity.

It must be admitted that the scene here represented is a painter's anticipation, for the charter was not granted until October, 1739, and this design was made only three years afterwards; but the manner in which the charity has since been conducted, has realised the scene.

THE RECEIPT PLATE FOR THE "MARCH TO FINCHLEY."

THIS small plate, which was given as a receipt to the subscribers for that interesting print, represents a stand of various weapons, bagpipes, &c., and a pair of scissors cutting out the arms of Scotland. The original painting of the "March to Finchley" was sold by lottery, which realised £300: indeed, this was the way nearly all of his former productions were sold. The price of the print was to be 7s. 6d.; and, in the subscription-book, it was proposed, that each subscriber of three additional shillings, should be entitled to a chance of obtaining the original picture, as soon as the engraving could be finished. The number of chances was limited to 2,000; and on the 30th of April, 1750, 1,843 chances were sold—the remaining 157 were given by Mr. Hogarth to the Foundling Hospital. At two o'clock the box was opened; the fortunate chance was No. 1941, which belonged to the Hospital, and the same night the picture was delivered to the Governors. Soon after the lottery, Mr. Hogarth acquainted the Treasurer, that the Trustees were at liberty to dispose of the picture by auction; but scarcely was the message delivered before he changed his mind, and never afterwards would consent to the measure he had proposed. The donations in paintings, which several artists presented to the Foundling Hospital, first led to the idea of those exhibitions which are now so lucrative at the Royal Academy, and so entertaining to the public.

THE ALTAR-PIECE AT ST. CLEMENT'S, STRAND.

HOGARTH'S OWN EXPLANATION TO THE PLATE.

"THIS Print is exactly Engrain'd after y^e Celebrated Altar-Piece in St. Clements Church, which has been taken down by Order of y^e Lord Bishop of London (as 'tis thought) to prevent Disputes and Laying of wagers among y^e Parishioners about y^e Artist's meaning in it. For publick Satisfaction here is a particular Explanation of it humbly Offer'd to be writ under y^e Original, that it may be put up again, by which means y^e Parish'es 60 pounds, which they wisely gave for it, may not be Entirely lost.

"1st. 'Tis not the Pretender's Wife and Children, as our weak brethren imagin.

"2ly. Nor St. Cecilia, as the *Connoisseurs* think, but a Choir of Angells playing in Consort.

" A An Organ.	E An Angel tuning an Harp.	H The other Leg judiciously Omitted,
B An Angel playing on it.	F The inside of his Leg, but whether	to make room for the Harp.
C The Shortest Joint of the Arm.	right or left is yet undiscover'd.	I 2 Smaller Angells, as appears by
D The Longest Joint.	G A hand Playing on a Lute.	^{and} K their wings."

Speaking of this print, which represents angels very ill-drawn, playing on various instruments, Mr. Walpole, in one place, calls it "a parody;" and, in another, "a burlesque on Kent's Altar-piece." But, if we may believe Hogarth himself, it is neither; but a very fair and honest representation of a contemptible performance. Hogarth's opinion of Mr. Kent, as an architect, continued to the last unaltered.

The original painting, after it was removed from the church, was for some years one of the ornaments of the Music-room at the Crown and Anchor tavern, in the Strand, and was, probably, lent for the accommodation of the music-meeting by the churchwardens of St Clement's. I have frequently seen it in the old Vestry-room of the parish; where, till the demolition of that building, it appears to have remained from the time of its having been taken down, except as it may have occasionally visited the Crown and Anchor. It is still to be seen in the newly-built Vestry.

THE MAN OF TASTE.

EXPLANATION OF THE PLATE.

- A—Plasterer whitewashing and bespattering.
 B—Anybody that comes in his way.
 C—Not a Duke's Coach, as appears by the crescent at one corner.
 D—Taste.
 E—A standing proof.
 F—A labourer."

THIS print exhibits the gate of Burlington House—Pope whitewashing it, and bespattering the Duke of Chandos' coach. *A Satire on Pope's Epistle on Taste. No name.* It has been already observed that the plate was suppressed; and, if this be true, the suppression may be accounted for from the following inscription lately met with at the back of one of the copies:—

"Bot. this book of Mr. Wayte, at the Fountain Tavern, in the Strand, in the presence of Mr. Draper, who told me he had it of the printer, Mr. W. Rayner.

"J. COSINS."

On this attested memorandum a prosecution seems meant to have been founded. Cosins was an attorney; and Pope was desirous, on all occasions, to make the law the engine of his revenge.

FOUR HEADS FROM THE CARTOONS AT HAMPTON COURT.

Mr. WALPOLE, in his *Anecdotes of Painting, &c.*, speaking of Sir James Thornhill's attention to these celebrated pictures, has the following remark:—"He made copious studies of the heads, hands, and feet, and intended to publish an exact account of the whole for the use of students; but his work never appeared."—"As this plate was found among others belonging to the late Mr. Hogarth, it is not impossible but that it might have been engraved by him for his father-in-law's (Sir James) intended publication. It was published, as the Act directs, May 14, 1781, by Mrs. Hogarth, at the Golden Head, Leicester Fields."

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

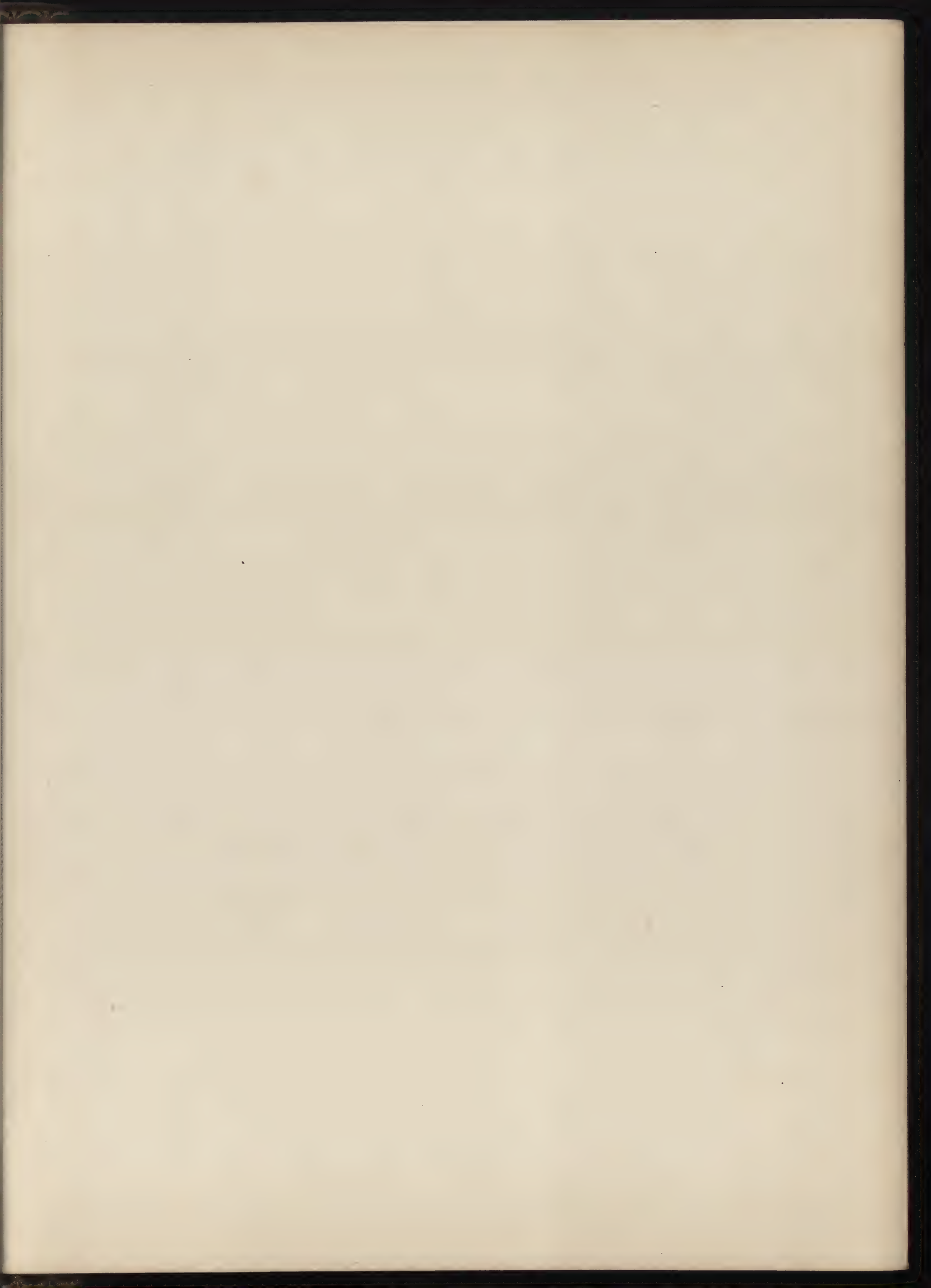
THE title over this print was in capitals, disproportionably large—

"Britons attend—view this harmonious stage,
 And listen to those notes which charm the age;
 Thus shall your taste in sounds and sense be shown,
 And 'Beggars' Op'ras ever be your own.'"

No painter or engraver's name. The plate seems at once to represent the exhibition of *The Beggar's Opera*, and the rehearsal of an Italian one.

In the former, all the characters are drawn with the heads of different animals; as, Polly with a cat's—Lucy with a sow's—Macheath with an ass's—Lockit, and Mr. and Mrs. Peachum, with those of an ox, a dog, and an owl.

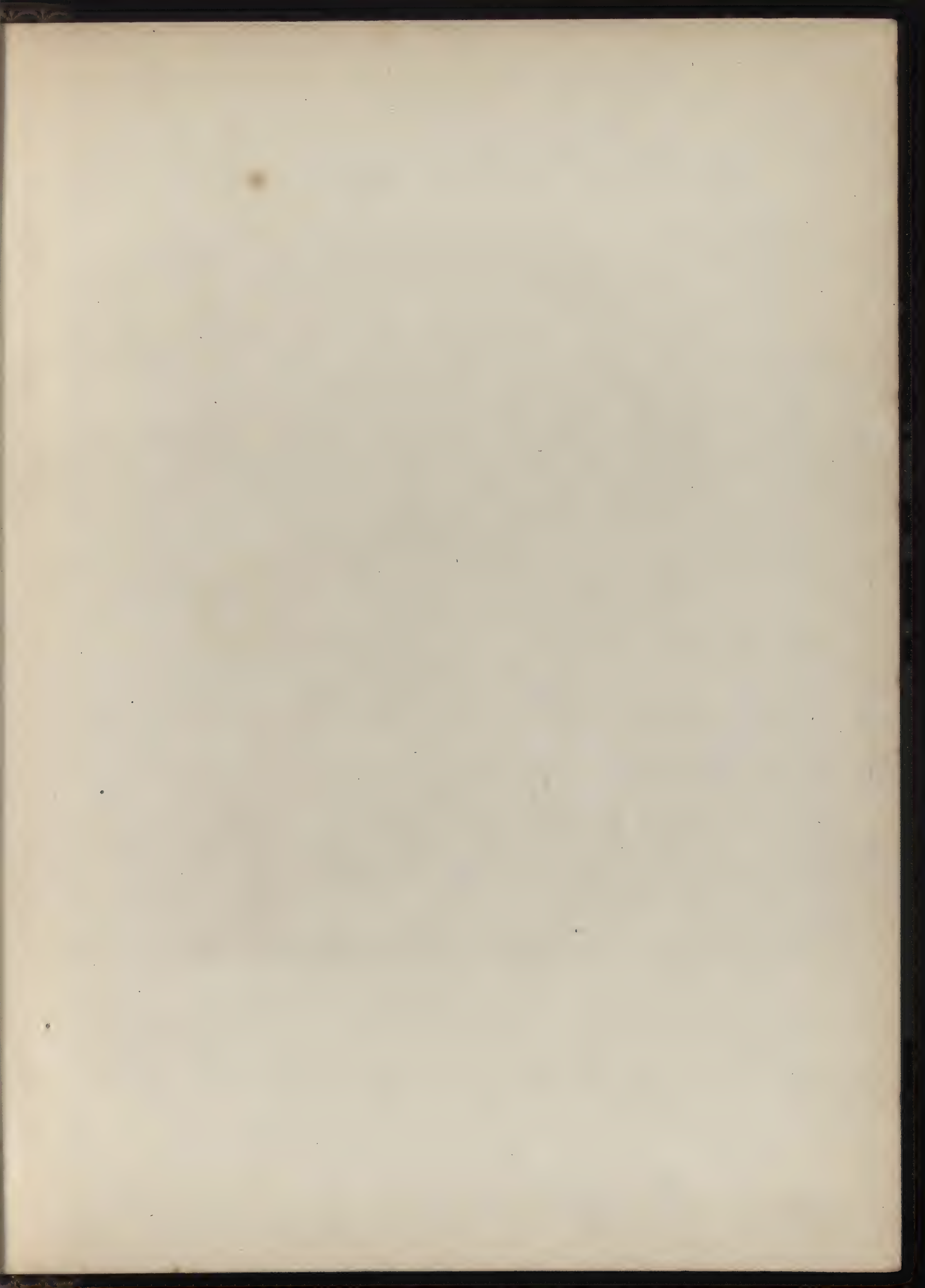
In the latter, several noblemen appear conducting the chief female singer forward on the stage, and perhaps are offering her money, or protection from a figure that is rushing towards her with a drawn sword. Harmony, flying in the air, turns her back on the English playhouse, and hastens towards the rival theatre. Musicians stand in front of the former, playing on the Jew's harp, the salt-box, bladder and string, bagpipes, &c. On one side are people of distinction; some of whom kneel, as if making an offer to Polly, or paying their adorations to her. To these are opposed a butcher, &c., expressing similar applause. Apollo and one of the Muses are fast asleep beneath the stage. A man is easing nature under a wall hung with ballads, and showing his contempt of such compositions by the use he makes of one of them. A sign of the star, a gibbet, and some other circumstances, less intelligible, appear in the background.





THE MAN OF TASTE.

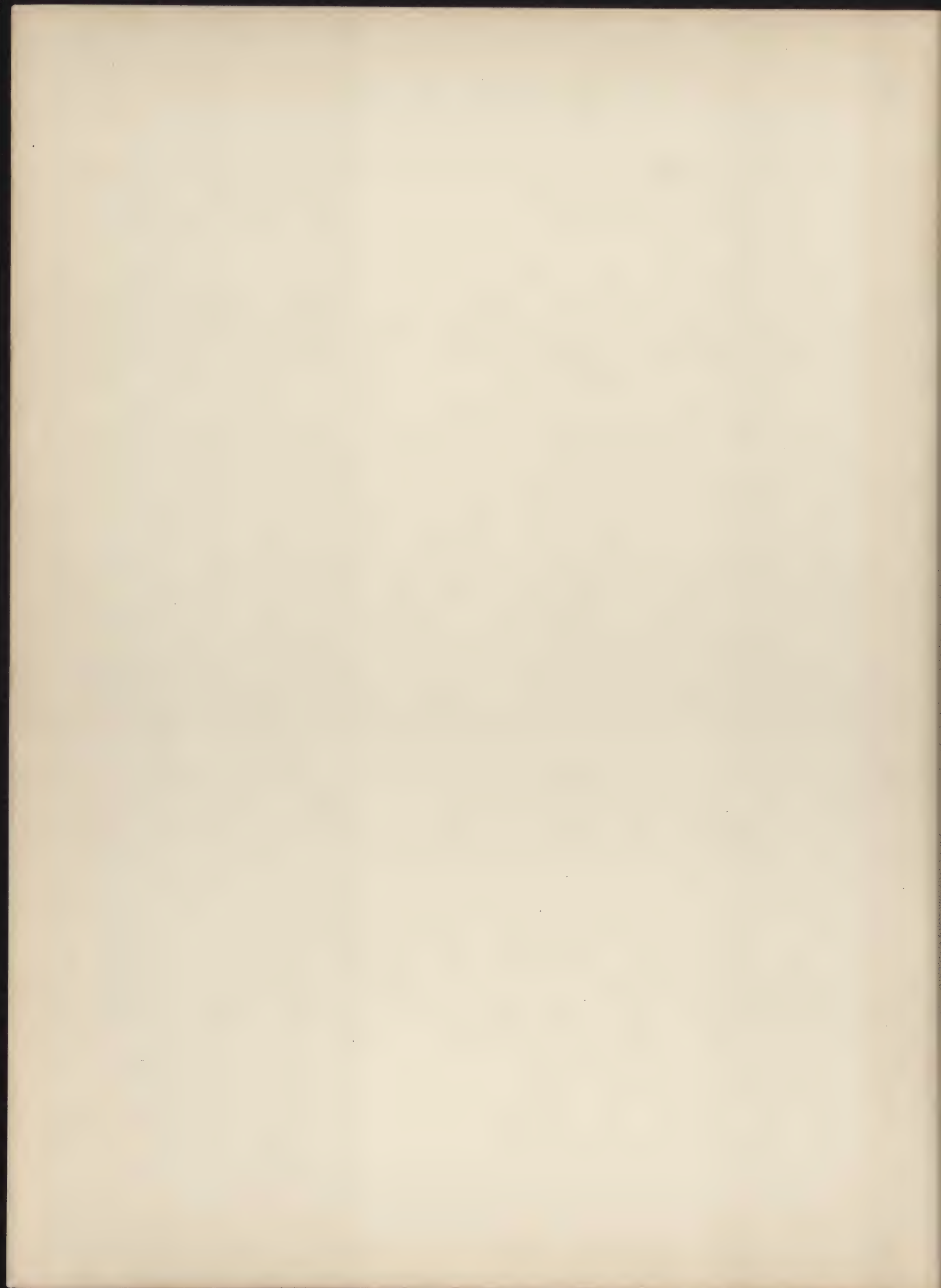
Engraved by J. Moore from the Original by W. M. Hogarth.

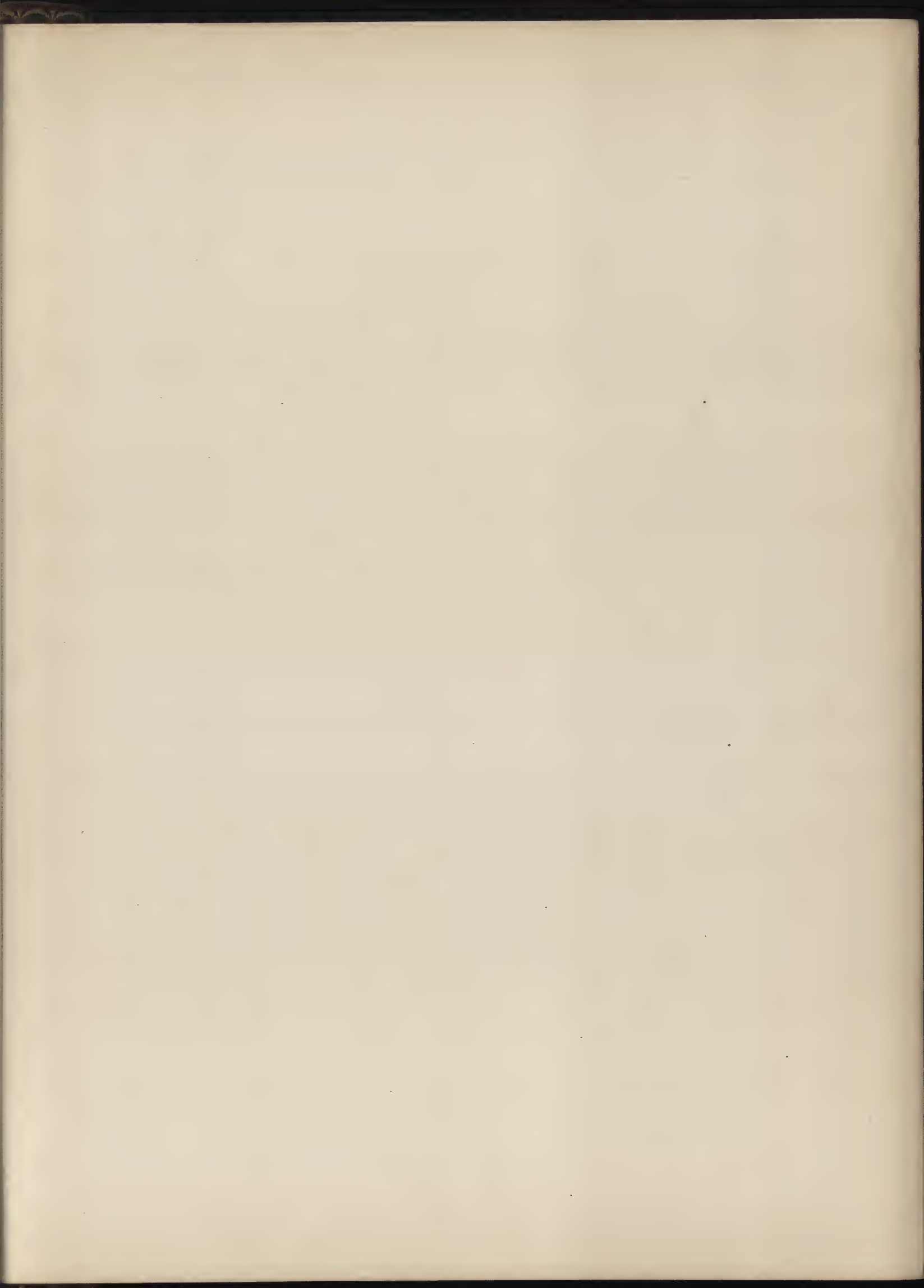






HEADS FROM THE CARTOONS AT HAMPTON COURT.

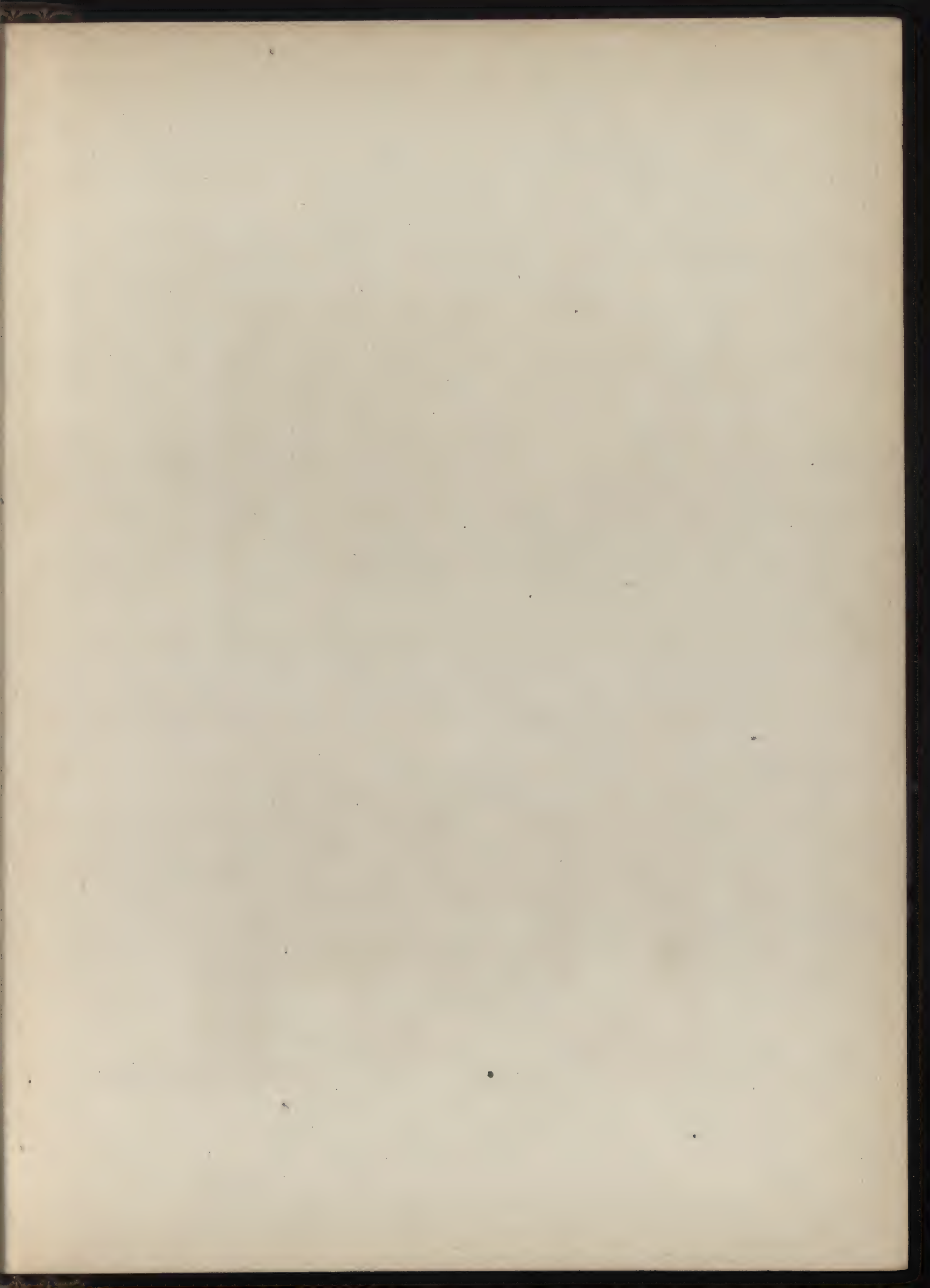


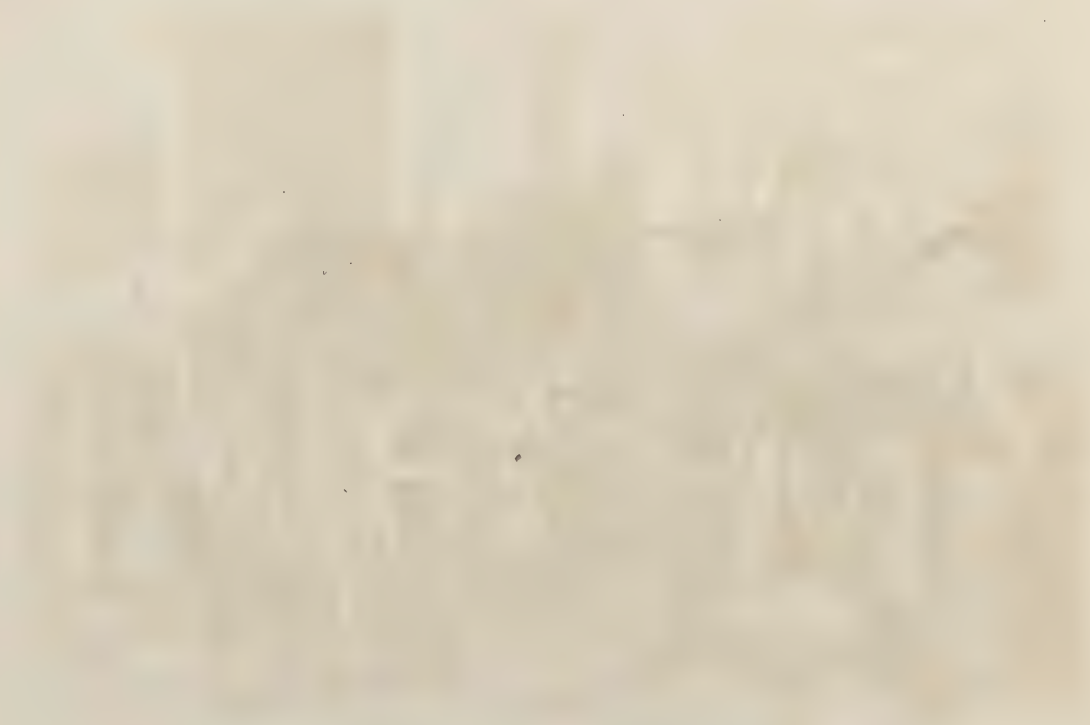


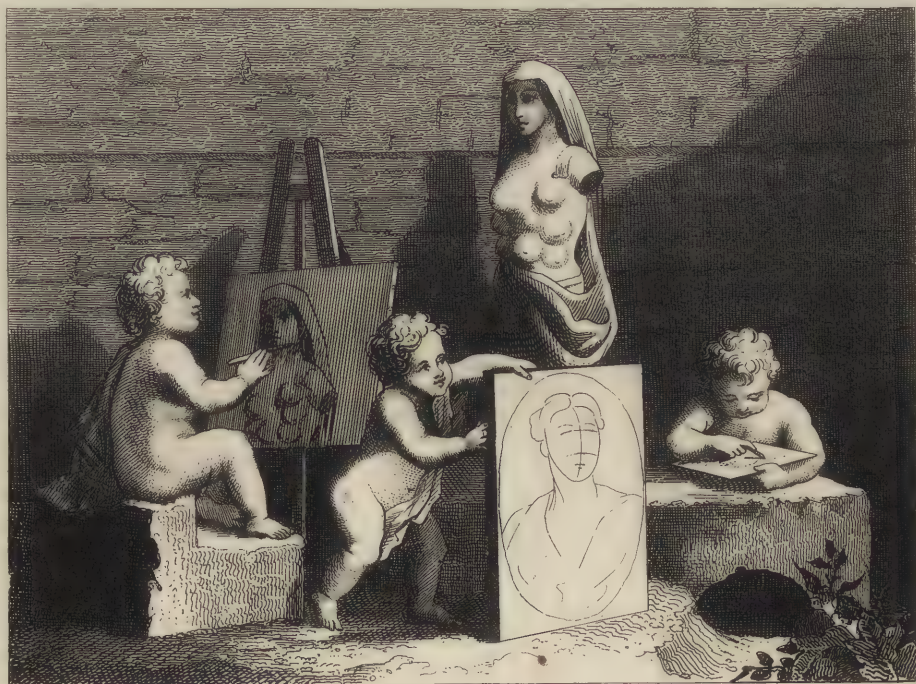


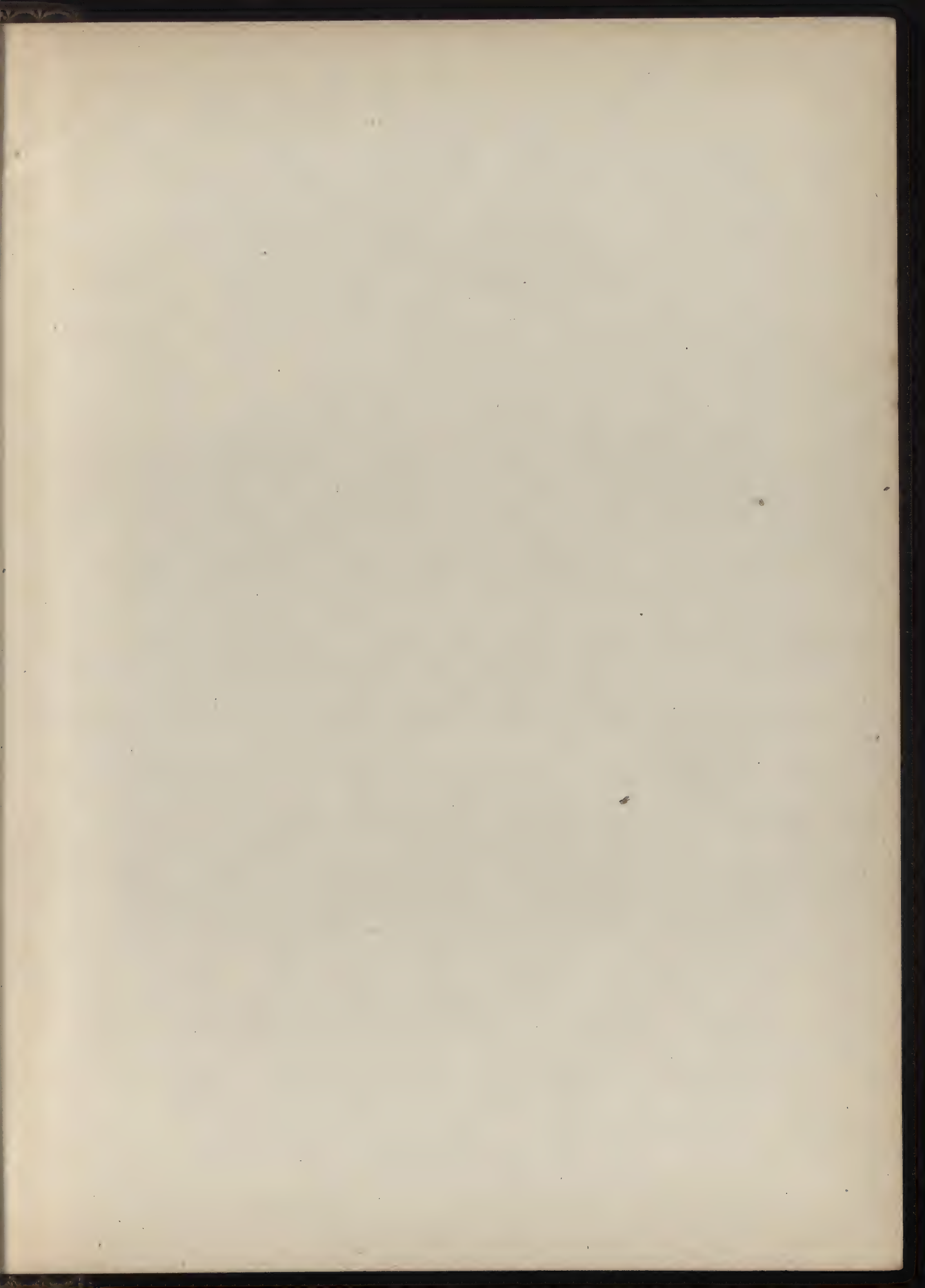
THE BEGGARS' OPERA BURLIQUESQUED.

Engraved from the Original of Hogarth.





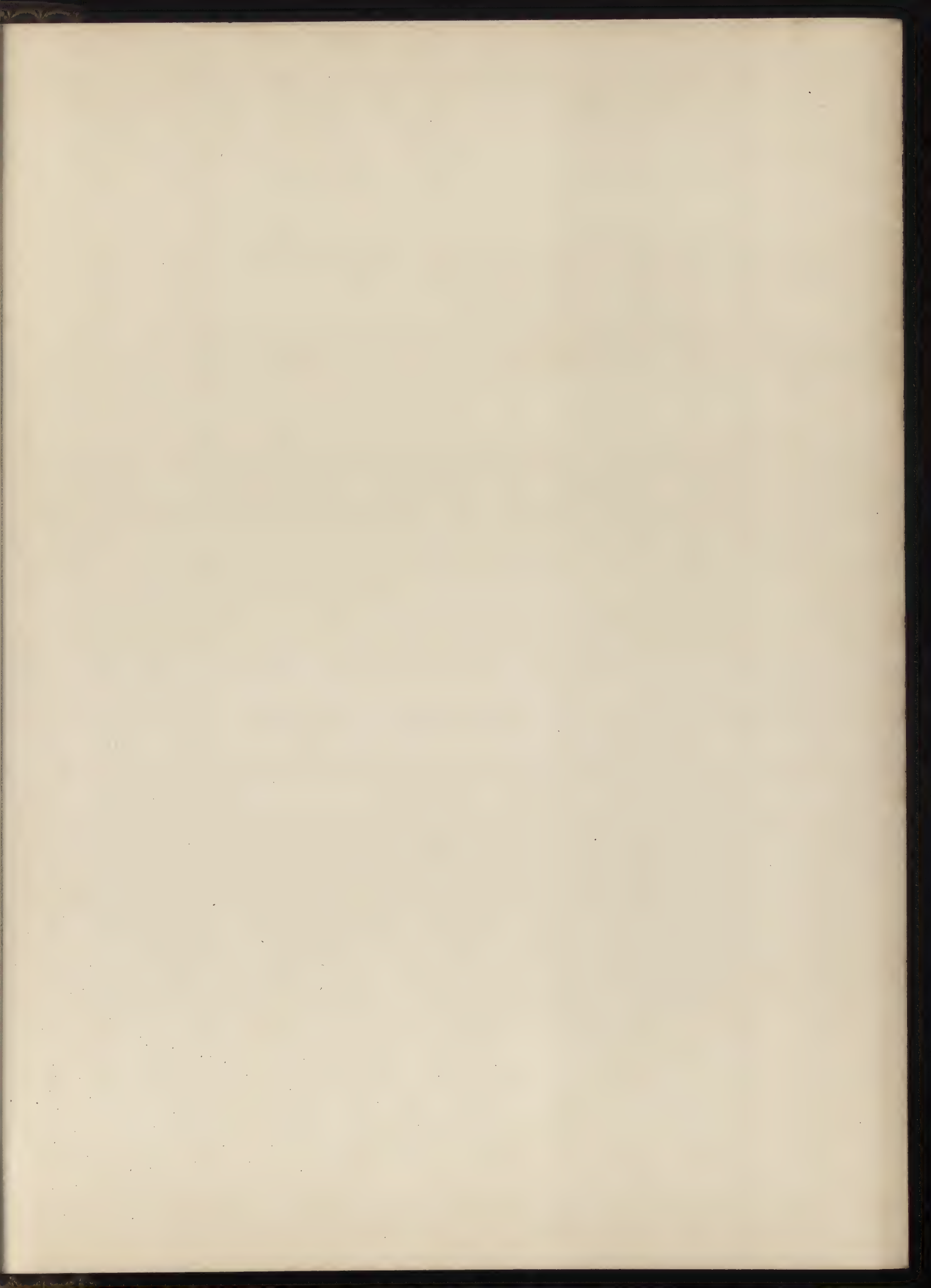




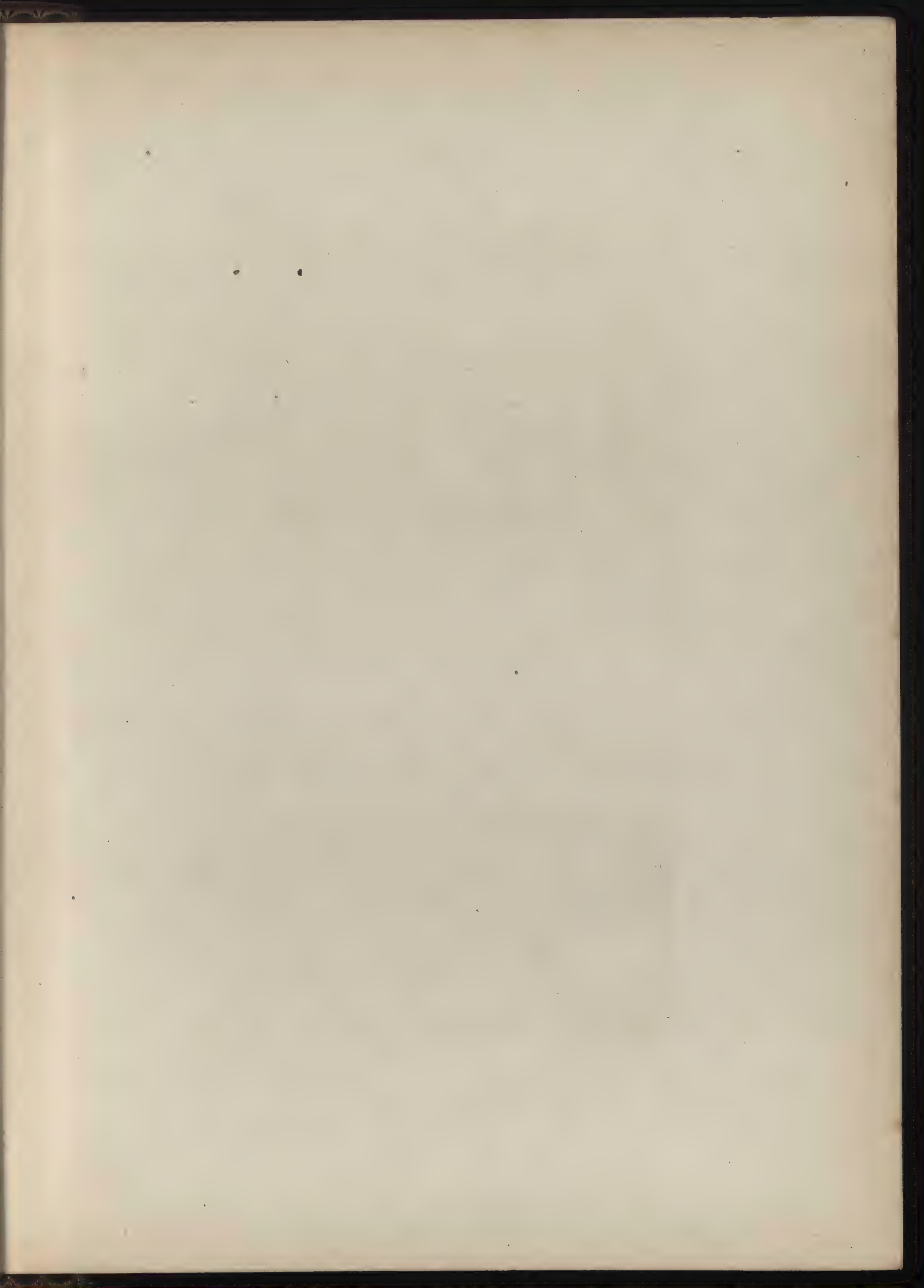


THE FARMERS RETURN.

Engraved from the Original by W. Hogarth.









THEATRE ROYAL
April a Comedy For the Benefit of the  *with the Mock Doctor Author of the Farce*



THEATRE ROYAL

DRURY LANE
 THE OLD BATCHELOR

BOYS PEEPING AT NATURE.

THIS plate was engraved in 1733, as a receipt for half a guinea, being the first payment for the six prints of "A Harlot's Progress." It was afterwards used, in 1737, by the writing being erased, as a ticket or receipt for half a guinea, being the first payment for five large prints—one, representing "The Strolling Players," and the other four—"The Times of the Day—Morning, Noon, Evening, and Night."

A group of young artists is here represented at their studies—one is intently reading; while a second is examining the proportion of an outline; and the third, whose countenance is marked by a roguish smile, is copying Nature herself. The goddess is delineated as a three-quarter bust, the lower part concealed by drapery, and her bosom covered with breasts—referring to the abundant provision made by Nature throughout the animated world.

THE FARMER'S RETURN.

THE interlude of the *Farmer's Return* was written by Garrick, in which piece he is here represented in the character of the "Farmer." This interlude made its appearance soon after the coronation; and in it the author displayed his accustomed theatrical management and knowledge of the town: the fashions and follies of the times are caught in the happiest manner; and the bauble of a coronation, with the imposture of the Cock Lane Ghost, are inimitably described by our Roscius, in the character in which he is here delineated. The piece was dedicated to Mr. Hogarth, and the preface speaks of the high opinion which the author entertained of the artist's merits and friendship.

The original of this sketch was in black chalk, and was evidently drawn from nature.

FOUR TICKETS.

- 1.—The Mock Doctor.
- 2.—For the benefit of Joe Miller.

- 3.—The Beggar's Opera, for the Benefit of Mr. Walker.
- 4.—For the Author's Benefit—Pasquin.

THE above-mentioned designs require no particular description. They are given as specimens of the facility with which Hogarth descended to minor subjects, at the same time embellishing them with strokes of his peculiar vein of pleasantry and humour; and each of them sufficiently evinces the purpose it was intended to recommend.

CROWNS, MITRES, MACES, ETC.

THIS plate forms so important a feature in the annals of Hogarth, that it requires his own elucidation:—

"After having had my plates pirated in almost all sizes, I applied to Parliament for redress, and obtained it in so liberal a manner, as hath not only answered my own purpose, but made prints a considerable article in the commerce of this country—there being now more business of that kind done here than at Paris, or anywhere else, and as well." The statute, which was introduced June 24th, 1735, was drawn up by our artist's friend, Mr. Huggins, who took for his model the 8th of Queen Anne, in favour of literary property. But it was not so accurately executed as entirely to remedy the evil; for in a cause founded on it, which came before Lord Hardwicke in Chancery, that excellent lawyer determined, that no assignee, claiming under an assignment from the original inventor, could take any benefit by it.

Hogarth, immediately after the passing of the Act, published this print, with the following inscription:—

"In humble and grateful acknowledgment
of the grace and goodness of the Legislature,
manifested in the Act of Parliament for the Encouragement
of the Arts of Designing, Engraving, &c.;
obtained by the Endeavours, and almost at the sole Expense,
Of the Designer of this Print, in the year 1735;

by which,
not only the Professors of those Arts were rescued
from the Tyranny, Frauds, and Piracies
of Monopolising Dealers,
and legally entitled to the Fruits of their own Labours;
but Genius and Industry were also prompted,
by the most noble and generous inducements, to exert themselves;
Emulation was excited;

Ornamental Compositions were better understood; and every Manufacture, where Fancy has any concern,
was gradually raised to a pitch of Perfection before unknown—insomuch as those of Great Britain
are at present the most elegant
and the most in esteem of any in Europe."

The Royal Crown at the top is darting its rays on mitres, coronets, the Chancellor's great seal, the Speaker's hat, &c., &c.; and on a scroll is written, "An Act for the encouragement of the arts of Designing, Engraving, and Etching, by vesting the properties thereof in the inventors and engravers, during the time therein mentioned."

This plate was afterwards used as a receipt, or ticket, for the subscriptions to his four prints of "The Election."

SPILLER'S TICKET.

HERE we find the talent of Hogarth called forth in the service of humanity, and to the aid of this son of mirth; who, about the year 1728, appears to have been reduced to penury and great distress.

The annexed copy of a unique print was engraved for the benefit of poor Spiller, the Shuter of his day. On this small print the artist has bestowed great attention: the workings of the face of this comedian, although so very diminutive, are yet so nicely discriminated as to become a real portrait. Nor has he failed in displaying that wit and humour in which his greater works so much abound. The anxiety in Spiller to get rid of his tickets, and dread of the impending danger from the urgency of his creditors, is forcibly represented in every turn of his countenance. The conceit of the money scale not preponderating against tradesmen's bills, and leaving the poor comedian no alternative but to linger in a gaol, or to be shot at as a soldier, is happily executed, and worthy the pencil of its author. The style of engraving in the original print may be ranked as one of the best of Hogarth's works. As the biography of a player seldom outlives the remembrance of his contemporaries, some information relative to this singular character may not prove unacceptable to the reader.

This theatrical hero was the son of a Gloucestershire carrier, and was born in 1699. The father, having acquired some property, apprenticed this his only son to a Mr. Ross, a landscape painter. In his profession he is said to have made some progress; but, as no specimens of his talents have been handed down, to our knowledge, we cannot speak concerning his merits in that line. Before the expiration of his apprenticeship, he engaged in a strolling company, where, comedy being his *forte*, he sometimes burlesqued Alexander the Great, and other characters of that sort. In London, his comic talents were better understood, and more amply encouraged. We find him in many of his humorous parts rivalling Pinkethman, of facetious memory; and of whom Sir Richard Steele observes, "that Pinkey made a living of his face."

Spiller was not only the rival of Pinkethman, but, we are told, he once picked his pocket, when asleep, at the Gun Tavern, Billingsgate, of his part—the character of the Cobbler, written for him by Johnson, and which he was then studying.

With this treasure, Spiller hastened to his friend Bullock, the comedian, and manager of Lincoln's-Inn Fields' Theatre; who was likewise an author. Bullock received it graciously, and, without scruple, applied it to his own use, by preparing a piece on the same subject, called *The Cobbler of Preston*; and this he was enabled to produce a fortnight before the other house could prepare their drama for the stage.

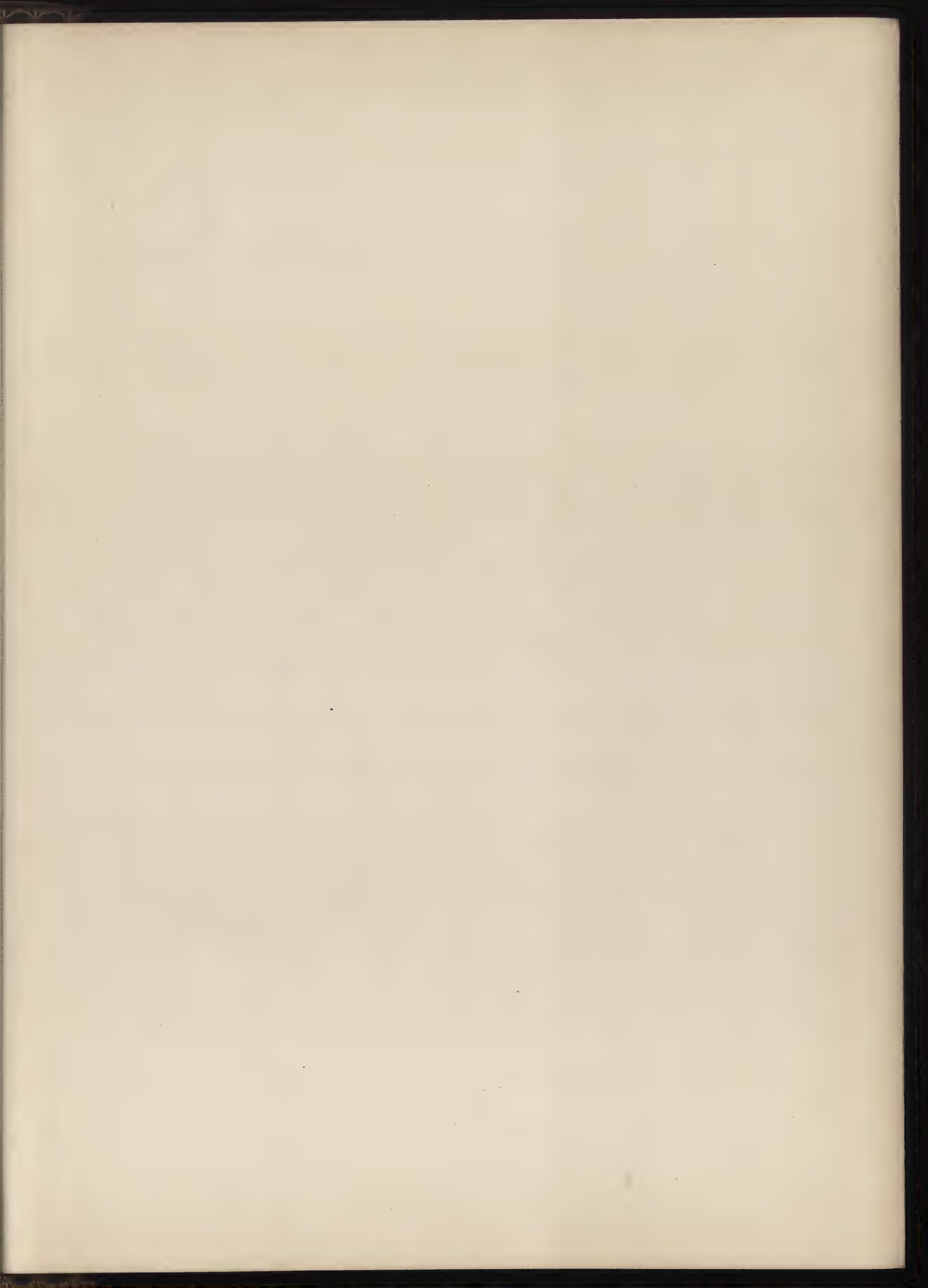
In such repute was Spiller held as a comedian, when he was only twenty-three years of age, that we are told plays were written expressly for him.

He was famed for a species of low wit, perhaps more in vogue then than at the present time. The following coarse jest is imputed to him, and may serve as a specimen. Being one day upbraided for his poverty, when his salary was superior to most of his fellow-comedians—particularly by a certain Italian female, who made a considerable figure on a small theatrical stipend—he observed, that "what made her rich, kept him perpetually in want."

The wit of Spiller seems not to have been the effect of wine only; for in his sober moments, and even in pain, the effusions of it would sometimes break forth; and, we are told, that one day, behind the scenes, he was suffering from a severe fit of the toothache, and on the barber of the theatre offering to relieve him, he replied—"I cannot spare one tooth now, friend; but after the 10th of June (the time of the house shutting), you may have them all; I shall then have no further occasion for them, as I shall have nothing to eat."

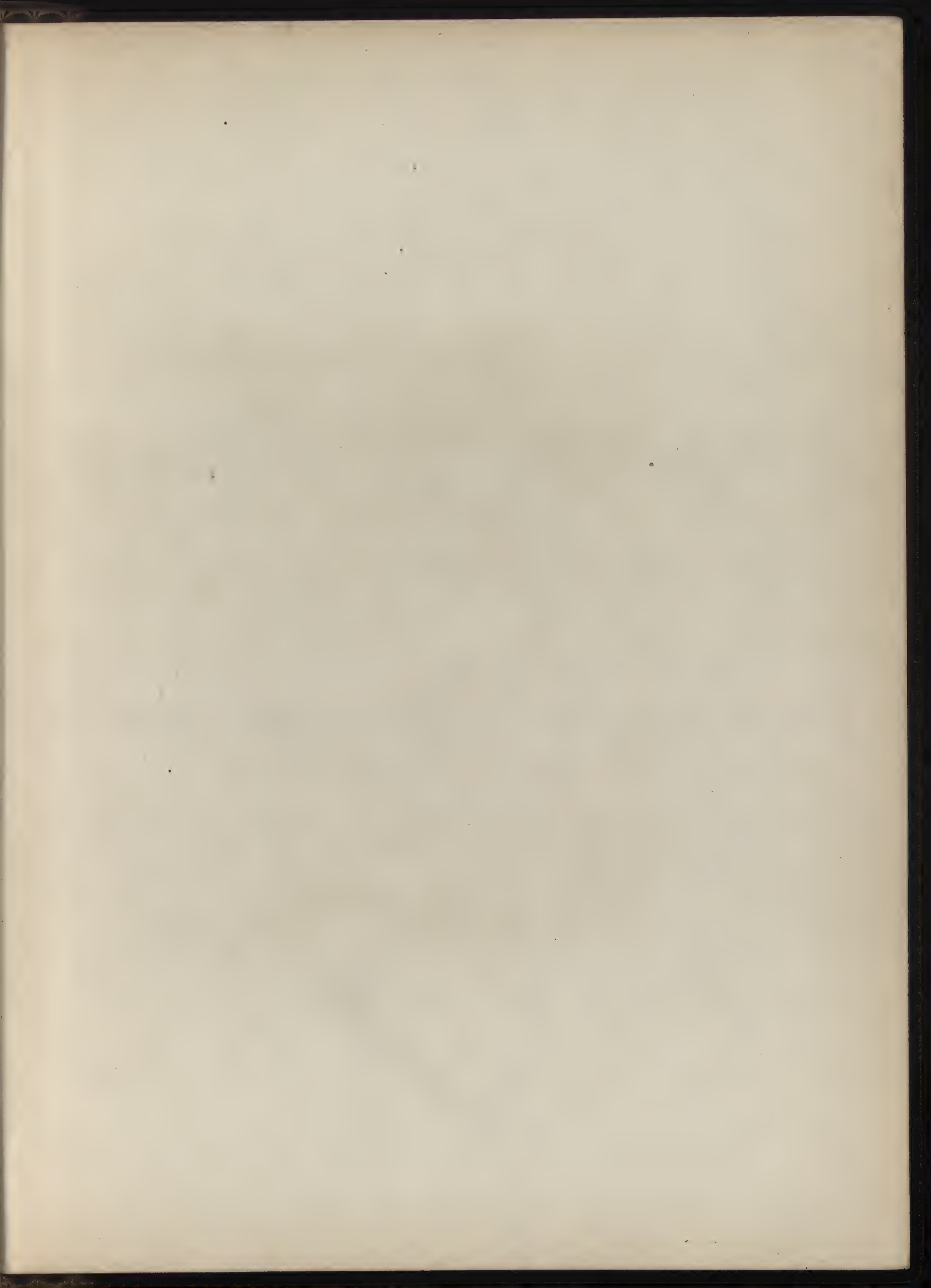
TICKET TO TIVERTON SCHOOL.

THIS is one of the early productions of Hogarth that bear no certain date; it was engraved as a ticket for the school at Tiverton, in Devonshire. "I am informed," says Mr. Ireland, "by the Rev. Mr. Keates, the head-master, that this plate was in common use, as an invitation card to an annual dinner of the gentlemen educated at the school, and must, consequently, have produced many impressions; yet, strange! it has now become scarce, although the most diligent search has been made after it."





TICKET FOR TIVERTON SCHOOL FEAST, 1740.

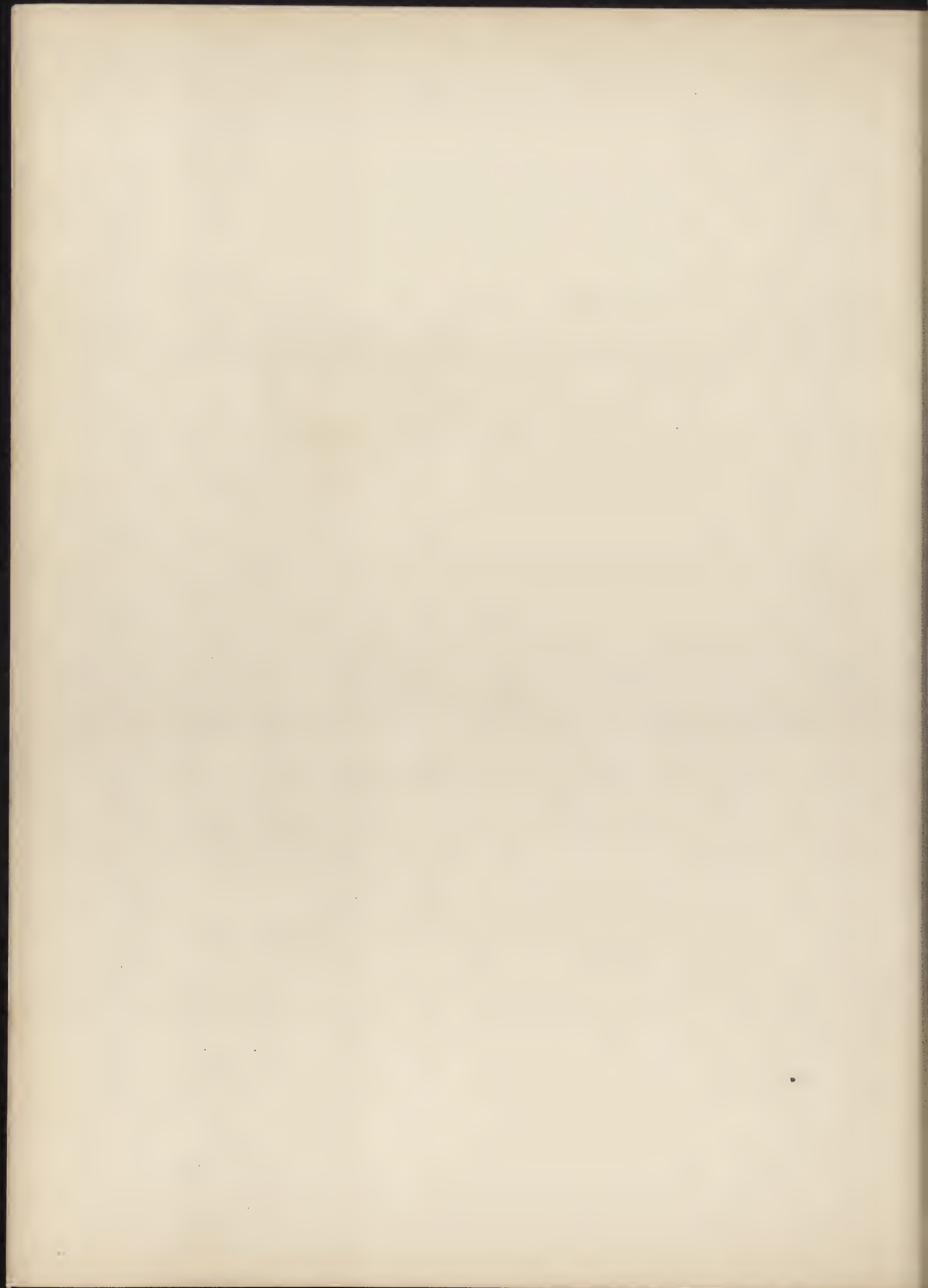


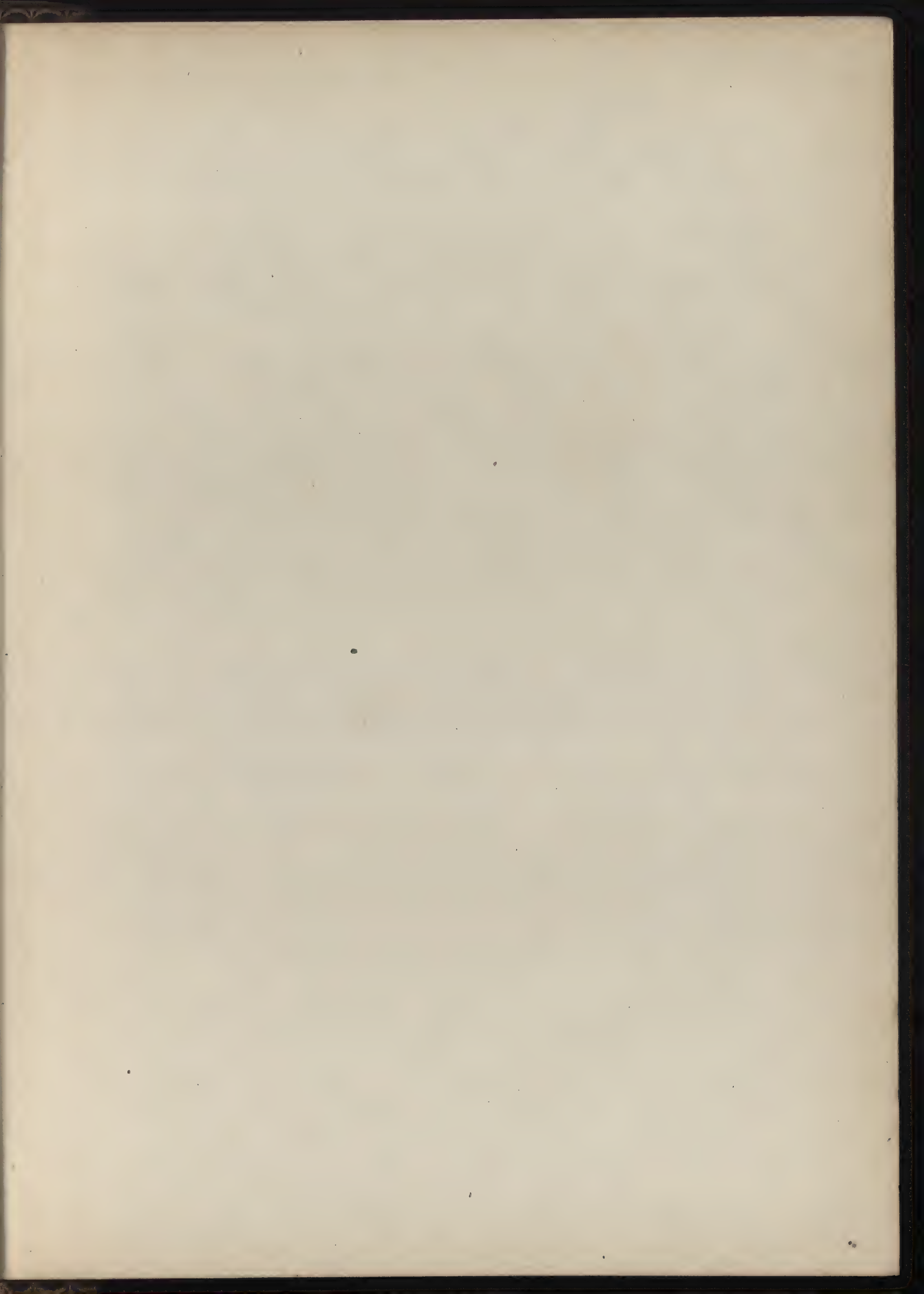


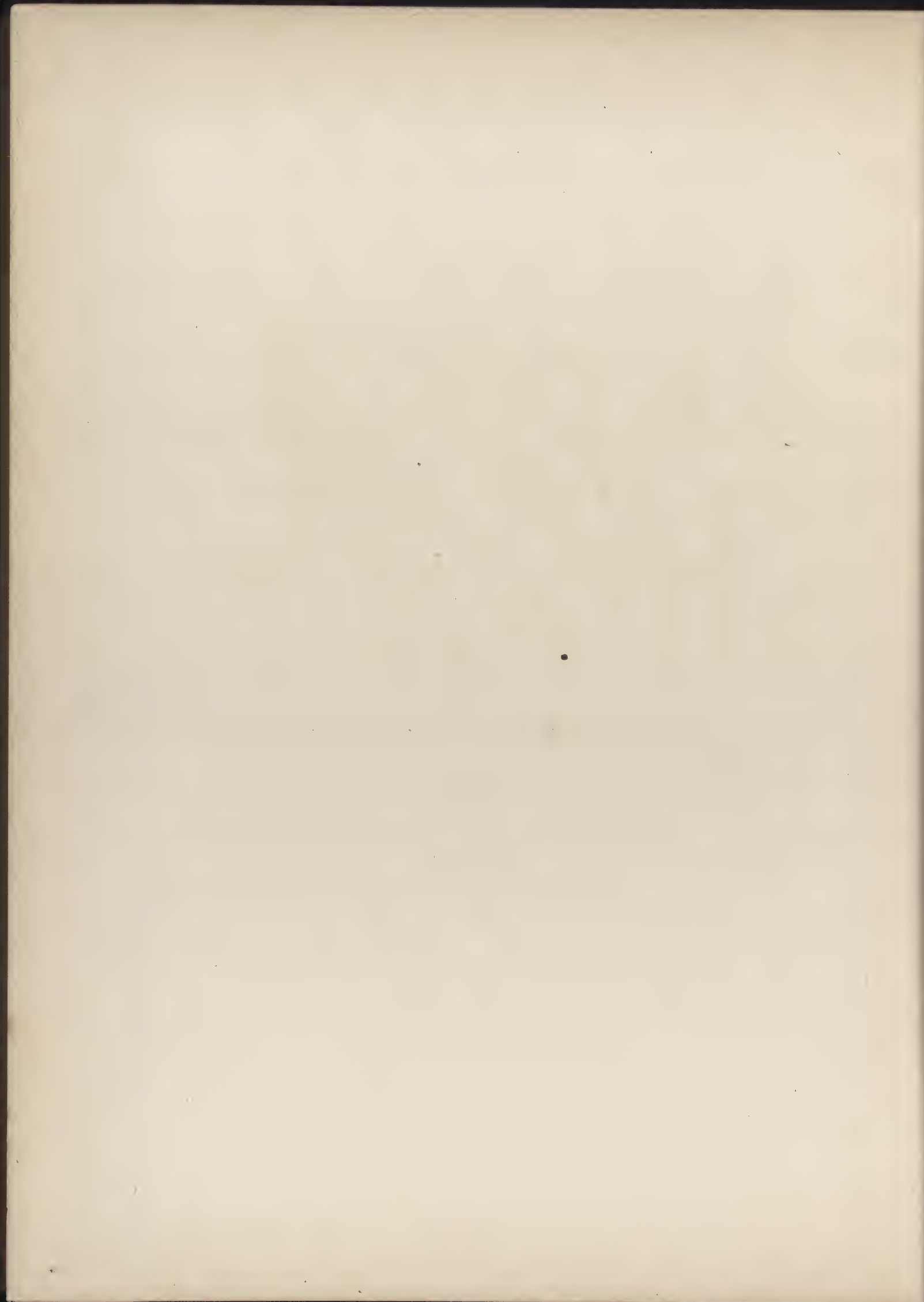


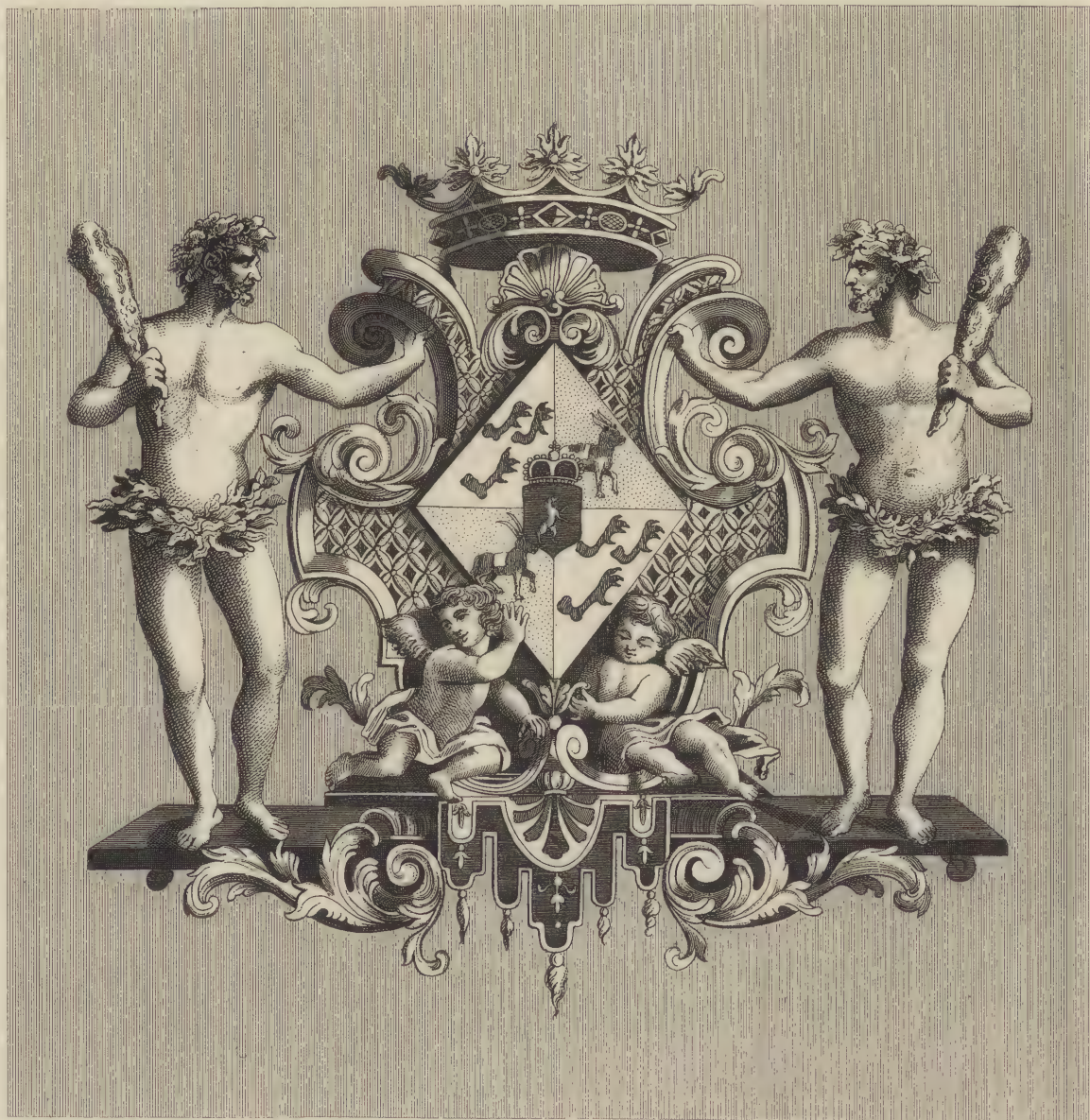
CHRIST AND HIS DISCIPLES.

Christ and his Disciples. By J. H. P. and J. H. P.









ARMS OF THE DUCHESS OF KENDAL.

The building that appears in the background of the print is a view of the school, which was founded, in 1604, by Peter Blundell, a native of Tiverton, whose extensive liberality was not limited to this town or quarter of the island, but who encouraged most of the public charities in London in his time. The school is a handsome stone edifice, one hundred and seventy feet in length, and thirty feet in width. On the west side of the garden wall runs the river Lowman: the institution and its benevolent author are thus characterised in a poem by Mr. Kiddell, a native of that town:—

“Here flows the Lowman, there the dome appears,
Whose fame increases, as increase its years:
For wisdom there, distilling on the heart,
Unlocks each science, and unfolds each art:
Thus well he knew who bade the structure rise,
Himself long since ascended to the skies.”

The figure of Minerva, introduced in the foreground, pointing to the building, is evidently an allusion to the following curious Latin lines, inscribed on a brass plate at the entrance to the building:—

“Hospita disquirens Pallas Tritonia sedem,
Est Blundellinæ percita amore Scholæ;
Ascivit sedem; placuit, cupiensq. foveri,
Hospes, ait Petrus, qui mihi fautor, eris.”

The Latin motto, in the upper part of the print, “In Patriam, &c.,” alludes to the well-known liberality of the founder; and that on the label beneath, beginning “Utrique unus, &c.,” perhaps points to the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, viz., Balliol and Sydney, in each of which this school has two fellowships and two scholarships: they were purchased by the trustees, agreeable to the will of the founder; who, for that and other purposes, bequeathed them money and land to the amount of eight thousand pounds. This worthy patron of literature, Peter Blundell, it appears, amassed (from the lowest origin, that of an errand boy) an immense fortune, principally by the manufacturing of kersey cloths, for which the town of Tiverton has long been famous. He is said to have frequently repeated the words used by William of Wyckham to King Edward the Third:—“Though I am not myself a scholar, I will be the means of making more scholars than any scholar in England.”

TICKET FOR THE LONDON HOSPITAL.

THIS ticket was designed by Hogarth, and engraved by Mr. C. Grignion. It represents Christ and his disciples, with persons at a distance carried to an hospital. “Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.” (St. Matthew, chap. xxv., verse 40.) As the charitable foundation of the London Hospital was instituted in 1740, it is probable this ticket was engraved soon afterwards.

ARMS OF THE DUCHESS OF KENDALL.

THIS print may, with great justice and credit to the abilities of our artist, be held forth as an exemplification of his superior taste and skill in the profession. The boys are grouped with a simplicity and elegance in their attitudes not unworthy the pencil of Cipriani; nor is the drawing of the savages who support the armorial bearings less to be admired; the manner in which they are etched denotes a freedom of style and superiority of taste rarely to be met with in works of this kind.

These arms were engraved on a large silver dish, which was sent to Mrs. Godfrey, a silversmith, in Norris Street, in the Haymarket, to be melted down. The lady for whom this plate was engraved was a German countess, named Erengard Schuylenberg. She came to England soon after the accession of King George the First to the throne, with whom she is said to have been closely connected. She was created in July, 1716, in the second year of his reign, Baroness of Dundalk, in the county of Lowth, Countess and Marchioness of Dungannon, in the county of Tyrone, and Duchess of the province of Munster—all in the kingdom of Ireland: and in April, 1719, received the additional titles of Baroness of Glastonbury, in the county of Somerset; Countess of Faversham, in the county of Kent; and Duchess of Kendall, in the county of Westmoreland—all in the kingdom of England. From the lozenge in which these arms are enclosed, this lady was apparently a spinster. But it is somewhat singular, that the arms of a Duke of Kendall should have been engraved on some pieces of plate about that period, and that evidently by the graver of Hogarth.

Of these arms, there are four different specimens now extant, within a male shield, and with a ducal coronet. They may possibly have been her own arms as a German countess, as the coronet, though ducal, varies materially from that here introduced. If so, Hogarth might have copied them on her plate upon her first arrival in this country, before she received English honours.

Though this lady had no son, she certainly had a niece, or nearer relative, named Melosina de Schuylenberg, created Countess of Walsingham, Baroness of Aldborough, in the county of York, by patent, bearing date 7th of April, 1722. She married Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, and died without issue in 1773.

IMPRESSION FROM A TANKARD.

THIS print represents an impression from a tankard belonging to a club of artists, who met weekly at the Bull's Head, in Clare Market. Of this society Hogarth was a member. A shepherd and his flock are here represented.

Mr. Ireland, in speaking of this print, observes—"A few impressions from this tankard have been fortunately preserved: I say fortunately, for I esteem the whole of this production as worthy the refined taste of the present day; nor do we find in it any trace of the vulgarisms so often imputed to Hogarth. The allegorical figures of Painting and Sculpture are well drawn, and as happily disposed. The landscape in the oval, I judge to be the story of Laban and his sheep. It went also by the name of Jacob's Well; and is said to have been an allusion to the sign of the house where the club was held; but to this we give no credit, as it was certainly known by the sign of the Spiller's Head. The ornaments that are introduced are selected with taste; nor is it too much encumbered: and there is a simplicity and elegance in the *ensemble* that does great credit to the taste and talents of our artist.

"From this specimen, we have fair ground to infer that he was not deficient in those refinements in the art, which so justly captivate and engage the nicer eye of the connoisseur. However alluring this style of design and execution may have been, he seems to have produced few works in this manner. These could not enchain the talent of Hogarth; he had a nobler pursuit—the study of human nature; and the hydra-headed monster of follies and vices that is too frequently attendant on her train. These became the just objects of the talent he so happily possessed; and in that pursuit he stands unrivalled, and will, in all probability, hold his deserved pre-eminence. Study and observation may create a host of laborious and high-finish artists; yet it is nature alone that can produce the mind of a Hogarth."

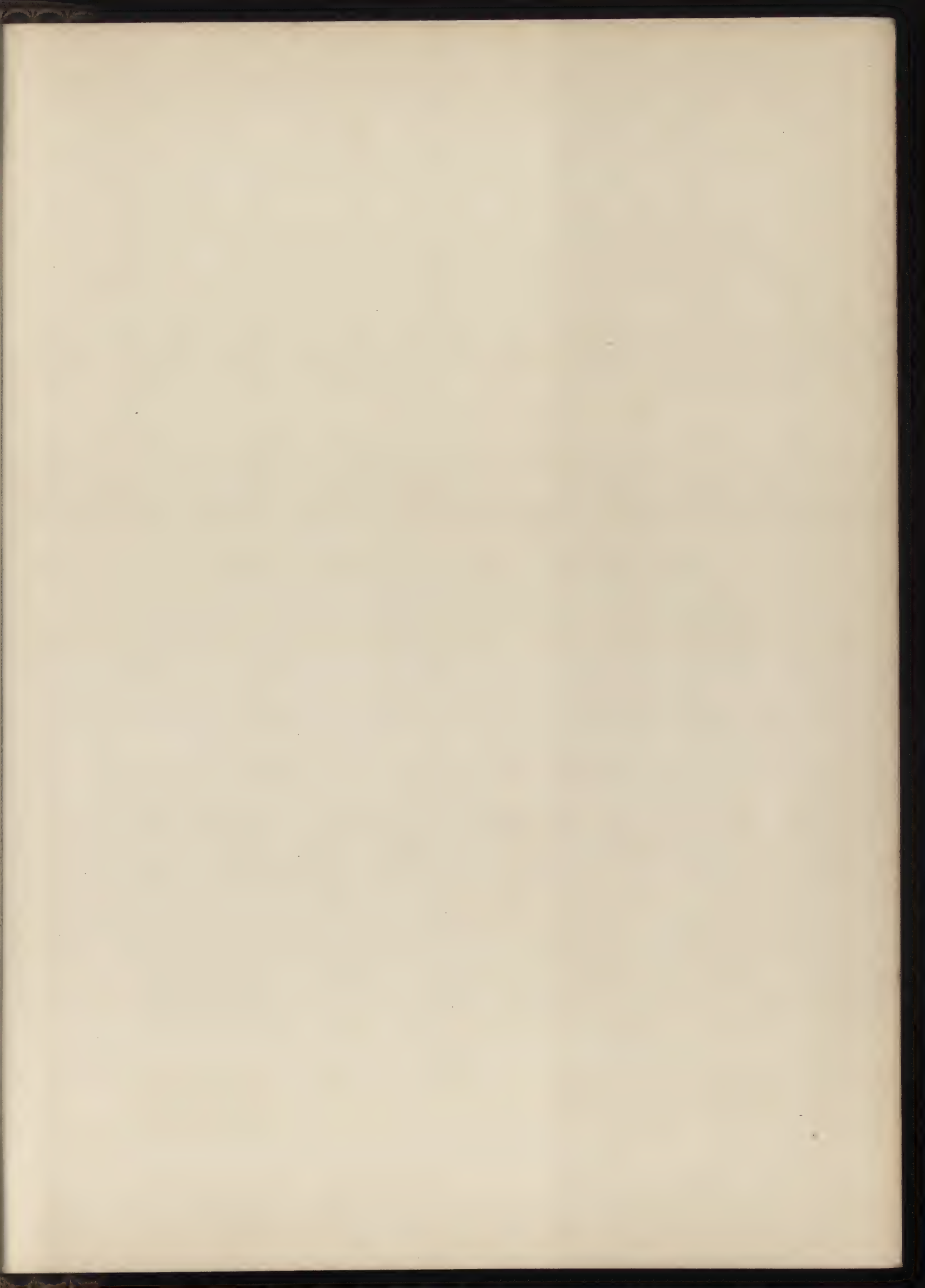
(THE BATHOS.) FINIS, OR THE TAIL-PIECE.

As many of Mr. Hogarth's admirers were desirous of having his works bound up together, considering them as much, if not more, worthy of study than many books that are extant, he thought it necessary, in order to complete the whole, and preserve that consistency he had been ever observant of, to add some print by way of tail-piece, in contrast to the customary frontispiece of the generality of publications. What, then, should this be? Something allusive to "The End." In the following plate, then, he gives us a collection of such things as bear, indeed, some affinity to the Latin word *Finis*, which are met with in the last leaf of every book; but, that it may not be totally barren of design and humour, takes this opportunity of ridiculing the many glaring absurdities that are often seen in old celebrated pictures of serious cast (owing to the ignorance of their painters in introducing low, obscene, and frequently profane matter into them), by mixing here the mean with the sublime, and the trifling with that of much importance. Analogous, therefore, to Swift's art of sinking in poetry, he calls it "THE BATHOS," or manner of sinking in sublime paintings, and inscribes the plate to the dealers in dark pictures.

The labours of this great painter of the passions are now at an end, and this is the conclusion of his eventful and instructive histories. A finishing plate seemed necessary; and we are told that, a few months before he was seized with that malady which deprived society of one of its greatest ornaments, he had in contemplation a *last engraving*. After a dinner, with a few social friends at his own table, enjoying

"The feast of reason and the flow of soul:"

the board crowned with wine, and each glass circulating convivial cheerfulness, Hogarth was asked, "What will be the subject of your next print?" "The End of All Things!" was his reply. "If that should be the case," added one of his friends, "your business will be finished, for there will be an end of the painter." With a look that conveyed a consciousness of approaching dissolution, and a deep sigh, he answered, "There will so; and,





IMPRESSION FROM A SILVER TANKARD.

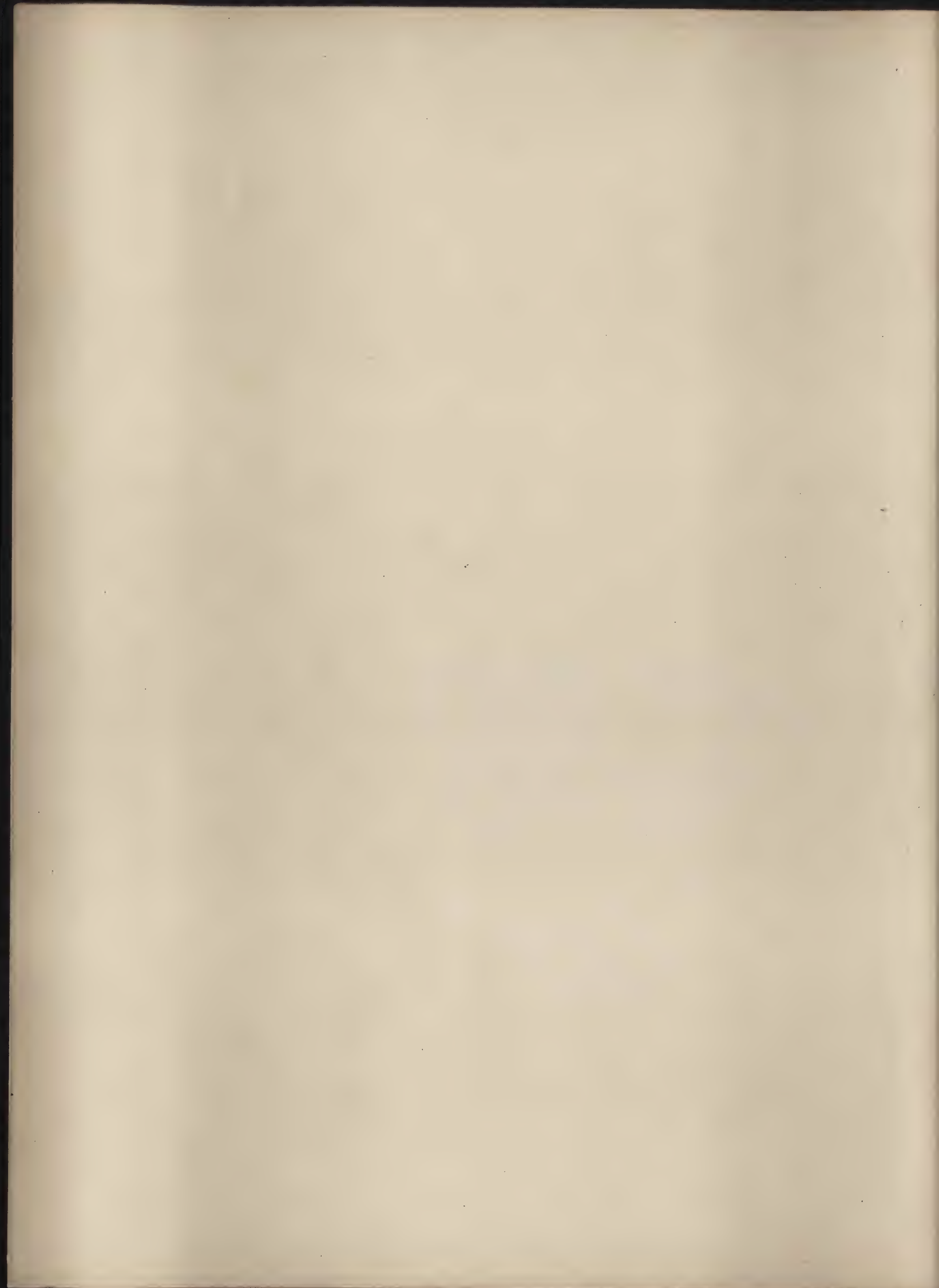
Designed and Engraved by Hogarth.







From the Original of Hogarth.



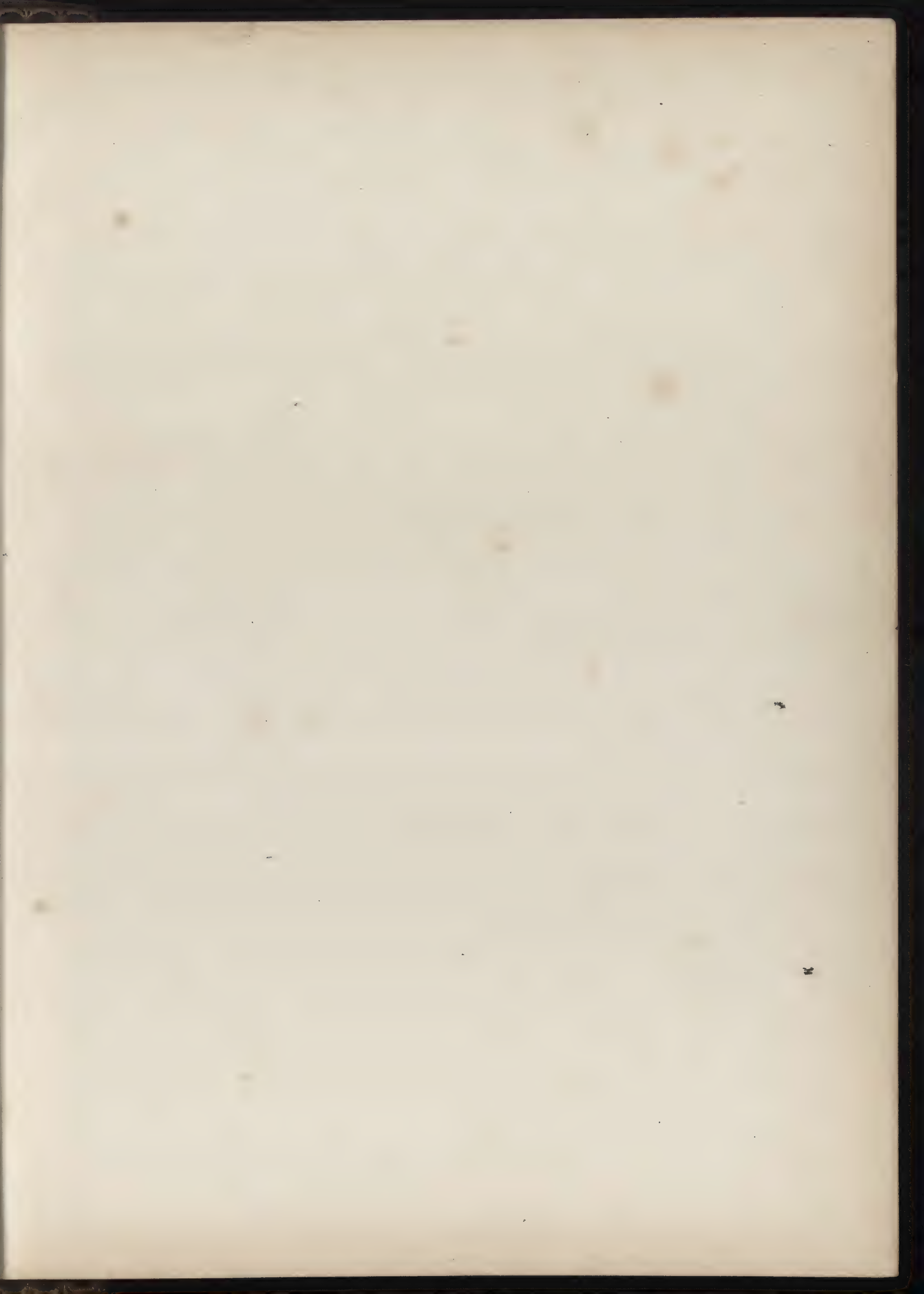
therefore, the sooner my work is done, the better." With this impulse, he next day began this plate; and, seeming to consider it as *a terminus to his fame*, never turned to the right nor left until he arrived at the end of his journey. The aim of this *omega* to his alphabet was twofold—to bring together every object which denoted the end of time, and throw a ridicule upon the "bathos" and profundity of the ancient masters.

As there is no great connection among the variety of objects we observe, excepting of a conformity with this end, I shall not confine myself to one order, but mention the various matter as it occurs. On one side, then, we see a ruinous tower, having in front a decayed clock, or time-piece; contiguous to that a grave-stone; and nearer to us the remains of a column, against which lies the figure of Time in the utmost agony, breathing out his last. The emblems with which he is customarily painted, viz., a scythe and hour-glass, lie broken beside him. In one of his hands is a fractured pipe; in the other, a roll of parchment, containing his will, in which he has bequeathed all and every atom of this world to blank Chaos, whom he has appointed his sole executor. This will is sealed and witnessed by the three sister Fates—Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos. Beneath this will lies a shoemaker's last and a cobbler's end. On the left of these is an empty, ragged purse; a commission of bankruptcy, with the seal affixed, supposed to be taken out against poor Nature; and a play-book, opened at the close of the last act, where *exceunt omnes* stands forth to view. In the middle is the remnant of a bow and quiver, a crown destroyed, and a worn-out scrubbing-brush. On the other side of this plate is a withered tree, a decayed cottage, and a falling sign of the world's end, described by the terrestrial globe bursting out in flames. At the foot of this part is our author's print of "The Times" set on fire, by little better than a snuff of burning candle. Near this lies a cracked bell, a broken bottle, a piece of old rope, or a rope's end, a besom worn to the stump, the stock of a musket, a whip lashed away from the handle, a capital of the Ionic order, and a painter's fractured palette. At some distance is seen a man hanging in chains, and a ship foundering at sea; and, to complete the whole, in the firmament above is the Moon darkened by the death of Sol, who, with his lifeless coursers, lies stretched upon a cloud, his chariot-wheels broken, and his sources of light extinguished.

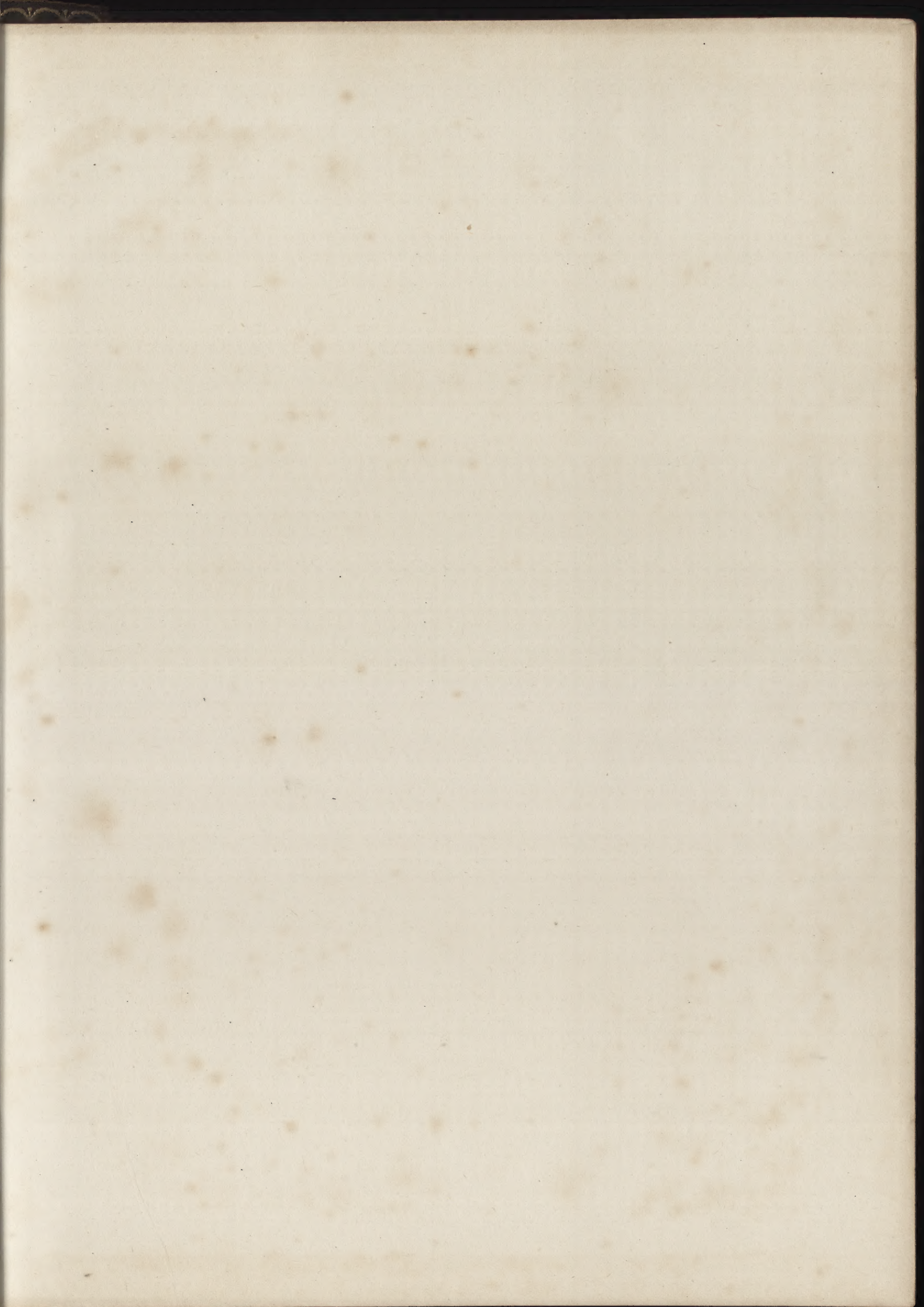
Thus, however jumbled together may be the objects in this plate, with a design of exposing the absurdities of some ancient paintings, they serve to put us in mind that life is little better than a jumble of incidents; that the end of all things approaches; and that a day will, sooner or later come, when Time itself shall be no more.

"MEMENTO MORI."

THE END.







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